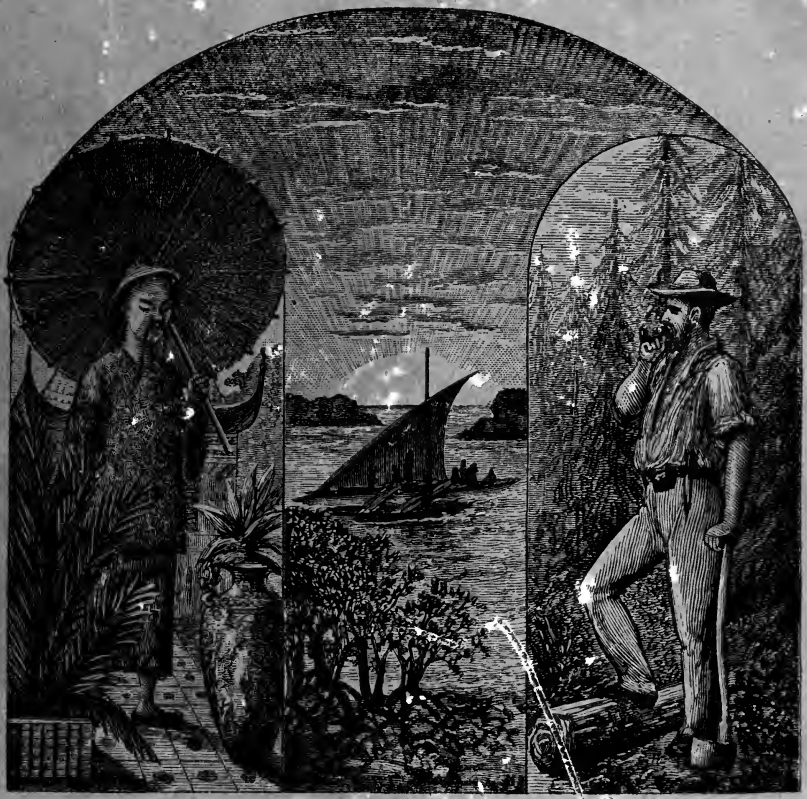
THE "VAGABOND" SERIES.

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT



FIRST VOLUME

GEORGE ROBERTSON
MELBOURNE, SYDNEY, ADELAIDE, AND BRISBANE
MDCCCLXXXII

OCCIDENT AND ORIENT

SKETCHES

ON

BOTH SIDES OF THE PACIFIC

BY
THE AUTHOR
OF
"THE VAGABOND PAPERS" (FIVE SERIES) "SKETCHES OF MELBOURNE LIFE IN LIGHT AND SHADE;" "SKETCHES IN NEW SOUTH WALES AND QUEENSLAND;" "SOUTH SEA MASSACRES," ETC. ETC.

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With the sanction of the proprietors, these sketches are partly reprinted from the Melbourne "ARGUS" *and* "AUSTRALASIAN," *with considerable additions and revisions by the Author.*

Dedicated

TO

THOMAS TALBOT WILTON, Esq.,

OF

LITHGOW AND SYDNEY.

The last to shake me by the hand when I started for China, the first to welcome me back; the truest friend I met in New South Wales.

PREFACE.

"OCCIDENT AND ORIENT" is the result of a nine months' trip to China, Japan, British Columbia, California, and thence across the Pacific back to Sydney. In some parts I have re-visited haunts long ago familiar to me, in other places I have broken fresh ground. On the vexed "Chinese Question" my views have greatly changed during the last four years, and I am not ashamed to say so, setting forth as I do the reasons for that change.

I have endeavoured by careful revision to make this work as accurate as possible. Mistakes there may be, but none, I hope, of a flagrant character. I can but vaguely glance at the divine philosophy of Buddha, of whose teachings I am but a humble student. I wish to do every justice to the European in China, as well as to the hard-working coolie, and enterprising, intelligent Chinese gentleman. I think my friends in the East will acknowledge that naught is set down in malice, but that I have

striven to impartially record the contest between the old and new civilizations now going on in the "treaty ports."

In another series I shall deal with Japan and British Columbia.

Maskee!

"THE VAGABOND."

DARLINGHURST, SYDNEY,
February, 1882.

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OCCIDENT AND ORIENT.

CHAPTER I.

GOOD-BYE TO SYDNEY.

"Do you want a trip to China?" said M. to me one Friday afternoon in George-street, Sydney. "The *Woodbine* sails on Tuesday morning, and I am going in her. Will you come?" It seldom takes me more than five seconds to make up my mind on anything. I assented at once, and thus it comes that I write these lines in a collier on the Pacific Ocean. I made my entrance to Australia in one of the finest steamers afloat. The exit seems rather an ignominious one. Five years of colonial experience—that is all I have gained. I am a poorer instead of a richer man, and I feel fully twenty years older; for when one has arrived at the meridian of life, and the down-hill course has commenced, the effects of time are felt all too quickly, and illness and *ennui* assail one with quadruple power. But for a "vagabond" there is no rest. Others give hostages to fortune, settle in life early, commit perchance all the sins in the Decalogue under the veil of "respectability," become rich, and therefore honoured of many, and, dying in the odour of wealthy sanctity, have big funerals and obituary notices in the papers. But, *nous autres*, the Arabs

of civilization, who sometimes may be useful in doing deeds for the sake of Justice and Truth which the man of "position" would shirk, are cursed with a perpetual unrest. For a little while we may tarry in tents, in which we are ever held to be strangers, but the time soon comes in which we must roll up our swags, and once more "En Route!" "Domestic happiness"—home, wife, children—"honour, love, obedience, troops of friends," can never be ours. *Ewig weiter schweifen*, until, sooner or later, some *trou* may be found in which to yield up our breath, and after life's fitful fever is o'er we shall rest soundly at last in an unknown grave.

From the above it may be concluded that I feel pretty bad at leaving Australia. I am getting old; new things and places and people have not the charm they were wont to have, and I cannot form new associations. But a change for health's sake alone was necessary, so I embraced the chance offered to me. The *Woodbine* cleared for Shanghai with coals; from thence it was intended she should go to Japan, and on to Puget Sound to load with lumber for Sydney. There is no reason why I should not go the round trip, but there are so many odds against it. When I start for a voyage from any place, I never expect to see it again. I remember the time I spun up a dollar at Garcia's, in San Francisco, to decide whether I should take a trip to China or Australia. *Hinc illæ lachrymæ!* So it seems to me that I may be heard of in the service of His Most High Mightiness the Cousin of the Sun and Moon, or of the Mikado of Japan, or I may be lumbering in British Columbia, or drift through the Golden Gate into Californian journalism once more. These, and the chances of shipwreck and sudden death, *malgré* the prayers of my Church of England friends, are on the cards; so, though I want to return to Australia, and

whilst writing these lines am really sorry that I left it, I think it is doubtful if I shall do so. "Tuesday morning" was the time fixed for sailing, but on Monday night I got a telegram from the owner, "Wednesday morning, at ten sharp." My outfit was not an extensive one—a few pounds of tobacco, a spare tooth-brush, a suit of oilskins, some rifle and pistol cartridges, and a pack of cards; that was all. At the time fixed behold me, then, on board the *Woodbine*, lying in Johnson's Bay, one of the many sheltered anchoring spots in "our beautiful harbour," sadly polluted with the sewage from the extensive suburb of Balmain and the scourings from the abattoirs. Sydney people are very fond of sneering at the odours of the Yarra. In a few years their harbour will be as bad, and the excessively high death-rate of the city will become still higher. On board every vessel starting for a voyage there is always a scene of confusion. Stores arrive at the last minute; some of the sailors perhaps come on board drunk; tradespeople rush off in small boats to get vouchers for their accounts certified before presenting to the agent; fresh paint and tar is everywhere; one feels continually in the way. The sense of being out of place is depressing; and the remarks of the friends who have come to see you off, that they "wish they were going," fail to raise one's spirits. This is how I felt as we were being tugged from our moorings to Rushcutter's Bay. This perilous voyage of some two miles was accomplished in safety, when the anchor was dropped, as the wind was dead north-east; but here we had a good offing to take advantage of the earliest change. We should certainly sail in the morning. I would not go ashore again, so all day long watched the residences of the first families on Potts and Darling Points, and wondered muchly at the strange exemplification of the survival

of the fittest in New South Wales as here instanced. Our voyage thus far had commenced auspiciously. Possessing no "house flag," the "V" had been hoisted on the main truck, which was a pleasing compliment to myself. At night, some dear friends, who found out that the *Woodbine* had not sailed, came on board, and to those ladies who thus honoured me I shall ever be grateful. My canine friend "Peter" was also brought to make his adieux to me. When the boats left the ship, I felt very sad indeed.

The *Woodbine* is a barque, Scotch built, twenty-six years old, a crack vessel in her time, having made many notable voyages. The cabin is a deck-house, with several compartments; the inner is the sleeping place of the captain and owner; the next our mess and sitting-room, and on one of the bunks there "The Vagabond" rests at night. Then there is a little passage on to the deck, with the mate's sleeping place on one side and pantry on the other. The arrangements for a small party are very snug. With 425 tons of coal on board, as ordered, she had a large cargo for her capacity; but this was increased by thirteen tons, it being the custom of the collieries to give three per cent. extra to all foreign-going ships. The barque was, therefore, rather low in the water. All told, we were eleven souls on board the ship. The captain, a native of the Scilly Islands, where boys take to the sea as naturally as a duck does to water; the mate, who also possessed a master's certificate, a typical Englishman; the carpenter, a Scotchman; the cook, a mulatto, who said he was born in Jersey, but who, I think, must have been raised "down south," as his American accent and idioms were never acquired at sea; and five seamen, not one of them English. Two of these latter were Scandinavians, another a German—first-rate men these three. The

fourth was a Canadian, and the fifth a Yankee Scotchman, born in Dundee, but who, from having been reared in the Northern States, spoke like an Irishman. These were all shipped by articles of agreement, in pursuance of the "Seamen's Laws Consolidation Act." The crew bind themselves to behave in "an orderly, faithful, honest, and sober manner," and to be "diligent and obedient to the lawful commands of the master, whether on board ship, in boats, or on shore." If such services are "duly, honestly, carefully, and faithfully performed," the crew will receive the wages expressed against their respective names, but "any embezzlement or wilful or negligent loss or destruction of any part of the ship's cargo or stores shall be made good out of the wages, and any seaman who shall prove incompetent shall be subject to a reduction of the wages in proportion to his incompetency." The scale of provisions is specified on the articles, being daily one pound of bread, quarter-ounce of tea, half-ounce of coffee, two ounces of sugar, and three quarts of water. Weekly three and a half pounds of beef, the same amount of pork, one pound and a half of flour, half a pound of rice, and a pint of peas. This seems a liberal scale, but a foot-note says, "Equivalent substitutes for the above may be issued, if necessary." This puts power in a mean master's hands. "No spirits allowed" was distinctly specified, but this was not rigidly adhered to. A copy of this agreement is nailed up in the foc'sle of every vessel, in accordance with the Act, so that sailors may know to how much they have bound themselves, and to how little they are entitled.

We were eleven souls on board, but fourteen lives were in the *Woodbine*. A dog and two cats made up this complement. "Noble" is a magnificent Newfoundland, whose looks make him well worthy of the name; but, unfortunately, his moral

qualities rather belied this. He had been tenderly reared as a puppy by some gentle ladies of my acquaintance, who no doubt thoroughly spoilt him. Becoming big and unruly, he was banished to a coal-yard, where he would have plenty of room to run about, and the companionship of horses to soothe his mind. Unfortunately, here he developed into a thorough Sydney larrikin. He fought and killed other dogs and cats, he bit children and Chinamen, and growled and snarled at all. He was a terror in his neighbourhood, disdaining human friendship or sympathy. I have known Noble for some time, but he would never acknowledge my overtures by more than a sulky wag of his tail. His morose and savage disposition became a proverb. He had never been corrected, never experienced the wholesome discipline of a good thrashing. He did just what he liked, without dread of punishment. A short time back, his original proprietor removed into a country suburb and sent for Noble, who it was thought would act as a good watchdog, and become reclaimed by the soothing influences of nature, as he would have a paddock to himself. The experiment was not satisfactory. The Newfoundland took possession of the house, lay down in the drawing or any other room which pleased his fancy, and declined to stir. To all feminine coaxing and petting, and appeals of "Good dog," he turned a deaf ear. He knew he wasn't a good dog, and that it was all gammon. He was a good watchdog in one sense, that he attempted to worry every stranger who came to the house. Then he was accused of killing chickens, but this I always thought was a calumny. But this was the culmination of his sin, and he was again banished to the coal-yard, and resumed his larrikin occupations. When it was known that we were going to China, M. was asked if he would like to take Noble; he

would be a fine companion and a protection. That was the reason given, but I think they were glad to get rid of him, and there was joy amongst the cats and dogs of Redfern at his departure. The first of our cats was young and pretty. It came on board at Pyrmont of its own free-will and made the ship its home, being much petted by the sailors, such an event being held by them to be a sign of especial good luck. "Tom" had a collar of red velvet, and had evidently been well brought up, accustomed to good living, good society, and good treatment. I should say it had been at a house where there were children who had been taught to be kind to and pet animals. What wayward impulse had led it to run away to sea is a mystery. Who can gauge the motives of errant cats or boys? I daresay Tom, like many a lad who has left a good home, bitterly repented of his folly before he had gone half the voyage. The second cat was a kitten, procured by the cook as his familiar in the galley—an ugly little brute. Poor thing! it little knew the fate which awaited it. Sailors are very fond of having animals on board, and they are always well treated by them.

On Thursday morning the wind was still north-east, and it was decided that we should not sail till the morrow. I went ashore to renew my farewells. I daresay my few friends were glad to get rid of me after this, as my visits savoured of those of Hans Breitman. When one is going away "for good," it is astonishing how friends try to ease and expedite your departure. It is on the same principle, I suppose, as the proverb which instructs one to "build a bridge for a flying enemy." The practice of wishing a traveller "Good-bye," or of seeing him off, which is indulged in by scores of people of whom he knows or cares very little, is a strange one. In my own case I never take it as flattering when Bill, Dick, and Harry, and their

female relations, who have paid me slight attentions on shore, suddenly gush into "God speed!" I always imagine that if their hearts were to be read I should see there, "Don't come back." Why should they be so pleased and affect to envy me now, whom they would let go hang a week ago? "Good-bye, old fellow! you'll have a splendid trip. I wish I was going with you," says Dick. Is he afraid that you won't go, and so keeps on encouraging you? Dick has never asked you to dinner nor done you a good turn. He may dread that some day you will borrow money of him, or ask his influence to obtain a Government billet, and so his joy at your departure makes him gushing. Mrs. Dick, too, who has sometimes given you a cup of tea at five o'clock—that cheap form of hospitality typical of this age of meanness and show—may think that you have been paying too much attention to Leah or Rachel. If you would work seven years for either, they would not wait. "This Mr. Jacob is very well, my dears," says the mother, "but he has no income. I cannot think how he was ever received into our circle. What is that you say? An honourable man! My dear, he is a *beggar!*" But on your last visit you will get two cups of tea, and if you are a wise man you will know the reason why, and recognize that you certainly would not have got these, nor a cordial welcome, if you had not been going, or if there were any thoughts that you would come back. If any of my friends and acquaintances had such thoughts, they must have been very uneasy when another day passed and we still lay in Rushcutters' Bay. Although the wind was not favourable, and a regular fleet of vessels lay in the offing, I think we did not sail because it was a Friday. The day was employed in asphalting the decks, a new and ingenious process, tar first being spread everywhere, and fine sand

shaken over this and brushed with a broom into every corner, until a firm floor was made—better than anything in the streets of Sydney. But the next morning we had an early breakfast, the anchor was weighed, and the *Colleen Bawn* tugged us outside the Heads, and at ten a.m. on the 26th March my cruise in a collier commenced.

For some days we didn't have a good time of it. We had to run far to the east, and over 400 miles south of Sydney and out of our course. The captain at first tried to beat up against it, but it was too dangerous a programme to carry out. The advantage of going to sea in a sailing vessel is that there is always a charming uncertainty as to where you will be to-morrow. This is where navigation comes in. On an ocean steamer there is a simplicity of working which all inquiring land-lubbers think very easy. You draw a line on the chart clear of rocks and reefs, and tell the engineer to go ahead —so many revolutions a minute, so many knots an hour. There you are. But on a sailing ship, when the wind is coming dead from the quarter you want to go to, it is a different thing. You tack and tack, and keep the log going, and make intricate calculations, and the land-lubber ends by not knowing where the deuce he is, even allowing that the master does. Thus, after being thirty-six hours out from Sydney, and sailing about 200 miles all round the compass, I certainly never expected to see the lights of that city. Yet the reflection of these was plainly visible in the black clouds, although we were twenty-six miles from land. I am told that these can be seen forty miles off on a dark night. I suggested that after this cruise we might just as well go ashore and wait till the wind changed, and show how superior we were to steamer travellers, but this proposition met with no favour.

Now I began to realize what going to sea really means. For some forty years, man and boy, I have been traversing the ocean highways and bye-ways, but it has mostly been by steam vessels. A week in a yacht, or a few days in a whale or fishing boat, I have thus passed the time pleasantly on many occasions, but to settle down to a six months' cruise was a new experience. Now I thought sadly of my late voyages in the *Gunga*, and the evil things I had said of her. But the A.S.N. Co. is avenged. It was a rough time. The *Woodbine* is what is known as a wet ship, and being deep in the water, and a champion roller, the decks were always flooded. The hatch was just above high-water mark. One might take refuge on this and be dry for a time, but shortly would come a sea on the quarter which would wet you to the skin. Then there was nothing to do but to retreat to the cabin. At sea, eating and drinking occupy a great deal of one's attention. I have simple tastes, have roughed it all over the world, ate the fare of the people and the Australian squatter, the eternal monotony of mutton and damper palling on one more than Scotch "parritch," English bread and cheese, or the corn-cake and hominy of the poor whites and negroes in the Southern States. When necessary, I can live on bread and water and be thankful, although I certainly prefer grilled chicken and champagne. But I have a great prejudice in favour of cleanliness. It is not wise to inquire into the mysteries of the *cuisine;* our appetites would not be increased if we inspected the kitchens of many hotels and restaurants where we feed so sumptuously. I never look into a ship's galley, and if the cook had not been always present, waiting at table, I should have been happy. It was my own fault that I was so squeamish.

The rolling of the ship was something to be remembered. The quantity of water on deck kept up a perpetual motion. There was a great waste of power in all this. I worked out a calculation that we made 7,000 rolls in an hour. If this could have been added to our course, we should have done well. For five days we had this sort of weather, and then it culminated. I don't think any of us on board the *Woodbine* will forget the first of April. In the night there blew a strong gale, before which we ran with reefed topsails. Heavy seas swept over us as high as our sails. I kept to my bunk, for, though I did not sleep, it was the only safe place. There was no chance of hurting anything, or myself, by being dashed about the cabin. The seas which struck the vessel made every timber quiver; it seemed as if we could never long stand this continual pounding. Then the comic element came in. The door of the cabin was burst open, and we were flooded. The half-drowned cat made a spring into my face and clawed my hair, holding on as only cats can. Noble was dashed from side to side, falling on me like a catapult. The water began to pour down the lazarette. Here was a danger that our stores would be spoiled. Blankets were thrown over this, and then the captain and owner set to work to bail out the cabin, whilst I laughed. The scene was irresistibly comic. In the morning, when I went to look out, there was a scene which I have never previously witnessed or believed possible. The wind had suddenly fallen, there was not a breath of air; the *Woodbine* lay like a log, rolling heavily in the trough of the seas, which swept the decks. The crested waves poured over the gunwales like an avalanche. The bulwarks were driven in. It was grand and fearful to behold. The sails, flapping idly against the mast, gave us no help—the

ship would not answer her helm. We were at the mercy of the merciless ocean, which, mountains high on each side, threatened every minute to engulph us. The *Woodbine* shook, and shivered, and groaned like a living thing, as each sea struck her, and tons of water crashed on her decks. It seemed impossible that she could maintain this contest with the elements. The pitiless forces of Nature were too powerful. Anxiety was in every heart: none, so they said, had ever witnessed the like of this before. When it was discovered that the little kitten was drowned in one of the boats, it was taken as a bad omen. Our prospects seemed indeed dismal. I retreated to the cabin. There, at least, I avoided the discomfort of being perpetually wet. Everything was so thoroughly miserable that it seemed to me the sooner the end came the better. Oh, wise Samuel Johnson, you well said that a ship was a floating prison, with a chance of getting drowned! What a fool I was to allow an impulse to lead me into *cette galere.* If the fates would be propitious, and forgive me this once, never would I tempt them any more. One acre of dry land seemed worth a thousand square miles of ocean at that moment.

CHAPTER II.

A CRUISE IN A COLLIER.

THE *Woodbine* is a good and staunch barque, or she would never have lived through that morning; but in the afternoon a breeze sprang up, and we were able to make headway. Still, for the next two days we had anything but a good

time of it. After that we sailed gaily, with a fair wind, on our northward course. We had gone at least 500 miles more than was necessary, but then that is one of the advantages of sail over steam. You see more of the ocean. Settled down thus, I had an opportunity to study my *compagnons de voyage.* The captain retained many of the primitive ideas of his native islands. In Scilly they still make bonfires on Midsummer's Day, a reminiscence of the sun worship of the Druids, whose stronghold was in the south-west of England. But the fishermen of Scilly are as ignorant of the cause of their rejoicings as most Freemasons are as to why they celebrate the same day, which they call St. John's. In Scilly, until the last few years, smuggling and wrecking were much in vogue, the former being a highly respectable and meritorious calling, in which none saw any harm. The captain gave me many anecdotes of the good old times, and of Smith the Third, King of Scilly, which it would perhaps be a breach of confidence to retail. The mate spun me yarns of the Eastern seas, which I salted considerably. I had a good opportunity now to investigate the thoughts and feelings of foremast hands—better even than when I made a sojourn in the Sailors' Home at Melbourne. The five men in the foc'sle were as good honest sailors as I would wish to travel with. Many yarns they told me which I keep stored in my memory for future use. These men in intelligence were far above the average of British sailors, who are not popular with shipmasters. They, I am told, are always grumbling and always saucy. It is difficult to get them to work well, although in any trying emergency or danger they can always be depended upon. It is this which causes so many foreigners to be employed now on board British ships. Well, I don't think we could have had a better crew. Ollsen, the Dane, was tall and handsome, quite

the opposite to the ordinary idea of a "shellback." He had a good voice, and I am persuaded if he had been brought out on the operatic stage his figure and appearance would have insured him a success in the colonies. The Norwegian and German were quiet, steady men, the latter devoting a portion of his spare time to practising reading and writing in English. Oh! my Anglo-Saxon brethren, you who rail at the encroachments of the Teutonic race all over the world, no wonder you have often to take a back seat. The race *is* to the swift and the battle to the strong, and knowledge and education are strength now-a-days. This young German sailor was a type of many of his race, whose industry and intelligence enable them to push the Englishman aside in the struggle for existence. Our Canadian was the oldest and quietest of the crew—a man who was sedate and respectable enough to be President of the United States. Burns, the Yankee Scotchman, had little of the caution of his countrymen. He was the type of an American; a sailor in his youth, he had been all over the States, a gold-digger, a railroad man, a lumberer, a hunter on the plains, always making a pile, always knocking it down as freely. He had been engaged on the Northern Pacific survey at the same time as I was, and, finding this out, would narrate the most wonderful tales of Indians and grizzlies to his mates, appealing to me for corroboration. Blowing is not confined to the colonies.

The crew of the *Woodbine*, as I have said, were good men, whom I would willingly trust my life with as "mates" in any hazardous expedition. They were honest and sober, of character far superior to the ordinary run of labourers on shore. But each one had offended against British laws. They had all been deserters, some having run away from their

ships many times. That honest Scandinavian, who was saving up his money to return to his native village and buy a fishing boat, admitted that he had deserted twice in the colonies. The men saw no shame in this, they thought nothing of it; to them it was an ordinary thing to do, one justified by expediency. It is the social opinion of our surroundings which forms our moral code. It is only a few months back since I was instrumental in procuring the release from the clutches of the Sydney authorities of a young sailor connected with the first families of Sydney, his brother-in-law being a magistrate and member of Parliament. All the foremast hands had refused to do certain duty, and he had joined with his mates. Social opinion is strong in the foc'sle, and very few care about becoming "black sheep." His companions received a sentence of three months imprisonment each, but through my intervention with the captain he was released. I received no thanks for this—indeed, one of his relatives wrote to the captain that he should arrest the youth as a deserter and carry him out of the country, for fear the family (Save the mark!) should be disgraced by him.

As our captain saw nothing wrong in the smuggling propensities of his ancestors, so the men for'rard saw nothing wrong in deserting. Sea service to them was no inheritance. One or two had been in gaol for these offences; to this, again, no stigma was attached to them by their comrades. I was amused to hear Darlinghurst described "as the worst miserable place a man could be sent to." My dear friend Mr. Read will be flattered at this, for the "worst gaol," from an offender's point of view, is the best in the other light. Mr. Read and his merry warders will be surprised to learn that men smoke in their cells in spite of all precautions. "Unless they always

stripped us to the skin they could not stop it," said one of the sailors to me. "We can always stow away a short pipe and a bit of 'baccy; and for light, an old nail and a bit of rag will do." When one came to inquire into the matter, you saw that, morally, the men had not done much wrong. As I have shown, the articles they sign are all one-sided. If a master of a ship finds a man incompetent, he can dock his wages and discharge him at the first port; but the sailor, if he ships with brutal and overbearing officers, has no redress. He cannot leave when he likes. He may be badly treated, badly fed, may have a most obnoxious set of companions, but he must serve out his articles. It is very hard to bring a case of ill-usage against a shipmaster. A sailor in a foreign port has no redress at all. So, putting myself in their place, I am not at all surprised that many give "leg bail," and leave their clothes and wages due behind them. If many cases which I heard on the *Woodbine* were true, I should have done the same myself. At the best, a sailor's life is not a happy one; and why so many boys of good birth and education take to it is a mystery. "It was reading Marryat's novels sent me to sea," said my friend Captain ——; "I have d——d him ever since. I was too proud, after the first voyage or two, to ask to go into my father's office again. I stuck to it, although I hated it; and now I'm a merchant skipper with £500 a year, and my younger brother clears at least £5,000 a year in the City." Men go to sea when they are boys for the fun and freedom of the life. When they get old the fun vanishes, and before the mast they find very little freedom indeed.

A sailor's life is a hard one, although in every way infinitely superior to what it was. Board of Trade regulations, homes, and temperance societies have done much to raise his condi-

tion, and the schoolmaster has been abroad at sea as well as on shore during the last few years. The old British tar of sea novels and plays, so admirably burlesqued in "Pinafore," is a thing of the past. And really he is not to be regretted. In a few years "shanties" will become a tradition; possibly they will be replaced by Moody and Sankey's hymns. This will be an improvement, as although many sea choruses were humorous, they were generally grossly indecent. I have been amused in former years at the embarrassment of a gang of sailors at work on the quarter-deck, when asked by some verdant traveller to sing for the amusement of the lady passengers—they knew not a line fit for a woman's ears. The old superstitions are departing. Formerly one must not whistle at sea, or you would drive away the breeze. This was quite opposed to the Fijian superstition. There, the nominally Christian natives still whistle for the wind, and call and coax it. "Bulliamai! Cosemai! Come on board, oh Wind! The white chief, here, will give you some of his kava. We will give you cocoanuts. Come on board, oh Wind, as far as our village, and we will give you pig and fish!" As a last bribe, they would whistle again, and say, "Oh Wind, come with me to the next village, and we will ask the chief to give you a beautiful wife!" Even as Italian sailors attempt to bribe the Virgin and saints by offers of candles at different altars when they get safe ashore, so would my Fijian boys strive to bribe the wind god. When I asked them how he took his pay; they said if he came with us he could take cocoanuts and grog. We could not see him, so he could take what he liked. And at the next village there were beautiful women, whom the wind could kiss, and nobody see him. But when the breeze did come, I took my afternoon preventive, and then poured out a libation to Pluto. How

the boys laughed as the wind blew the liquor far away. I daresay the *Taraga Vagaboda* is remembered in that island as a worshipper of the wind. But sailors now care nothing for any of these things. Their faith in old saws and old sayings is departing, and with that certainly a good deal of what made them interesting studies in human nature. Ours was as good a crew as the *Woodbine* ever carried, for the perusal of the old log-books showed what may happen to a man who goes to sea. Some sailors are too interesting. For some time she had been trading on the coast of China with a mixed crew. There was a certain Gomez, a Portuguese, who threatened to stab the captain, boasting that he had previously killed a man. A nice man this Gomez, who, according to the record, never obeyed orders, and had always his hand on his knife. I wonder if he still sails the seas. It must have been a pleasant time for the captain and his two mates when the sailors told them that they were three to one, and some night would "do for them." The cause of quarrel was the quality of food. Our men fared as well as we did in the cabin, and during the first bad weather had grog served out to them until the supply was exhausted.

In one of the ship's company there was a notable change. I have described the early days and associations of the Newfoundland Noble; how from his youth up he had never been checked, but had always done that which was right in his own eyes. The reformation which now took place was wonderful. Fear had a good deal to do with it. Sea-sickness was a potent factor. When we got outside Sydney Heads, and the great waves began to rise, Noble felt that something was wrong with the world in general and his inside in particular. He was subdued and humbled, as many great conquerors have been under the same influences. And when the waters swept the

deck, and he lay on the hatch, which was an island refuge in the midst of a raging torrent, the dog was indeed frightened. If any traditions of the flood are current in the animal kingdom, Noble must have thought the end of the world was again come. He had always despised human companionship; now he sought it. Glaring at the white-crested waves which tumbled over the bulwarks, he would crouch close to M. or myself. Like all animals in the moment of danger, he confided in man. Now, whilst suffering this sea change, we completed his subjection. As in former times, Noble would wish to take possession of the cabin or any spot which suited his fancy. When first ordered to leave he growled; a push made him show his teeth—*he* wasn't going to stand any of this nonsense. But he was greatly astonished when a shower of kicks, and boots, and curses followed this attempt at mutiny. His spirit was broken, and he slunk out of the cabin. This *curriculum*, being kept up for some time, had the desired effect in rendering him obedient. It was a trifle difficult. There were times in which the dog's savage spirit was on the point of breaking out But M. and I always kept to the same plan. If Noble attempted to snarl, he was to get it worse. From pure devotion to his future welfare, I often inconvenienced myself; would exhaust my supply of boots, and then get up and kick him out of the cabin. I always hurt my bare feet more than I did the dog, but he acknowledged the potentiality behind. Our efforts were crowned with success. Who such a good dog now as Noble? He lavishes all animal tokens of affection and pleasure towards M. and myself. He is obedient and good-tempered. He gets a thrashing now and then—not that he requires it, but to keep up our superiority. It is an old saw, "A woman, a dog, and a walnut tree, the more you

thrash them, the better they be." I don't know anything about women and walnut trees, but can certify to the truth of the adage as regards dogs. These are like women, though, in the sense that they are better and happier when they have found their masters. This change is as wonderful as that which befel Saul on the road to Damascus, and to keep up the simile I have changed Noble's name. He is "Bo'sen," in acknowledgment of his reformation and the agencies of the sea which effected it. He answers readily to the name, especially at meal times. We hope that when ashore he will not revert to his old habits. Still, I should be sorry to be the first Chinaman who comes on board this ship. Paul himself found that there were limits to saintly endurance.

Now we gaily sailed on our course, New Caledonia one hundred miles to windward. I called to mind the last voyages I made on this coast: how, nearly three years ago, I sailed northward from Noumea in the *Ocean Queen*, in company with that brave and true young French gentleman, Mons. Houdaille. He was the largest station-holder and raiser of cattle in New Caledonia, and when the native insurrection broke out was making a rapid fortune. His ranche was situated in the northern interior of the island, and he was surrounded by tribes which had never given in adhesion to French rule. All the other settlers in that district had fled to the capital, but Houdaille was as brave as a lion. He went to Noumea, and interviewed the gallant Governor Olry. "Lend me," said he, "arms and ammunition, which I cannot obtain here, and a commission to defend the flag of France, and I will arm my stockmen and a few friendly natives, and you need not be afraid of the revolt spreading in my part of the *arrondissement* of Bourail." Governor Olry—a cool, brave, and liberal-hearted

man, who never lost his head in the midst of the trying circumstances in which he was placed—must have been pleased to find one colonist willing to face the position. He hearkened to Mons. Houdaille's petition, and lent him twenty-five chassepots and one hundred rounds of cartridge for each. Furnished with these, Houdaille was going home rejoicing, willing to fight all the Canaques in New Caledonia. With youth, good looks, and gay spirits, he was a favourite with all. We spent a charming day together *en voyage*. He much pressed me to disembark with him, and accompany him to his station, and see some fighting if the natives turned rusty. I was nearly doing so, but, as the steamer only made monthly voyages, I might not have the chance of getting round the north coast again; so it was arranged that, after I made the circuit of the island to Canala, I should cross to the west coast overland, and Houdaille would, on my communicating with him, meet me at Taremba, and escort me to his station, where I could pleasantly, in default of fighting, gain an insight into pastoral life in New Caledonia. It was *au plaisir de vous revoir* when he landed next morning; but, alas! Houdaille was as careless and as rash as he was brave. When I arrived at Canala I heard that two days after we parted he and all his men had been surprised and massacred. The other day I was looking at his portrait, and wondering by what strange chances one is taken and the other left. *Requiescat in pace.* The last voyage southwards which I made on this coast was also an eventful one. I had crossed from Canala with the Commandant Adea Servan, the hero of the war. We were only two white men in the midst of 500 native allies; but they were as true as steel. The great war chief Nondo and all his men obeyed every order of the young officer, who had won their love and respect. We

had harried and dispersed the rebels, and cut off their heads, which we carried in triumph to the camp at La Foa, and laid at the feet of the senior officer, Captain Henri Rivière, known to me previously, by repute, as a brilliant feuilletoniste and writer in the *Revue des Deux Mondes*. I had danced in the garb of our first parents the *pilou-pilou*, with very savage comrades, and, with many mysterious ceremonies, had been invested with the rank and plume of a great war chief of the tribe of Canala. At Taremba I had been given a passage in a gunboat bound to Noumea. On board were some sick and wounded soldiers, and a number of refugees flying to the capital, the revolt having broken out in fresh districts. Shortly after we left, a heavy storm came on; luckily we were inside the great barrier reef, but our progress in the midst of blinding rain, with thick clouds hanging all round, was very hazardous. At last we had to run into a small bay, and cast both anchors. All through that evening the thunder roared and the lightning flashed; the rain fell like a massive sheet of water. The young lieutenant who was in command did his best to make one comfortable; and with potted luxuries, good wine, and *kirschwasser* I managed to pass the time. The refugees crowded below must have had a very uncomfortable time of it.

The commander's cabin on deck was very small, with only room for one to lie down, but at least I was dry there. At ten o'clock, with true French courtesy, the lieutenant offered me his bed, but I would not hear of this; he was wet to the skin, having been on deck all day, and must change his clothes and take rest himself. Surely there was some place down below where I could be sheltered. Just then the *contre-maitre* came forward, and announced that one of the wounded men was dead. A conversation took place through the inch of door

that was opened; then the lieutenant turned to me—"If Monsieur insists, then it shall be as he wishes. Monsieur has been a soldier, and will not mind; there is a place vacant below." I was only anxious to get out of the way, and let the hospitable young officer have room to get off his wet things. Dry and snug as I was myself, I felt mean in thus incommoding him. In a few minutes a couple of sailors came to the door, and led me through the darkness of the night to the cabin aft. The rain came down in such torrents that I was wet through before I reached the stairs. At the bottom I saw by the dim lamp a number of male forms huddled together in the midst of a lot of baggage. By their groans these appeared in a very bad way. *Mal de mer* and fear combined were too much for them. We passed into another large cabin, which had bunks all around, each occupied by a sick or wounded soldier, except one, the best. In a corner some women and children had camped on rugs and shawls. One young mother was sitting up nursing her infant, and soothing another child who was moaning piteously. "Monsieur will sleep there, if he does not mind," said the *contre-maitre*, pointing to the empty bunk. He left. "But, madame," said I, "this is impossible that I can sleep there, and let ladies and children lie on the floor. Take that place, I pray, and I can find some other outside." "Oh, *mon Dieu!* no. Never could I rest there." "Well, at least put the children there; they will be more comfortable. See, there are blankets, and they can be arranged well." "Never, Monsieur, could I let my children sleep there. Thanks, Monsieur; but, if you do not fear, will Monsieur rest there himself?" The females all roused up. "Do not go! rest there, Monsieur, but do not ask us." I felt flattered at the idea that I was looked upon as a protector by these ladies,

whose liege lords were *hors de combat* outside ; so, wishing them "Good-night," I rolled into the bunk, which was furnished with a good mattress, pulled the blankets over my wet things, and in a few minutes was sound asleep, the last thing I remember being the words, "But they are droll, these English ; see you, he sleeps as if ——" I wondered what I had done which was so very droll. Gone to bed in my wet clothes? But under the circumstances they could not expect otherwise. The sun was high in the heavens when I awoke, and we were steaming rapidly through the now calm waters towards Noumea. All the passengers were on deck. There I found my female friends. "But, ladies, tell me why I am a droll?" "Ah! you think nothing of it. You would wish me and my children to sleep there; but, *nous autres*, we would not rest on the bed from which a corpse has been taken to make room for us. *Mon Dieu!* Do not touch the child, Monsieur, you have blood all on your clothes." This was true, and I saw the situation immediately. The lieutenant and his men thought I understood it on the night before. The body of the soldier had been carried forward, and placed on a gun, covered with a sheet. Well, I had had a good night's rest, but I scarcely think it was quite fair on the corpse to plant it out in the rain in that way. I understood now why the women so anxiously wanted my company ; they were afraid the body might be brought back. The vainest man couldn't flatter himself much over this.

CHAPTER III.

SHARKS AND BREAKERS.

We were now in the tropics; daily the heat increased; but both days and nights were most beautiful. I was looking forward to see Orion rise, that old starry friend of my youth, compared to which I consider the Southern Cross a first-class fraud. A sunrise at sea is a magnificent sight, but not so fine as on the Andes or Alps, or to be compared to the view from the Rocky Mountains over the prairies. But a tropical sunset at sea cannot be surpassed. Its very memory is a joy for ever. I remember the first time I saw such was off the coast of Cuba. We were steaming southward past Cape Maza, and I remained on deck to watch the setting sun, whilst all the other passengers went to dinner. I was alone on the hurricane deck, as at such times one should be, unless the companion is a kindred soul. When my Chilian *compagnon de voyage* returned on deck, he chaffed me on missing a first-class meal. "Felipe, *amigo mio*," said I, "that sight was worth seven years of my life." "*Carajo!*" he replied, "you are romantic; twenty-five hundred dinners, besides the other little pleasures?" "Yes! worth all that!" I said so then, and I believe it now, after many years of travel in tropical climes, when my senses are duller than of yore. How many gorgeous sunsets we saw now, each varying from, each more beautiful than the others! Word-painting cannot describe these justly. Before the glories of Nature's grand transformation scene my pen falters, and I recognize how feeble are my powers. As the sun sank towards the horizon, to north and to south, from south to east, and from east to

north, and back again to the west, the sky was flecked with a pale salmon tinge. This increased in depth, then all the white fleecy clouds were tinged with scarlet and lined with gold. Lower sank the sun. The belts of clouds above it shone like bars of fire. Every shade of colour was reflected in the sky. Varying each minute, sometimes the clouds would be rose, or pink, or lavender. Fantastic shapes were formed all round the horizon; golden islands shone in a rose-coloured sea. There was a background of that beautiful pale olive tint, which I have never seen anywhere except in the tropics, and which Perugino alone has painted. Tint after tint, colour after colour, till the sun sank in a golden blaze of glory, which no painter could hope to copy. Giver of all life, heat, colour, and beauty, no wonder that the primal religion of mankind was sun worship. To see a tropical sunset is a revelation; to a lover of Nature it is more—it sinks into his soul and becomes a divine service. Everything is beautiful in these latitudes. The fish in the sea have as gorgeous tints as the birds on land; they are striped with red and gold and blue. "Portuguese men-of-war" (the nautilus) floated by us, as inert, apparently, as medusæ, but yet they must have a pleasure in their life, or why do they exist? One day we caught one of these strange productions of nature. It had drifted on to a rope which was hanging from the ship's side, and we hauled it on deck. It was the first I had ever examined. It was a thick, bladder-shaped something, like a boat, with a sort of fin on the back which acted as a sail. In colour it was a most beautiful blue and green. It had a thin tendon more than twenty feet long, which the sailors told me was used as an anchor. This being let down in rough weather, by its weight caused the nautilus to sink, which would then float securely fathoms below the surface of the

stormy waters. We returned our prize to the sea, and it drifted away happily.

Now we caught our first shark. Two of these tigers of the sea were one fine morning discovered cruising round our stern. They were accompanied by half a dozen pilot fish, beautifully striped with blue and orange, which, it is said, fulfil the same offices to the shark that the jackal is reputed to do to the lion. A hook baited with a piece of "salt horse" was quickly thrown overboard. To this went the pilot fish, swam around it, smelt it, and then returned to the sharks. Two of these leisurely swimming, with their tails touching the monster's nose, seemed to guide him to the bait. He turned on his back, showing his white throat and belly, and gorged the bait at once. Then we pulled at the line, and dragged his head out of the water. In rage, the fish squirmed and lashed, but I was ready with my rifle, a present from a dear friend before I left Sydney. It is one of the truest little weapons ever made, for is it not written in the annals of Northern Queensland how "The Vagabond" stood with jam tins on his head and cigars in his mouth, which the same friend with the said rifle shot away. A foolish piece of bravado on my part, perhaps, arising out of the fact that Mr. L. F. Sachs, most daring of Queensland pioneers, one day said he could never find a white man with sufficient nerve to play such a part, although blackfellows and Chinamen had done it for him. Then I swore that whatever members of these despised races dare do, I dare. A few days afterwards, when Mr. Sachs was entertaining the judge and members of the Northern bar at his pleasant residence, Hermit-park, near Townsville, where one finds, what is so rare in Australian bush life, culture and refinement, as well as the most hospitable welcome, the subject came up again. They thought I was

"blowing," but I challenged the ordeal. There was really nothing in it, as I had seen Mr. Sachs shoot. I knew his splendid nerve, and what he could do. It was as a souvenir of this that I possess the rifle, which, as there was a chance of our stopping at the Solomons, I thought would come in handy. I have no intention of adding my name to the list of white men massacred in the South Seas. Now, from this I put four balls into the shark. Not the first time I have made such a shot. Years ago, at San Juan, in Nicaragua, I was standing looking down from the high hurricane deck of a steamer at an Indian fishing in a canoe by the vessel's side. Suddenly a great shark made a dash out of the water, and nearly capsized the frail bark. He returned again and again, almost seeming as if he would leap into the canoe. I emptied my navy revolver, and two of the balls took effect. Some sailors jumped into the dingy and secured it with boat-hooks. That night we had curried shark's fins for dinner. I can't say that they were nice. That was the only occasion on which I have seen a shark attack anything out of water. Recently, however, in Fiji, sailing through the coral reefs with a native crew from the mission at Navalua, good "boys" whose estimable qualities I shall never forget, I nearly had an adventure. Lying luxuriously, like a pasha of many tails, under the awning, with one leg thrown over the gunwale, I enjoyed that *dolce far niente* which was thoroughly compatible with the climate, time, and my own disposition. Suddenly my leg was roughly thrust inwards by the tall and gentle Watsoni, my captain, who, squatted on the stern sheets behind me, was steering. Surprised at this, I jumped up, when he deprecatingly pointed to the water. Fathoms below, one saw all the beauties of a marine garden—fish of all colours swam

round, but on the top, close to where I sat, were some pilot fish, and under the boat the dark-green body of a shark was visible. In this eligible position he kept up with us for some time; but my own reminiscences, as well as Watsoni's advice, caused me to assume a less free-and-easy posture for a time.

The rifle shots appeared to have a good result; the sea was dyed with blood, and the monster was apparently lifeless. It was hauled up a little way, and a "running bow-line" passed round its body. Then it commenced to fight again, and it was as much as four men could do to drag it on board. It came down on the deck with a tremendous thud, and cleared a circle with a sweep of its tail. Then the circus commenced. Bo'sen had been excitedly watching the proceedings. Something was going on in which he would like to take a hand. When the shark fell on the deck, and we all cleared, Bo'sen waltzed in. He sprang on the fish, growling savagely. A blow of the tail floored him, but he was up to time again in a second, and seized hold of one of the fins, to which he held on. It was no use attempting to call him off—his blood was up, his heart was in the fray; Don Quixote did not set his spear at the windmill giants with more sure intent than Bo'sen set his teeth into that shark. Dog and fish rolled over together; they slipped about in the blood and slime. Squirming and flopping, the monster stood up on his tail, and walked round on his ear, endeavouring to bite his new enemy. Then we cut his jaw with a hatchet, and extracted the hook. Bo'sen tried to fix his teeth in the throat, but the skin was too tough, so he was only able to seize a fin, and, when the shark didn't shake him, he shook it viciously. Then the fish's tail was cut off, and it lay disabled. Bloody and panting, Bo'sen crouched by its side; he drove the cat away—

he would not let any of the hands touch it for a time. This was his property, his fair spoil, so he considered. At last I disembowelled it, and then he let the captain cut it up and extract the backbone. Then the dog took a slice of the flesh away, and ate it. He evidently was governed by inherited tendencies transmitted from his savage ancestors, who ran about the shores of Newfoundland and lived on codfish; but in this instance Bo'sen, like many others, found that what was good for his forefathers did not agree with him. Shark made him sick and ill; it was the first and last time that he tried it. The backbone was cut out to make a walking-stick, and the tail fastened on the end of the bowsprit, it being a sailor's superstition that such will bring a fair wind. Ollsen also told me that shark's brains dried will form a powder which is an infallible love philtre, and he wished to prepare it for me. But at my age I have no use for these things. Attached to the shark were a number of specimens of remora—"suckers," as sailors call them, parasitical fish, from three to six inches long, which cleanse their chief of all insects and impurities. The valves by which they adhere are underneath the jaws, and are of immense power. Our cat, wishing a change of diet, ate one of these alive. Some I had dried, as curiosities not readily obtained. This was our first shark, but we caught in all thirteen, besides shooting several. I took a real pleasure in annihilating these savage monsters. Their tenacity of life is wonderful. With their insides and hearts taken out, when bodies were thrown overboard, they would yet swim for a time. We procured a fine lot of backbones, and Bo'sen every time had his fight with the captured shark, in which he was often severely cut and bruised, but he had his reward in the self-consciousness of

a duty fulfilled. His idea was that "alone he did it," and his self-glorification was immense. The largest shark we caught was fifteen feet long, the smallest about six feet. I have heard of them twenty feet and twenty-five feet long, so ours were only "fair to middling."

Palm Sunday was one of those glorious days which you often meet with at sea in the tropics. A cloudless topaz sky, contrasted with the deep indigo of the waters animated by scarcely a ripple. All round the horizon not a white crest was to be seen on the waves. The soft gentle wind "out of the sweet south sliding" fanned the cheek with a velvety touch, smooth and caressing as the hand of her we love. Fish sported in the waters, but, happily for themselves, came not near our track, to be deluded from their native element by the hooks and baits vainly set for them. Hundreds of birds flew around, flocking from their homes on the "French Reef" far to the eastward. There were many strange kinds, boobies and "bo'sens," so called, it is said, from their long tail, shaped like a marlingspike, though I am not aware that a boatswain uses that nautical implement more than an ordinary sailor. But the tail feathers of a bo'sen bird make a very pretty plume. Of seagulls there were few, nearly all the birds, although aquatic, being known as "land," in that, though they skim the surface of the waters by day, at night they generally return to their homes on rocks and reefs. It was pleasant in the early morning to have a dozen buckets of the Pacific Ocean thrown over one by the kindly agency of the mate and Norwegian sailor Ollsen. It was pleasant to be able to stretch one's legs on deck, as in weather like this, going only five knots an hour, the *Woodbine* had not an excuse for rolling. This gave one an appetite even for the mysterious bill of fare of the "Doctor."

There was a Sabbath calm on board; no work is done at sea on Sundays except what is absolutely necessary. The fact that the watch for'rad were washing their clothes did not detract from the go-to-church feeling which pervaded the ship. Cleanliness is next to godliness, and in default of prayers a wash is a good substitute. Sunday is sacred to laundry work at sea. This, one of the few fine days we had had, was taken advantage of by the crew to make themselves spruce and clean. The barber was called into requisition, and many were shaved and shorn. Ollsen acted as knight of the shears and razor, giving his services gratis. I certainly must persuade him to take to the stage, and make his *debût* in "Figaro." All went merry as a marriage bell, and before noon there was a welcome cry of "Land ho!" and a small green island loomed up on the eastward. How longingly I looked at it, and wished to be ashore there. This was Surprise Island, at the south of the D'Entrecasteaux Reefs. If landed here with a boat I could easily make my way through the coral lagoons and passages to Pam, 100 miles away, at the north of New Caledonia, and call on my old friend Captain Warren, at the Balade Mines, take the first boat to Noumea, fight the few duels which I have on hand there, and then to Sydney, and the welcome shores of Australia, which if I once reach again I don't think I will ever leave. Strange how that little bit of land should attract us so. For all that we jolly sailor dogs boast about the glories of a life at sea, we are evidently of the earth, earthy. All ceased their avocations to gaze at the land. Charley the Swede relinquished his stitching and mending. The German August dropped his copybook, in which he was learning to write English. To all on board—owner, captain, sailors—it was a welcome sight.

All went merry as a marriage bell! In the afternoon we sighted two or three more small islands—one but a long sandy shoal, on which we saw a building. This must have been a store of the defunct Huon Island Guano Company. We took our exact bearings from these, they being some eight or ten miles off. The white waters of the breakers dashing over the reef which encircled these islets were faintly perceptible through the glasses from the mast head. At sundown these disappeared; and, as laid down on the chart, we had cleared the neighbourhood of the reefs. It is true that the chart says "the D'Entrecasteaux and French reefs have not been examined, and their position and extent, therefore, cannot be exactly defined;" but in such cases it is generally considered to be the custom of chart-makers to err on the right side in not circumscribing the dimensions of a reef.

The end of the D'Entrecasteaux Reef is shown on the charts latitude 18 deg., longitude 162 deg. 35 min. This we had cleared by sunset, and held on the same north-west by north course. Tea was over; the captain and I smoked our pipes near the wheel, and the owner read some good book inside the cabin. The moon made everything almost as clear as day. I idly watched the phosphorescent rays in our wake. Suddenly the skipper said, "What's that? Is that the moon?" I looked up. The query had been sharp and sudden, and there was a tinge of alarm in the tone. Away on the weather bow was a long streak of white, which every second seemed more sharply defined. On land, you would say it was the shadow of the moon. A landsman at sea would say the same. But lately, in the Fiji group, I have had considerable experience in sailing amongst coral reefs, both by day and night, and have learnt to know the varying

colour of the waters, and so from my lips and from the captain's burst simultaneously the cry, "Breakers!"

"Hard up!" Round span the wheel. At the same instant came the warning cry from for'ard—"Breakers ahead!" The cry ran round the ship. It roused the owner from his pious meditations, or thoughts of the dear ones at home. It roused the mate from his bunk, and perusal of the "Vagabond Papers." It roused the watch below. It is a cry the most dreaded on board ship. The captain sprang to the wheel. "Jibe the spanker," he roared. I ran for'ard to see the show, and met the owner. "We're right amongst them. It's all up. God help us!" And he disappeared into the cabin. "Gott in Himmel!" said the German. "Fanden Sjarre der!" cried Ollsen, tumbling up the foc'sle stairs, and smashing his pipe. The Yankee Scotchman, Burns, let out an American blasphemy; and the mate swore a mighty English oath. Bo'sen barked lustily. I should have been very willing to lend assistance in the matter of hauling ropes, or even, like Mark Twain, in standing around and shouting; but I concluded I was only likely to be in the road, and the journalist's instinct was strong within me to see and take in all that I could. It isn't every day that one gets a chance of going on a coral reef, or of being shipwrecked; so in a minute I was perched on the anchor at the weather bow—the one calm and impartial observer on board. For four minutes I had a spectacle of a life drama more thrilling than anything I have ever seen on the stage. Not thirty fathoms from the bows, the waters curled and roared against the reef, on the other side of which the sea lay smooth as a sheet of glass. As M. had said, we were "right amongst them." But even as I climbed on to the bulwarks the good ship answered her helm. She bucked

at it, as it were; and the spanker boom, being pushed over, sidled away along the side of the reef, like a horse which has refused to take a dangerous leap. Clear and loud rang the voice of the captain. "Brace the mainyard for'ard," "Brace the foreyard for'ard," "Haul in the starboard braces," "Sharp up, fore and aft," "Trim to the wind," &c. This brought about the manœuvre known as "wearing ship." And beautifully it was done. After the first few seconds there was not the slightest confusion. Each man was at his place, and worked coolly and quickly; they worked as men whose lives were at stake. The owner appeared from the cabin with a greatcoat under his arm, which he threw on the deck, and then did the work of two in pulling and hauling. It seems that his first idea was that we must necessarily have to take to the boats, and that it would be cold therein; so he was determined to have a coat. Strange presence of mind! If I had gone for anything, I expect it would have been for a pipe and tobacco, a pack of cards, or my pistol. I should never have had the forethought to get a coat. In less time than it takes to write this it was done. The ship was "jibed" beautifully. I have seen smart work on yachts in Sydney Harbour and other parts of the world, but none equal to this. In four minutes from the first alarm we were on a different tack, and sailing away alongside the wall of breakers on which a minute of delay or indecision would have dashed us. But I never felt the slightest fear of the result. It was grand and stirring; but the minute I climbed on to the anchor, and saw the *Woodbine* answer her helm so well, "I felt in my bones" that it was all right.

Well for us, indeed, that the captain had presence of mine, and gave his orders so quickly. Well for us that the crew

proved themselves good men, and staunch in this emergency. Well for us that the good ship showed such splendid qualities, hitherto not developed. Another minute would have brought us on the reef, and I should have had the pleasure of writing "how I was cast away." I should have liked to survive and do this; but perhaps, after all, it is better as it is. It was a narrow shave. Even after we had tacked it was anything but pleasant. "She'll never weather the point ahead," said the Canadian, who always took a gloomy view of things. All hands watched this point with anxiety. But she did weather it, as I felt sure she would, although during the next twenty minutes, until the ship was clear, one may be sure both the captain and owner felt more anxiety than they showed. When this was done, all hands were called aft for a glass of grog. This was an operation in which I felt myself competent to assist. Safe! "Thank God," said the captain and owner, devoutly. It is a good thing to be devout and thankful for the mercies of Providence, but, whether saints or sinners, unless the master and crew had been good staunch sailormen, we should have gone on that reef to a certainty. I chaffed the owner mildly about his rushing for a coat. We were safe; then came the question how did we get into the danger. In the first place it would appear that a good look-out was not kept. Perhaps at sea, on a clear night, sailors get careless, and it is certain that in this instance the moon's rays were deceptive. On a dark night we should have seen the breakers much sooner; as it was, they were not perceptible till we were right amongst them. After that, however, everyone was on the look-out, and for two hours breakers were visible in the mind's eye of each man. I could not see any, my imagination or sight not being strong enough. "All's well that ends well," and our experience may be of

service to others. We certainly examined the D'Entrecasteaux Reef closer than any vessel is yet recorded to have done, and ascertained that its position lies from eight to ten miles more both to the north and west than is laid down on the chart. There can be no doubt of this, as our observations were accurate, and the course carefully laid down. Master mariners, take warning.

CHAPTER IV.

IN THE "DOLDRUMS."

On the second day after this the wind fell. We were getting into the "doldrums." Sometimes an occasional puff would send us along four knots an hour, but most of the time we lay rocking from side to side, "as idle as a painted ship upon a painted ocean." We were likely to have a fortnight of this weather; and time would have hung heavily on our hands with only the fine arts of eating, drinking, and sleeping to occupy us. To eat in such weather was nearly impossible. Food became loathsome to us. The only exception was the mate, who, for a man used to all the luxuries of China and the Ind, displayed an appetite for salthorse and tea worthy of a bushman. I have said that ours was nearly a temperance ship, so I quenched my thirst with weak limejuice and water; but too much of that is more injurious than brandy pawnee. To sleep with any comfort in the heated cabins was an impossibility. On deck it was hotter, shade there was hardly any, and poor Bo'sen suffered much. One could not read, and writing, owing to the rocking of the ship, was difficult. But we had a few diversions, and one day was especially eventful. A leak was

discovered in the bows; and first the carpenter went down to plug it up, and then Ollsen was lowered on a stage and nailed some copper over the seam. This was one of those cases of "theft by false work" which cause so many accidents and disasters in the world. About three feet of the seam had not been properly caulked, but had been tarred over, like the historical water-pipes of a Victorian minister. The seam was only just above the water-line, and the manner in which the men were covered with the waves as the ship rolled was very humorous. Sitting with his legs in the water, the young Swede would insert a nail in the copper. He would raise the hammer to strike, when over the ship would go, and he would be covered to the chin, and the hammer would hit anywhere but on the spot intended. Working under such circumstances is not easy, but the job was well completed at last. If a hungry shark had come round at that time, he would have had a good chance of obtaining a square meal. Seated on the bowsprit, I had worked well in superintending this, and was quite pleased with myself at the result. I had my reward, for suddenly there was a cry, "There she blows!" and away on our quarter appeared the huge black back of an immense whale, not eighty yards from the ship. It was calculated to be at least one hundred and twenty feet long. As she or he gambolled in the water, man's first impulse—to kill—was strong upon me. I think a few Snider bullets would have found a vulnerable part, and the prey would have been valuable; but then we could do nothing with it, not having proper tackle or apparatus. It would have been a sin to destroy this life, important in a commercial point of view, when we could not utilize it. We were watching this when the cry of "shark" made us run to the stern. The hook was got out, baited, and thrown out.

Two of these sea-devils were swimming around. I got one of the Sniders to kill it when hooked. I wished to see the effect of the powerful large bore at a short range. Soon it took the bait, and was just hauled out of the water. One had to be careful not to cut the cord with the bullet, as the brute wriggled and squirmed about. Suddenly it cleared itself of the hook, but as it went over on its back I fired into its white belly. That shark has not been heard from since. I believe it was driven right down to the bottom of the Pacific Ocean. Its companion turned tail and disappeared. Whether he went to look for his mate, or to eat him up, or plant the body decently, or do anything in the obsequy business, I don't know. He was not long about it, anyhow, as we had only just sat down to dinner when the cry of "shark" was raised again.

We gave up eating for that day, and the captain, owner, and myself devoted our whole energies to circumvent this enemy of mankind. This was the wiliest shark that ever swam; twice he was hooked, and many times he took the bait. The manner in which he would seize the piece of beef, and shake it with his teeth, like a terrier does a rat, in order to drag it from the hook, was a notable instance of the development of intelligence. And so he gnawed and dragged off nearly all the bait, till he came to the iron hook, and then he would swim placidly away with a contemptuous wag of the tail, intimating that it was "too thin"—he knew all about those things; they disagreed with his stomach, and he couldn't swallow them. When he *was* hooked, he didn't just hang on, and pull straight away like an ordinary shark; he was as cunning as a Dee salmon. He squirmed round about in circles, and headed towards the ship, backwards and forwards, working his jaws

until he had got off the hook. Mr. Frank Buckland would have been delighted at the sight. We only swore. This was about the best cursed shark in the Pacific. I have been forming many theories on the subject of shark-fishing; I am not quite decided as to whether it is better to strike at once or to let the fish gorge the bait. With a little more experience I think I will write a book on this subject. A bait with a good charge of dynamite inside, I think, would disagree with a shark as much as anything. All that day, and the next, the shark swam astern and gnawed off the bait, but never took the hook again.

We gave up that shark in disgust. Soon another object of interest attracted us. Away on the port side there was a great disturbance in the waters. For two hundred yards the sea was thrown up and agitated in a straight line. This came towards us, and soon we heard a roar as of breakers. Had this been moving lengthways, we might have thought it was the sea-serpent. For a moment my heart rejoiced within me that it might be such. I fully believe in this great marine monster. I have as much evidence as to its existence as of anything not seen. Some years ago, Captain Austin Cooper and the officers and crew of the *Carlisle Castle*, on a voyage to Melbourne, saw the "varmint." A description and sketch of it were published in the *Argus*. This, when it arrived in London, it being the "silly season" in journalism, was seized and torn to pieces by one of the young lions of the *Daily Telegraph* in a leading article, in which much fun was poked at the gallant sailor. "I don't see any more sea-serpents," said my Irish friend to me. "It is too much to be told that one of Green's commanders can't tell the difference between a piece of seaweed and a live body in the water. If twenty serpents come on the starboard, all hands shall be ordered to

look to port. No London penny-a-liner shall say again that Austin Cooper is a liar and a fool." After this we softened down over some Coleraine whisky. Again, some three years ago, the monster was plainly seen off the great reef of New Caledonia, by Commandant Villeneuve and the officers of the French man-of-war, the *Seudre*. Chassepôts were procured to shoot it, but before it came within easy range, it disappeared. During my late visit to Fiji, Major James Harding, who was an officer in Cakobau's army, when that chief, "by the grace of God," was King of Fiji, described exactly the same creature as passing within a few yards of his canoe on a clear moonlight night in the Bay of Suva. It swam towards a small island outside the reef, which is known amongst Fijians as the "Cave of the Big Snake." Major Harding is a cool, brave soldier, who saw much hot work with Cakobau's men against the hill tribes in Vanua Levu. He was once riddled by bullets, and left for dead. Accustomed for years to travel about the reefs in canoes, every phase of the aspect of the waters was known to him, and he was not likely to be frightened with false fire. The extraordinary thing is, that the English sailor, the French commander, and the Fijian soldier all gave the same account of this monster. It is something with a head slightly raised out of the water, and with a sort of mane streaming behind it, whilst the back of a long body is seen underneath the water. So, from these instances, in which I know the witnesses, I fully believe in the sea-serpent. What is there very wonderful in it, after all? The whale is the largest living thing. Why shouldn't the waters produce snakes of gigantic size? The octopus, which, when Victor Hugo wrote of it as the "devil fish" in "The Toilers of the Sea," was hardly believed in, is now common in all public *aquaria*,

and the old legend of the "Hand of Satan," which, coming out of the darkness, would drag ship and crew into the waters, is known to be a natural possibility. Given a small boat and a large octopus, and it is done. The sea-serpent is very small potatoes to this. I have thought that this might be the solution of the "Bermagui Mystery."*

* Since writing this I have found the following in a nautical magazine on board the *Woodbine*. It is said to have been published at the time by the Lords of the Admiralty for public information. The details are most circumstantial, and agree with the different descriptions of the sea-serpent recounted above. I live in hopes after this of yet meeting the "varmint" and settling the question—to my own satisfaction, if not that of the public.

"H.M.S. *Dædalus*, Hamoaze, October 11, 1848.

"SIR,—In reply to your letter of this day's date, requiring information as to the truth of a statement published in the *Globe* newspaper of a sea-serpent of extraordinary dimensions having been seen from H.M.S. *Dædalus*, under my command, on her passage from the East Indies, I have the honour to acquaint you, for the information of my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty, that at 5 o'clock p.m. on the 6th of August last, in latitude 24 deg. 44 min. S. and longitude 9 deg. 22 min. E., the weather dark and cloudy, wind fresh from the N.W., with a long ocean swell from the S.W., the ship on the port tack, heading N.E. by N., something very unusual was seen by Mr. Sartoris, midshipman, rapidly approaching the ship from before the beam. The circumstance was immediately reported by him to the officer of the watch, Lieutenant Edgar Drummond, with whom and Mr. William Barrett, the master, I was at the time walking the quarter-deck. The ship's company were at supper.

"On our attention being called to the object, it was discovered to be an enormous serpent, with head and shoulders kept about 4 ft. constantly above the surface of the sea, and as nearly as we could approximate by comparing it with the length of what our maintopsailyard would show in the water, there was at the very least 60 ft. of the animal *à fleur d'eau*, no portion of which was used in propelling it through the water, either by vertical or horizontal undulation. It passed rapidly, but so close under our lee quarter, that, had it been a man of my acquaintance, I should have easily recognized his features with the naked eye; and it did not, either in approaching the ship or after it had passed our wake, deviate in the

Still, everyone doesn't meet with the serpent, or whatever it is. He is of a retiring turn of mind, and whether there is one or more, it is but rarely that he, or any of him, is visible to man. He has never been caught, cooked, served on toast or the half shell, nor stuffed in a museum and shown at a shilling a head, nor lectured upon in scientific societies, nor written about in learned reviews. I should like to do all this : to catch him, eat him, prepare him decently for exhibition with a tortoiseshell comb in his back hair, *à la* mermaid. I think that would fetch the public. I could "write him up," and then make terms with Barnum to run the show for me, taking 50 per cent. gross receipts. In five years there would be a fortune, so I felt a pleasant beating of the heart at the thought that this might be the serpent. Even a sight of him would be worth something in the way of description. But there was no such

slightest degree from its course to the S.W., which it held on at the pace of from twelve to fifteen knots an hour, apparently on some determined purpose.

"The diameter of the serpent was about 15 in. or 16 in. behind the head, which was undoubtedly that of a snake, and never during the twenty minutes that it continued in sight of our glasses once below the surface of the water ; its colour a dark brown, with yellowish-white about the throat. It had no fins, but something like the mane of a horse, or rather a bunch of seaweed, washed about its back. It was seen by the quartermaster, the boatswain, and the man at the wheel, in addition to myself and officers above-mentioned.

"I am having a drawing of the serpent made from a sketch taken immediately after it was seen, which I hope to have ready for transmission to my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty by to-morrow's post.—I have, &c.,

"PETER M'QURE, *Captain.*

"To Admiral Sir W. H. Gage, Devenport."

If his name did not betray his nationality, sufficient indication is given of it by the fact that the gallant captain describes the sea-serpent as an "animal." *Malgré* this, can anyone doubt his statement, or the existence of a rare marine monster?

luck. From all points of the compass hundreds of birds suddenly flew towards what turned out to be a great shoal of fish, albacore or bonita. Through the glasses we could see these jumping out of the water, and the birds swooping down and making a square meal, which we envied. All our lines were prepared, but the shoal turned back again, and disappeared as quickly as it came. This was annoying, as some fresh fish would have been welcome on the table. At night we had our first tropical shower. It came down in torrents. Like prudent English housewives, we brought out every bucket and utensil which would catch rain, for the same purpose—to wash. Then, clad merely in an oilskin, and with bare feet, we sat on the hatch, and scrubbed away at shirts and trousers. I don't know that I am much of a success as a laundryman. Previous to this my efforts had been confined to soaping a few pocket-handkerchiefs and towing them overboard, which renders them as white as the application of *eau de javelle.* This work, carried on in the midst of a heavy downpour, was a very amusing sight. It gave us a little employment, and was useful in clearing off the quantity of foul linen which one accumulates at sea in the tropics. In time and with practice I shall doubtless be able to form improved ideas on this subject, and, after studying the laundry question in China, be able to start a *lavoir* when I return to Australia. On the 14th of April we sighted a sail far away on our lee. We were on the same tack, but gradually approached each other, and at noon on the morrow (Good Friday) were within signalling distance. She was a fine barque of 800 tons, and when she ran up the American flag, I saluted it, and howled in a manner which brought on me the wrath of my cabin companions. Who is so ultra-British and loyal and "Philistinish" as the colonist of the present day?

The international signal code was brought out, and we set to work hoisting our flags. First the stranger questioned us. What was our name, where from, and where bound to? We answered these, and then commenced our examination. The code-book is a wonderful production. By a thousand different arrangements of three or four flags 10,000 sentences are compounded. But if one does not read the signals correctly the result is confusing. Thus, when we asked, "Where are you from?" the mate read out the answer B.Q.K.; turning this up we found it "Cannot stop to have any communication." Now this, as we had been communicating, was absurd. Again, B.H.V. was read, which is interpreted "Was last in company with ——." Now, what affair of ours was it who the Yankee captain kept company with in his last port? Again, P.H B. was given in reply to a query as to where he was bound to, which means "Only to be got in small quantities." Certainly this Yankee was fooling us. At last we made the signals out correctly. This was the *Conquest*, of New York, bound from Newcastle to Hong Kong, with coal. We both sent up B.Q.R., "A pleasant passage," dipped our ensigns three times, and then quit signalling. Now, as we were both on the same track, with only a two-knot breeze, it seemed to me that we might have got a little closer, and have gone on board each other's ships. There wasn't much sociability in this "Who are you?"—"Good-bye"—interchange of signals. I must notice, too, that this code, wonderful as it is, yet is notably deficient. There are no "arbitraries" for "Have you any fine-cut or old Bourbon?" This is an omission.

Bo'sen had been intently watching this hoisting office of flags. Something was up as well as the signals which he did not understand. At last he settled in his mind that it

was outside the ship, and reared himself on a spar with his paws on the gunwale. When he saw the other vessel his excitement was very great, and he barked furiously. I believe the dog had got an idea that our barque was a new sort of world to which he had been translated, and that the waters around were the firmament. The appearance of another body was a perpetual source of wonder to him. He would bark and growl and then jump down and lick my hands, as who would say, "I'll frighten that fellow yet; don't you be afraid." Then once more to his work. I'm thinking that when Bo'sen lands in Shanghai he'll worry a dozen Chinamen to death with excitement. I wonder what such an amusement would cost. After the passage we have had I would not like to deny the good dog anything in reason. The next morning we found that the American had been left behind, but another strange sail was on our lee. We edged up as before, and signalled this. We made out that she was the English barque *Minerva*, of London; but when, in answer to our questions, the signals came that she was bound from Sir Edward Pellew's Islands to Morocco we didn't believe it. The captain may have seen my scorn and indignation through his telescope, for he didn't even ask our name, but after these vague replies dipped his ensign, and went on his way. Sailors are really awfully unsocial. One would think that vessels would keep together, and with the code the time might be pleasantly passed in conversation. Any trifle would be welcome as a diversion; at least that's how I feel it. The next morning, when we lay becalmed, and four vessels were in sight, I longed for a steam launch to go round, leave my card, and sample the whisky. It does get monotonous to lie for hours without motion, till a catspaw of wind would ruffle the waters and fill our sails for a

few minutes. Sometimes heavy showers and light squalls would come on. The rain did one good thing—it washed the "doctor." He was three shades lighter than when he left Sydney. He appears to have lost half a dozen coats of dirt, and reminds one of an English boatswain of a Mexican gunboat. It was in Acapulco. I was being rowed on board with the captain, an ex-British naval officer, when the venerable white hair and beard of this man attracted my attention. "Where did you pick up this ancient mariner, *capitano mio?*" I asked. "That old scoundrel! I engaged him in London when I brought the ship out of the Thames. His hair and beard were quite black then, and he gave his age as forty. But after we left the dye all washed out by degrees until it was as you see. The old man swears it was the climate." The doctor has toned down so much lately that a few more changes and he will be a white man.

It is a good thing to have companions in misfortune, and the captain and owner were particularly pleased that we were not the only ones in the doldrums. Perhaps on the other ships they felt the same way towards us. My only desire was to catch sharks, but these deserted us; I expect they followed the American ship, as they might like American pork better than colonial salt horse. Once we saw the remains of a raft, composed of some spars rudely lashed together, float by. Whether this had been made in a case of shipwreck we could not tell. Again, a cocoanut tree, with its heavy roots keeping it in a perpendicular position, drifted past. There are strong currents from the islands, which sent this flotsam and jetsam to our neighbourhood. Afterwards we saw some cocoanuts, for which I would gladly have given a dollar apiece. Every trifle becomes an important event at sea, and one to be talked about. I felt

quite sad when, in the morning, we found that we had left all our companions behind. Steele, the ultra-British mate, rejoiced that we had beaten the Yankee. We were going very slowly, having made only twenty-four miles in the day; but the skipper comforted himself with the thought that the other vessels must be going still slower. Any sea captain with a well-regulated mind always rejoices at the misfortunes of rival ships. We did not have a lively time of it for the next month. We did not call at the Solomon Islands after all, and it was on the thirty-fifth day out from Sydney that we crossed the line. Slowly and sadly we crawled on our way, making principally a western course to the south of the Caroline Islands. For days together the *Woodbine* lay nearly motionless, going round and round, without the slightest regard to the feelings of the man at the wheel. I began to think that I should never want to go to sea any more, and sympathized with the trials of the Ancient Mariner; he could not have had a worse time than we had. We lay at the mercy of the broiling sun; the decks and bulwarks were almost red-hot; the pitch bubbled up out of the seams, and the paint cracked and chipped off. In such a time it requires a deal of philosophy and good temper to make life endurable at sea. M., who was going to China, in his own ship, for a little holiday, saw the six months he had allowed himself gradually diminishing, and he swore that either anxiety or the effluxion of time would make him grey-headed before we reached Shanghai. I had no particular reasons for wishing to see China again, but anywhere on shore would have been paradise to this purgatory.

On the 19th of May we were off the Swede Islands. How beautiful they looked, and how my imagination revelled in the pleasures of the shade of the palm groves, and cooling cocoanut

milk. Little is known of these islands, and I should much like to have landed there; but after the series of calms we had had the captain was not going to waste any time in this manner. Now we got the N.E. trades again, or "monsoons," as they call them up here. The *Woodbine* got her head, and bowled along at nine or ten knots an hour; very good, this, for a deep-laden vessel. Shoals of porpoises accompanied us for days. Hundreds of these social beings played around the ship, their emerald-green bodies flashing through the waters as swift as arrows. What a strange power of metamorphosis the ocean possesses! The dolphin, the porpoise, the anemone, all lose beauty and colour when dragged from their native element. A coral reef, which underneath the water is the most beautiful thing in creation, exposed to the sun is merely a dirty mud-patch. Old ocean has his beauties, fully equal to those of the earth and sky, but he will not give up these treasures, and, if forced from him, their life and light vanish. As is the custom with man, we treated our companions very scurvily. The captain and Ollsen, standing in the chains, tried to harpoon them; I was pleased that they were not successful. Still, if a porpoise had been speared, I don't think I should have passed when its flesh appeared on the table. At last the captain wounded one slightly, and thereupon a porpoise parliament was held, the result being that they all left us, and we saw them no more. Now our hopes of making a seventy-day passage, which would be a fair one for the season of the year, revived. Time and custom, too, blunted one's sensibilities, and I began to eat and relish "salt horse."

CHAPTER V.

ECCE CHINA!

Now there began a good deal of speculation as to the day of our arrival. Abstruse calculations as to our probable days' runs were made, and theoretical navigation went on to an extent sufficient to sail a fleet. The mate, M., and myself were in it. We tried trigonometry, plane sailing, Mercator's principle, and many other principles never, I believe, yet thought of. The mate, who was our great authority on "sou'-west monsoons," took lunar observations at night—observations from the Polar star, and every other star which had a name, and which he could catch near the meridian or horizon. These he worked out most scientifically with an enormous quantity of figures. If he had possessed another slate, I don't know where he would have ended. I believe he could have worked us into Hades. But these scientific calculations were rarely exact. The skipper didn't take much notice of us, but pegged on in his old-fashioned way, and perhaps it is well that he did so. I was reminded very forcibly of a recent trip in a small cutter from Loma Loma to Levuka. The boom "jibed," broke, smashed things in general, knocked one of the passengers, an overseer of Mr. William Hennings, into the hold, nearly killing him. A squall came up, and we had a lively time. Two Englishmen, amateur yachtsmen, were on board; they had their own charts and made calculations; then they got the skipper below, and overpowered him with questions and advice. They muddled the captain so that at last he said, "Well, gentlemen, if all you say is correct, *I* don't know where we are!" "I quite agree with that remark," said I, "and as there is just a nobbler round left in my

flask, I will propose the old army toast, 'Here's to the next who dies!'" I drank this, and rolling myself in the rug slept the sleep of the just, whilst the two amateurs puzzled away at the chart and compass and badgered the skipper. If they had had their will, I think we should have fetched up at the first reef on the road to New Zealand. But Providence watched over us, and whilst I slept we drifted on our course, and in the morning sighted Ovalau. The two amateurs reported the skipper as having been drunk and unfit for duty, and he would have lost his billet if I had not given my version. Remembering this, I was glad our "old man" followed his own course. But navigation is really a wonderful thing. After sailing some 7,000 miles all around the compass, at 6.30 a.m. on the 1st June we were five miles off Koomisang, a small island of the Lee Choo group, in the exact spot we should have been in if a bee-line had been drawn on the chart, and we had been able to follow it. This is the advantage of going to sea in a sailing vessel. You see and learn so much more. All coasts in the same latitudes look alike. Very few to me have any distinctive features. One tropical shore resembles another as much as two peas are like each other. Koomisang, in lat. 26, high and wooded, might have been part of Australia, New Zealand, or the southern end of New Caledonia. No cultivation was visible, no houses, pagodas, umbrellas, or any sign-post to let us know that we were now in Chinese waters. It was disappointing; we might just as well have been going into Sydney or Melbourne. Some two miles from the shore was a great rock, white with the deposits of sea birds. To me it looked very like Ball's Pyramid, near Lord Howe's Island, but our skipper, examining the coast carefully, said he would know it again in twenty years' time; but then it is a sailor's business to know, or affect to know, these things.

We are now in the Tong Hai or Eastern Sea, and during the day got into the Kuro Siwo, or Black Stream—an extraordinary current, which runs at the rate of forty miles a day, and is blacker than the Black Sea. The weather was cold, raw, and wet. Pajamas, with bare feet and arms—my costume in the tropics—were exchanged for ulster coats and rubber shoes. It was just like English Channel weather, and everyone knows that nothing can be worse than that. The next day was finer, and the sea had turned into a peculiar dark, tea-green colour—a fitting tint for the Chinese seas. We were disappointed in only seeing one junk, and that at a distance. The *medusæ* which floated by, moreover, reminded us of Sydney Harbour. The wind fell, and so did our hopes of getting into Shanghai for church service on Sunday. The next morning was more English than ever. A dense fog was all around. We were within a few miles of land, with currents and shoals everywhere; so the lead was kept continually going, and the fog-horn was sounded at intervals. This latter proceeding nearly drove Bo'sen mad. He ran all about the ship seeking for some place of refuge from the hideous sound, which seemed to him the roar of some deadly enemy of dogkind. Now we looked out our shore clothes, and were horrified to find our best dress coats all mildewed. These had to be renovated with ammonia and water. Throughout the day fishing junks loomed up through the fog, and once we nearly ran down one which refused to move out of our course. The crew were fishing, and the line of buoys extending in every direction showed how extensive were their nets. As we passed close to them, we exchanged compliments in sturdy Anglo-Saxon and vigorous Chinese patois. One who knew a little English intimated his opinion that we were "muchee

dam foollee." The sight of this strange, unwieldy-looking craft, with its big eyes painted at the bows, open stern, and square latteen sails made of mats, showed that we were at last in Chinese waters. In olden days this Chusan Archipelago through which we were steering was the great haunt of pirates; now there are none but peaceful fishermen. Awkward-looking as their junks are, they yet serve their purpose well; they will "go round" like a top, through the peculiar arrangement of their yards, which swing round the masts. Late in the afternoon the sun lifted; but no European sail, no pilot boat, were to be seen. The moisture dripped from the yards. We shivered with cold, and piled on greatcoats and sea-boots. It was regular Bleak-house weather. All hands were on the look-out. It was eight o'clock before "Mac," who was seated in the cross-trees, called out, "Light on the port bow." Soon it became visible to all from deck—revolving every two minutes. It was evidently from Saddle Island, which we were seeking. We were certainly wonderfully lucky in thus striking our destination, in spite of fogs and currents, and the impossibility, under such circumstances, of judging our position to a mile or two. We walked up to this at eight knots an hour, and soon there were more lights to left, to right, in front of us. There was a regular fleet of fishing junks anchored here; and one might imagine that we were approaching Sandridge pier or Williamstown. Now we gave a "flare up," and all, during the night, kept on burning torches of kerosene and tow, to summon a pilot, but without avail.

Our "old man" walked the deck all night, expended his kerosene and temper, swearing west country oaths at the laziness of the Shanghai pilots. And when just before daybreak the fog enveloped us it was enough to try the fortitude

of the most patient. To be stuck up at the finish like this by a Chinese fog was absurd. We stood off and on for some hours. Suddenly the fog lifted, and there, a mile from us, was Saddle Island and the lighthouse. What a welcome sight this was! Originally it appears to have been nothing but barren rock, but green patches of cultivation were now visible all up and down the hillsides. Every spot of earth and rock in this China is made to produce something towards the support of its three hundred millions of inhabitants. The sea, too, pays a heavy toll. The hundreds of junks and sampans which we now saw amongst the islands was an extraordinary sight to one from the colonies, where fish is so abundant, and yet so scarce on the table, for want of energy amongst the fishermen. Chains of boats were out spreading their nets; the patient Celestials had already been working in the fog for hours. Away under the cliffs were two junks, and one of these was seen to be flying the Trinity flag of red and white. The *Woodbine* bore down to these rapidly. No notice was apparently taken of our approach, but boats were going between these and the shore. I came to the conclusion that the pilot had been spending the night with the lighthouse-keeper over a little fan-tan and opium. He was not going to trouble himself with coming on board at night-time, knowing that we would have to wait for him till morning. But suddenly the mat sails were run up, round span the junk, in a few minutes she was abeam, was brought to in a moment, a boat tumbled overboard, three men stepped into this, and shortly afterwards I was shaking hands with and welcoming on board Mr. Chang Yu, certified pilot of the Yangtze and Hwangpo rivers, one of the forty-five men—English, American, and Chinese—who hold diplomas granted in the name of the

Imperial Government by the Customs authorities of Shanghai. Mr. Chang Yu had anything but a child-like, bland, or innocent look. No, he was smart, wideawake, with the aspect of one accustomed to command instead of obey. A calm, cool man, who would perchance be an ugly customer, cruel and harsh, if aroused. He was dressed in his national costume of baggy trousers (over which his socks were drawn like gaiters) and numberless blouses of different materials and texture, but had sacrificed to European ideas to the extent of wearing a black wideawake; and also brought with him an oilskin coat and heavy sea-boots, the counterpart of which might be bought in Sydney. A man of few words, but those to the purpose. "Squal the main yalds," said Mr. Chang Yu at once, after shaking hands with the captain; and squared the main yards were. All his orders were given in the same way, and from the moment he stepped on board the deck he was as much commander of the *Woodbine* as if he had sailed in her from Sydney. One of us, though, did not recognize his authority. Bo'sen, what with the fog-horn and the "flare-up" all night, and the scent of the land, which he sniffed joyously, was in a most excited state, and when the pilot came on board had to be held and cuffed to prevent his rushing at him. Old memories evidently revived within the dog's breast. What! a Chinaman, one of that despised race whom he had always worried in Sydney, on the deck of the *Woodbine*, giving orders! Never would he countenance it! If he had been let go he would have had Mr. Chang Yu for breakfast. It required considerable beating and kindred arguments to convince Bo'sen that the pilot was not an enemy. But his was only an armed neutrality. Called into the cabin at breakfast time, he refused to accept anything from or eat off the plate of his

enemy—in this respect showing a nobleness of character which Melbourne and Sydney larrikins are strangers to. They will abuse Chinamen, but will also take all they can get from them.

Bo'sen, however, was not the only malcontent. The dog could do nothing but growl at the pilot on the house. But our cook was highly indignant. He had prepared the best breakfast we have had on board, thinking there would be a European pilot. Between the Negro and Mongolian races the greatest enmity always prevails; the former hate the latter as only brute ignorance can hate superior intelligence. M. improved the occasion by injudiciously saying, "Cook, you'll have the pleasure of waiting on a Chinaman to-day." But "the doctor" had his revenge. It had been his custom, when we had all cleared out of the cabin, to sit down and take his meals there. With my training I thought this a piece of presumption, but our democratic colonial-trained owner and captain thought nothing of it. But the old warning against giving an inch was exemplified in this case. Mr. Chang Yu would not come down to breakfast with us, waiting till the captain returned on deck. I remained talking to him when M. and the mate had left. Then the cook quietly took his seat opposite the pilot and ate his breakfast *vis-a-vis*. There was for a moment that cruel look in Mr. Chang Yu's eyes which would have argued badly for "the doctor," if he had been in his table companion's power. The old nigger sat there smiling as meekly as "Uncle Tom," yet with a chuckle in the corner of his eye at having played this *coup*. Then he entered into conversation with Mr. Chang Yu, endeavouring to show his equality in a patronizing manner. It was really very amusing. All morning, after this, the cook was in a very good humour; he patted Bo'sen considerably. "There's a

good fellow; he wouldn't eat from a Chinaman. I guess not!" was the burden of the song. But "the doctor" gave us the worst dinner we have yet had. Mr. Chang Yu, whose appearance would have delighted Cæsar, would hardly keep up his weight from what he got on board the *Woodbine*. He was highly intelligent, and I got quite fond of him; but, after all, I wished he had turned out a European. There would have been a chance of getting a newspaper then, and my soul thirsted for intelligence of what was going on in the world—what wars and rumours of wars, what changes in high places, and if Satan's work or the cause of Freedom and Justice progressed. I had never been so long in my life without seeing journals of some sort, without getting some frail idea as to how the great pulse of the world beats. M. said he had never been so long without seeing a petticoat, and in China they will be scarce.

The *embouchure* of the Yang-tse Kiang, or Great Blue River, is something like that of the Thames. Another river runs into it near its mouth, as the Medway does into the Thames, and fifteen miles up this Shanghai is situated. At Saddle Island we were sixty miles from the junction of the two streams, but the actual distance sailed is much greater, as the shoals are very thick and numerous, and large detours have to be made. So it was night before we anchored, fifteen miles off Woosung, a town on the right bank of the Hwang-po. By the early morning's tide we should float gently up to Shanghai, and there was a chance of the church plate being enriched after all. The entrance to all great rivers is very monotonous and tame. But for the junks around us we might be sailing up the Thames or Mersey. The water now was muddy and thick. Three or four large steamers—one apparently of 4,000 or 5,000 tons—

passed us in the distance. Mr. Chang Yu described all these as belonging to "Jardines"—"The China Merchants' S.S. Company"—all owned in Shanghai. Here was a lesson for a colonist, from which much might be learnt. Both amongst the European residents and merchants and their Chinese compeers it was evident that there was enterprise and energy. Sydney, for example, must be richer than Shanghai, yet all the great steamship lines which connect her with the outer world are owned by strangers. With the wealth which New South Wales possesses, her merchants should own the finest line of steamers on the seas. Yet in everything they depend on outside help. By the lightship which we passed half-way to Woosung were four American pilot boats, which had their number painted on the sails as in New York, and revived memories of many a sweepstake and pool thereon in White Star and Cunard steamers. Here my countrymen have got lazy; they won't go out to sea and cruise about the islands like the Chinese pilots waiting for ships, but they just hang about this entrance waiting for the steamers. One bank of the river loomed up green and low, as Greytown in Nicaragua. Fishing junks floated down with the tide; we counted over 100 sail at one time. More steamers passed us. They were crowded with passengers for Hong Kong, Ning-po, and Nagasaki. We were, by these outward signs, near a great and prosperous seaport, where the civilization of the West met the old time knowledge of the East. The contrast of junks and high-pressure steamers was indeed strange, and another incident shortly proved to us that we were in China.

Mr. Chang Yu, who in his oilskins, sou'-wester, and high boots would pass muster in the Channel, came to M., and

asked if he could have a smoke of opium in the cabin. "Velly ill; do him good." M., who had never seen opium smoking, was only too pleased to assent. The pilot made elaborate preparations. He put his blanket and pillow on the floor, let down his pigtail, camped comfortably with one leg crossing the other, being very particular about his exact posture. Then he unlocked a small box, and arranged his spirit lamp and divers utensils on a little tray before him. He carefully burnt the drug before putting it in the pipe; then a beatific smile spread over his stern figurehead as he inhaled the smoke. I never did think much of this way of taking opium. If I wished by its agency to obtain surcease of sorrow, I think I would follow De Quincey's plan and tipple *Liq: Sed: Opii.* It must be such a bore to prepare one's pipe. If Englishmen had as much trouble in getting drunk, there would be considerably less intoxicating liquors consumed. Chang Yu stuck to it, though. After he had consumed seven pipes, M. left him and joined me on the hatch, but the pilot still kept on filling and smoking for two hours. I reckon he had thirty pipes of opium, after which he drank two nobblers of whiskey and smoked a cigar. It was midnight when he lay down, and at four a.m. he was up, calling for coffee, and giving orders to weigh the anchor. The good opinion I had formed of Mr. Chang Yu was considerably modified by this. Although I opened all the windows, the air in the cabin was still clogged with the drug, and I awoke sick and ill, suffering, apparently, all the ill-effects of opium smoking without having had any of the pleasure. The pilot, be it recorded, ate a square breakfast at eight a.m. A strong hearty man is Chang Yu, but in after years this must tell on him. He admitted that it was a "velly bad thing." He had often tried to leave it off, had taken medicine from the doctors for twelve

months to break himself of the habit, but without effect. He had not the courage of De Quincey.

Pilots propose, but fogs dispose. I think, too, that the opium had something to do with our missing the tide at Woosung, and the anchor being dropped there till the afternoon. It was a miserable wet day. Four more large passenger steamers passed us in the channel. By daylight we could see how beautifully these were kept. Each one looked as if it had just come out of dock. Bo'sen by this time had got quite used to the junks, and took no notice of these; but he barked threateningly when he saw the large steamers bear down on us. Just before we cast anchor at Woosung, the first Shanghai sampan met us. This is the Chinese gondola, not at all unlike the Venetian boats. They are gaily painted red and white; and the centre of the boat, where passengers sit under a hood secure from sun and rain, was in this case papered with illustrations from English journals. Sampans are propelled by a long oar at the stern, which, secured by a strong cord, works on this as a pivot. The boy in charge of this boat quickly came alongside, caught a rope, made fast, and climbed up the ship's side. He was a nice, clean-looking youth, with splendid white teeth. M. asked his age, and was surprised to hear that he was twenty-four. "Ningpo Sam," as he called himself, produced his testimonials, and, as the first comer, was engaged at half-a-dollar a day to attend to the ship during her stay in port. Bo'sen, strange to say, took to Sam at once, rubbing his nose affectionately in the boy's hand. The doctor surveyed this new addition to our force with a supercilious air, as one who would say, "What mean trash are these nasty yellow fellows!" Sam had just got through his business when two junks appeared racing towards

the ship. Two sampans were in tow. Two men jumped into these—one went to port and the other to starboard; two pig-tailed individuals boarded the ship at the same time, and in another minute a stout, jolly-faced man thrust into my right hand the card of "Chop Dollar and Co," whilst a mournful-faced being put into my left that of "Cheap Jack and Co." They complimented me by mistaking me for the captain. The firms with the facetious names announced themselves as "ship-chandlers, *compradores*, stevedores, and suppliers of ballast." In a short time M. arranged that Cheap Jack should supply the ship at market rates, and Chop Dollar should have the discharging if his tender was low enough. Neither of the two agents attempted to underbid each other in their statement of prices. They evidently knew too much for that, and I daresay the successful man pays the other a small commission. Cheap Jack's man offering to take us up to Shanghai in his junk, and as it seemed to us that Mr. Chang Yu, who had charge of the ship now, might keep her there till morning, we took a hasty meal, packed a change of clothing, and, to the astonishment and despair of Bo'sen, stepped on board the junk. And so, for the present, ended my Cruise in a Collier.

CHAPTER VI.

LAND ONCE MORE.

It was without regret that I left the *Woodbine*, which had been my floating home for seventy-three days. One can have too much of anything. I have always, like Byron, loved the sea from my youth up, but I had never taken such a strong

dose of it before. The noble bard, too, was hardly on a real ocean voyage in his life. I don't suppose he was ever ten days out of sight of land. If he had crossed the "Forties," or been in the *Woodbine* on this last trip, he would have had no occasion to bid "the deep and dark" roll on. Rather he would have called for the steward, and a strong glass of the plebeian gin which his poetic soul loved. With my foot on the junk belonging to "Cheap Jack," I had cut off, as it were, my connection with Australia, my colonial experiences faded away, and my adventures in China commenced. It is true I have been here before, but that was long years ago, in my wild and wicked youth. Everything is altered since then. I have seen the Chinamen abroad. In South America, making railways; on the Pacific Slope, developing the wealth of the land; eastwards, across the Continent, even in New York city, where Chinese laundries are successfully established; down South, where Chinese labour will yet solve the "nigger question;" in Cuba, raising tobacco and the sugar-cane; in the Sandwich Islands and Fiji; and in Australia, where, from the Yarra to the Palmer, it has been my lot to study the Chinese question, and generally to differ from the popular view, and oppose the popular cry. Friends tell me that what I wrote and said three years ago, after a visit to Cooktown, ruined me in public favour. Perchance so, but I could not have done otherwise. I must write the truth as I see it. And not altogether was I a loser. He who takes up an ignorant prejudiced cry, who by working on the passions of a people would float into popularity and power, finds it often hard to keep up with the passions he profits by. Unless willing to go all lengths he will be saluted as "a turncoat," will be dashed from his pedestal, and another idol erected in his stead. But the people—not the

larrikins of the town, but the hard workers in mines and the bush—respect a straightforward, honest opponent. At least that is how I have found it.

The bigoted anti-Chinese cry in Australia has always arisen in the large towns, where the Australian "Bill Nye," the loafer who won't work, cries out, "We are ruined by Chinese cheap labour." Three years ago I found this the case in Queensland. In Brisbane the scare was at its height, but the further north I travelled towards the scene of the trouble the less I heard said against the Chinese. In Cooktown itself there were two or three thousand as against two thousand Europeans. On the Palmer goldfield there were 20,000 in all. In Cooktown the white inhabitants depended for everything on the Chinese—they were the hewers of wood and drawers of water, the fishermen, washermen, gardeners, cooks, and servants. The boardinghouses kept by Celestials were patronized by diggers, being cheap and clean. It was only when they began to open stores and trade, underselling the Europeans, who made such enormous profits, that the cry was raised against them. But no working miner ever had the animosity against the Chinese that was displayed by the larrikins of the town. The two races worked side by side in amity. Not a single extra policeman or trooper was stationed in the Cook district on their account; four men only kept Cooktown in order. Inspector Clohesy said to me, "If they were Irishmen here I should want an army of police to keep them quiet." Mr. St. George, the police magistrate and first commissioner, had nothing but a good word for the law-abiding qualities of the Chinese. The diggers' side of the question I will sum up in the words of Mr. Sefton, a well-known pioneer, a "white man" in every sense of the word, who made me a kind offer to accompany him and his five mates on an

exploring trip, which I am sorry I could not accept. "We don't like the Chinese, because if we leave a claim which we don't think good enough, and go prospecting without any luck, when we return to where we could make wages we find it jumped by the Chinese, who have followed us." "'Jumping' is hardly the term, is it? By miners' law they were entitled to take up what you left. You couldn't eat your cake and have it?" "That's so; but then you see there are so many of them; they swarm everywhere." "Your objection, then, is not to a Chinaman as such, but because there are too many here; but in many capacities are they not very useful on the goldfields?" "Yes, in some things I don't know what we should do without them; but there are too many diggers."

After this lapse of time, I copy the above from my old notebook. Mr. Sefton I take to be a truly representative man, and he and his mates spoke on the Chinese question with calm impartiality. In Sydney and in Melbourne the larrikins will assault any unoffending Chinaman, and will howl down any speaker who attempts to say a word in their favour; but amongst real workers I have never found this bigotry. Some two years ago I visited the Charters Towers goldfields. Friends in Brisbane said, "You will be mobbed when you get there, because of what you said on the Chinese question." I don't know that this was any extra inducement, but I had a mission, and intended seeing it through. "The Towers" is a wonderful place; it is on a smaller scale than what Ballarat and Bendigo must have been in the old days. Every kindness was shown me at the hotel by the host and hostess, and townspeople whom I had met in previous Queensland travels. There was no sign of trouble. But on the racecourse, next day, a half-drunken man attacked me. "This is the —— who

said a Chinaman was better than a white man," said he, expressing a desire to have my blood and body by instalments, and calling on the crowd to assist him in erasing me from the face of the earth. But, besides my friend the Irish sergeant of police, there was a crowd of my supporters around, and my opponent was soon hustled away. That night, in a singing saloon crowded with miners—every other house in the main street at the Towers is a saloon, with singing and dancing thrown in to aid the consumption of liquors—I was tapped on the shoulder. A grave-looking, well-dressed man said, "We know you, and would like to speak to you. Will you just come into this private room?" He led the way, and half-a-dozen followed. There was a slight awkwardness in the leader's manners, but still an air as of a duty to be fulfilled. Calm, steadfast men, all of them. "Business this," I thought; "a deputation evidently with an intimation from the citizens that I had better clear out to-morrow." The leader coughed and looked round. "I can speak for my mates, and me and my mates can speak for the miners on the Towers." The "mates" assented, and I bowed. "Well, we want to say this in the name of the miners of the Towers. There was that man raised a row on the racecourse to-day. He *wasn't* one of us; not a miner would have said what he did. We know you, sir, and what you've said and written about the Chinese. We were disappointed; we thought you'd have said different. But we think you're a square man, and we want to say that not a miner on the Towers but you'll find will know how to treat you properly. We wanted to explain this, and"——this was a long speech, but an approving chorus of "Yes, yes," from the mates helped it on; still the spokesman was at a loss for a peroration, till a happy thought struck him—

"Landlord, a bottle of champagne!" Then we all shook hands and drank together. In all my career in Australia, never have I felt more flattered and honoured than by this incident; never have I respected men more than the miners of the Towers. What they said was true. From all I received the greatest kindness and courtesy; and when I lectured they gave me a full and paying house. These, the real working men, were reasonable and logical. They would listen to argument. "Mates," said I, addressing a crowd on the verandah of the Royal, "many of you board here and at the other hotels in town. Your meals are cooked by Chinamen. Your vegetables are raised by Chinamen. You are waited on by Chinamen. You live better and more comfortably because of the Chinese here. Now, don't you blame me if I say that a certain number are necessary and useful." They admitted the force of this reasoning. I quote this now because previously I have not had a chance to record it, and to prove that the bitterest cry against the Chinese is raised by city mobs. Therefore I can never pay sufficient tribute to the open-hearted, manly diggers and miners—the pioneers at Charters Towers and Northern Queensland.

Here, where I see the Chinese at home, I revive these reminiscences of Australia, which will afford useful comparisons. My first experiences were pleasing and interesting. How the good dog Bo'sen howled on seeing M. and myself leave the ship in company with Chinamen! In his doggish mind he must have thought that the end of all things was come. "Cheap Jack's" junk, or more properly "house-boat," one of those floating homes in which so many thousands of the inhabitants of China live, move, and have their daily existence, was very comfortable. On the decks, fore and aft, were masts and sails;

these latter worked by the simple arrangement of bamboo stays, which enable them to be run up and down or reefed in a minute. The centre part was all one cabin with raised roof; descending into this by three steps we found it beautifully clean and neat, although the outside of the boat was so old and dirty. At one end was a raised dais covered with mats; half-a-dozen bunks were around the walls, all furnished with curtains, blankets, and sheets and pillow-cases of snowy linen. On the walls were framed photographs of ships; glass windows gave light. A charcoal fire burnt in a wooden box in the corner, which, to my astonishment, was labelled "Townsville." A red earthen teapot was on the fire, but Cheap Jack's agent did not offer us any of this. He produced a bottle of good brandy, and hospitably pressed it upon us. The crew of three—not distinguished by a superfluity of clothing—rigged the sails; one steered, protected from the rain by an oilskin and an umbrella, and the others gathered at the open end of the cabin aft watching the "small game" which at once commenced. The stakes were in "cash," the common copper coin with the square hole in the centre, of which eleven or twelve are worth one halfpenny. The thin, narrow Chinese cards were dealt as in faro or lansquenet. Chop Dollar's man sat down with Cheap Jack's man, and two fat individuals, owners of the sampans towing behind us. There was intense interest shown in the play; the cash accumulated. At last Chop Dollar raked in the pool—a mighty pile, worth about threepence. This is a cheaper game than any I ever played. Very polite, indeed, are our hosts to us. Through much intercourse with ships and sailors, they are quite European in their manners. Cheap Jack smokes a short black pipe and plug tobacco, and Chop Dollar tosses off a glass of grog neat; they both, too, possess English umbrellas. We survey

the river banks from the deck. Woosung, the Gravesend of Shanghai, looks mean and dirty, and dingy. The fort, however, which protects the entrance, is a very fine earthwork, and the houses of the English harbour and telegraph masters are massive and commodious, showing that their occupants' lines have fallen in an easy, if dull, place. Just past these a Chinese fleet guards the river; one large frigate, one smaller one, and four gunboats, all on English models, float the sacred banner, the dragon sprawling on a yellow flag. Creeks, natural or artificial, run into the river on every side. Up these, small junks can be seen penetrating, by the narrow waterways, into the midst of every small area of cultivation. This district seems to be one network of canals and creeks, by which all traffic is carried on; but the junks which we pass are no novelty to us now. Rather we admire the green paddy fields; the men cutting fodder, who are shielded from the rain by immense hats and capes of plaited grass, like unto Robinson Crusoe. Then horses and cows are perceived, the latter of the Asiatic humped species, being quite in accordance with the surroundings. But to weary sea travellers the greatest charm was when, from a thicket on the bank, burst the song of a colony of joyous birds—"bulbuls," I believe. They had some of the nightingale's notes, but sounded far sweeter to our ears than any song-bird yet heard ashore. Flat and productive, with much labour expended on it, but repaying a thousandfold, the country on the banks of the rivers approaching Shanghai is a fair sample of Chinese scenery in the north—not at all interesting in itself, or on ordinary occasions, but now attractive to us by its charming verdure.

There may be a straight river in the world, but I don't know one. The Hwangpo is no exception to the rule. We followed

the twists and turns for an hour and a half, our boat sailing wonderfully. Then on the banks appeared the first evidences that we were approaching a large city. A dockyard and works, anon a vast woollen factory, then another, both inscribed on their roofs with immense characters, both in English and Chinese, advertising to all men in a true American manner. Not at all in accordance this with the surrounding verdure. The cross of the church belonging to one of the numerous French missions, peeping out through the trees, looked more natural, reminding one of the Seine valley at early spring-time. A bend of the river, and Shanghai loomed up before us. We passed large steamers at this, the lower anchorage. The red funnels of Jardine and Mathesin's, the yellow and black of the China Merchants' Company, and the black of the Messageries Maritime and the P. and O. Company. Past these, men-of-war, English, French, and German; and once more I take off my hat to the stars and stripes floating over the *Swatara*. M. is in ecstasies that the first woman he sees is a European lady being rowed with a party to one of the men-of-war. Ferry boats on American models steamed down the stream. Where the river widened before us steamers and ships lay anchored; in the distance a forest of junk masts. Sampans, plying briskly to and fro on the water, enlivened the scene with gay colouring. The extent of the shipping shows a great and growing commerce, and when one looks on the right bank and sees the piles of stately buildings stretching far as the eye can reach, the impressions formed in the colonies fade away, and once more one realizes what a great city should be—how it should first strike a stranger. The situation is not a good one—the land is as flat as the banks of the Yarra above Williamstown—but the place itself is everything. Melbourne is a very great city. I

don't know any large centre of population which has impressed me more, but the approaches, *viâ* Sandridge or the river, spoil the first impression. Sydney has a magnificent situation, coming up the harbour, and especially since the Exhibition has been built the effect is very striking; but when one nears the wharves, and sees the hideous buildings on shore, one is disillusioned. What is good in Sydney is not at first seen. But Shanghai rises up before me stately, elegant, luxurious, Oriental. One misses, perchance, church spires and towers to relieve the "sky blot," but the whole effect is most striking. We pass a row of wharves. At one, an immense paddle-wheel steamer, with high deck beam engines, on the American plan, floats the Japanese flag. Her name, as on the stern, is the *Hiroshuma Maru*, of Yokohama, but our national eagle still spreads his wings above the foreign name, and I find out shortly that this is an old friend, the *Costa Rica*, which was renowned on the coast between San Francisco and Panama in the palmy days of that route, when the Pacific Railroad was not. Many of these magnificent boats, formerly belonging to the Pacific Mail Company, have been purchased by the Japanese, and connect with the boats from San Francisco at Yokohama. The *Hiroshuma Maru* has accommodation for 1,000 saloon passengers! We haul up to a wharf and step ashore. I contrast this with my experiences in my last trip "foreign." In Fiji I was quarantined, insulted by customs officers, and generally badgered. Here the policeman—representative of law, order, and authority—touched his hat, and we landed unquestioned. The said policeman was a native in a mongrel European costume, with his number in Chinese and Roman characters on his breast. His plaited cap, with pigtail twisted up behind, was as unsuited as possible to

his Tartar features. On shore once again, I almost felt inclined to kiss the earth with gratitude, but reflected that the feelings of the few Europeans and the many natives around might be shocked. Besides, the well-kept causeway and gravelled walk had nothing romantic about it. I felt that I was once more in a civilized place, and must resume civilized habits. We hailed *jin-ric-shas*, the national Japanese vehicle, a light Bath chair on high wheels drawn by natives, who trot along at six miles an hour, and, first sending our valises to the Astor-house, had a ride along the Bund, eager to see others of our species, and inspect the glories of the land. Our first sensation was simply astonishment at the magnificence and solidity of the buildings, at the large "compounds" in which the offices were situated, at the English look of the people whom me met riding and driving, at the absence of anything shoddy or slipshod. An hour's ride on modern earth was little enough after those long ten weeks on the ocean. After this we went to the Astor-house.

CHAPTER VII.

SHANGHAI.

I AM in a Christian land once more. I write this with the full knowledge that one half of the inhabitants of the Celestial Empire reverence, when they are inclined that way, the philosophic teachings of Confucius; and the other half bow down to Joss Buddha the Supreme, and their own special household gods. But my reasoning is something akin to that of the shipwrecked sailor who, on coming across a gallows, "knelt down and thanked God devoutly that he was in a Christian country."

I have found a good hotel—the first I have met with since I left the Palace at San Francisco. The Astor-house at New York is a noted hostelry, but its namesake at Shanghai beats it hollow. Colonial friends, you who are cribbed and confined in small, ill-ventilated rooms, whose fare chiefly consists in a "brutal profusion" of heavy meats, who submit to negligent and insolent attendance, who know not comfort nor refinement in your hotel life, just read the following, and envy my lot at the Astor-house, Shanghai. It is built on a separate block, the buildings forming a hollow square. The front faces the river and the shady grove on the foreshore. A low stone wall surrounds the block, and inside this is a garden with palm-trees, shrubs, flowers, ferns, and *aquaria*, in which the domesticated gold-fish enjoy their uneventful existence. The guest rooms form two sides of the square; on the other are the billiard and reading rooms, bowling-alley, kitchen, and servants' quarters. In the centre is a beautiful lawn, on which tennis is played by the guests. This is surrounded by a high hedge, which makes it as private as if at St. Kilda or Darling Point. A covered gallery runs both inside and outside, fitted up with Venetian blinds to exclude the sun or rain. The bedrooms would astonish a colonist. The doors on the inside gallery are all numbered in the ordinary hotel fashion. When, after registering my name in the book, the "boy" who carried my swag led me to No. fourteen, I found myself first in a passage as large as an ordinary bedroom in the —— Hotel, Sydney. On one side was a bath and dressing room, in which, at the same inn, they would put two beds. In front was the bedroom door proper. Opening this, I found myself in the largest chamber in which I have slept since I left the States.

I except, of course, my experiences at the Benevolent Asylum and Immigrants' Home. High and lofty, it is furnished with all the appliances of luxury and refinement. Two French windows open on to the verandah. To every room there is a bamboo lounging chair outside, and every two rooms are separated by doors from the other parts of the verandah, so that friends occupying adjoining apartments always enjoy privacy. No one can go prowling around at night and hinder others' rest. Here I can recline on a couch or a rocking-chair, or write my experiences of Shanghai, with nought to disturb me but the low murmur of the Chinese coolies singing (?) on the wharves and junks, which strikes the ear very like some distant farm-yard sounds. Here I am waited on by She See, best of "boys," who is ever on hand at the call of the electric bell. What a blessing he would be to many an overworked and worried housekeeper in the colonies! He watches over me like few fathers do their offspring. He may have ideas of "cumshaw" in the future, but do not hotel-waiters all over the world expect their fees, and how few deserve extra gratuity for polite attention? My room is always kept as neat as a new pin—the gas is always lighted at the right moment, my coffee always on hand at the required hour in the morning.

With reference to this said "coffee," it takes in Shanghai three or four eggs, and two or three rounds of toast, to aid a cup of Mocha to digest. Coffee is the nominal object, but the result is a good square meal; it is a British institution grafted on French and Eastern habits. The cup of *café au lait*, with or without a crust of bread and butter—which suffices a Frenchman till his *déjeuner*—is not of much account to the hearty and gross appetite of an Englishman. He wants some-

thing more substantial to enable him to maintain his arduous clerical efforts until "tiffin" at noon. Hence the introduction of buttered toast and eggs as an aid to coffee. Young Shanghai also takes two or three previous gin cocktails to assist the coffee; but these are not absolutely necessary. Tiffin is a hot lunch of many courses, which supports life till five o'clock tea and toast. This is the time for a drive or a ride on the Bubbling Wells-road, returning for dinner at half-past seven. Particularly pleasant are these meals at the Astor-house. The long dining-room is kept cool by a punka; fresh-cut flowers and fruit are on every table; quiet, quick, and civil the boys glide about, and you get all you require as soon as the wish is formed—they appear to know what you want before you do yourself. The steward—a quadroon, gorgeous in white pants and a dress coat—stands by the door, and escorts one to his seat. There is no necessity to ask for anything—to call out "Waiter," as one does in the colonies; everything is on hand. And the cooking!—but here I must pause. It may be that seventy days at sea has inflamed my imagination, and colonial readers would scarcely credit my description of our bill of fare here. But in future days, if I am spared to again endure life in Australia, the memory of these tiffins and dinners at the Astor-house will come to me like a soothing dream. What strikes one particularly here is the absence of noise and bustle; life in this hotel is calm and quiet. Even in the large billiard-room the click of the balls seems muffled and subdued. The Chinese markers are a decided improvement on many Europeans; some of them, too, play very well, but "Charley," the barman, is the champion of the natives. Shade of Bill Nye! the Heathen Chinee is, indeed, civilized. Here is a Celestial who can sling a cocktail, and give points at billiards to half the barmen in the

States. If one doesn't want to knock the balls about, or to spend time over the enormous files of newspapers, there is the bowling-alley left. This is about as large as the Sydney Town Hall, light and airy in the hot summer months. The young bloods of Shanghai obtain here much-needed exercise; in the winter they keep themselves warm. The last time I played bowls was with my German friends at Levuka, with the glass at 95 in the shade. It is not hot enough yet in Shanghai for me to follow this amusement. High up, near the ceiling of the bowling-alley here, is an enormous pelican, which, with outstretched wings, watches over the players. A profane Britisher suggested to me that this was the American eagle—"the burd of freedum soarin;" he was mulcted in drinks for this blasphemy. Altogether, the Astor-house is the model of what a hotel should be in the Australian colonies, but is not. It must be remembered that you have a much more trying climate than this; here there is a cold winter, and the summer is not so hot as in Sydney and Queensland. Yet all these appliances, which make life endurable in a hot country, are totally deficient in colonial hotels; and with every comfort and convenience, be it noted, one lives as cheaply in a hotel at Shanghai as in the colonies. But the supervision is everything, and the proprietor gives that here.

It will be seen that I am so comfortable at the Astor-house that I dwell lovingly thereon, but after my long sea voyage I wanted a good rest before thoroughly doing "Shanghai," of which I form my first favourable impressions through hotel life. Our judgments of any place depend a great deal on the manner in which our creature comforts are satisfied. Mr. Anthony Trollope has placed it on record that the Hawkesbury River is superior to the Hudson and the Rhine, but he also

noted the fact that he voyaged in a fast steam launch, the guest of Sir James Martin, who was "the best caterer" he met with in Australia. When I went up the Hawkesbury, it was in the miserable, dirty, and slow river steamer, and, with few exceptions, from Broken Bay to Wiseman's Ferry I found it a succession of monotonous bluffs and scrubb; and, altogether, it is not half so beautiful as the Mary in Queensland. The Hawkesbury has nothing in common with the Hudson, except on the "Monmouth and Macedon" line of argument. I expect that catering had a good deal to do with Mr. Trollope's verdict. I am not going to write a history of Shanghai—of the different treaties which have allowed the "foreign devils" to settle and rule themselves here, doing everything which is opposed to Chinese traditions. I will not gush about Chinese Gordon and the "ever victorious army," or his predecessor in command against the Taepings, Ward, minister and Mandarin, whom an English directory, published at Hong Kong, with questionable taste describes as an American adventurer, and narrates how he drilled the Chinese troops by "the aid of runaway sailors and vagabonds of all nations." I reckon he must first have disciplined his sergeants. Ward was a great man. Bred a sailor, he had a natural talent for arms and the strategy of war, and his administrative powers were very great. An adventurer, no doubt, as all men who, unaided, strive to gain the world's oyster pearls are, but if applied in an offensive sense I contend he was no more an adventurer than Colonel Gordon himself. No. I want to write about Shanghai as it now is, as its foreign, social, and native domestic life strikes a stranger. The "settlements" known by the name of "foreign" are curiously governed. The American and English have "bunched" together, and formed a joint municipality, governed by a council of seven.

The French have a municipality of their own. The three consuls exercise judicial powers, and are very mighty potentates. But the theory is local self-government—the "commune," in fact. We shall see anon how this is carried out in practice. The Astor-house is, of course, situated on the American side, which is divided from the English by the Soochow Creek, crossed by many bridges. Walking over these one passes the public gardens on the river banks. They are nice, but small—too small; contrasting badly with the very large "compound" jumped by the British Government as the site of their consulate. Now one is on the Bund, a straight, broad, well-kept road by the river bank, shaded by trees. This is the pride and glory of Shanghai. Here are the "hongs" of the principal merchants, those magnificent offices in spacious gardens, many of which have not their equals in the private houses of Melbourne or Sydney aristocracy. But already there are signs that land is too valuable in Shanghai to allow of office buildings having sixty feet of garden ground in front of them. Messrs. Russell have built a magnificent pile of new offices, with entrance direct from the pavement. One or two stores are already built on the Bund, and the closing-in process must gradually follow, till the detached mansions have all disappeared, and this possesses one long row of buildings abutting on the road. But the situation on the river bank will make it always the favourite business site, as well as the evening promenade. The finest buildings are in this, the English town. Crossing a bridge over a canal, one is under French jurisdiction. Here are steamer wharves, more warehouses, more Chinese and less Europeans. The total number of "foreigners" in the settlement is only 2,500, and the wonder is that they make such a great show. In the offices on the English side of the Bund there

is nothing Chinese—everything is European, though un-English.

Riding and driving, one always sees a fair proportion of Europeans in the midst of thousands of Celestials. What strikes a stranger most is that one half the population of Shanghai seems employed in drawing the other half about. Jin-ric-shas have only been in vogue here a few years, having been introduced from Japan by an enterprising American. On good roads, like those of Shanghai, they are the best means of temporary conveyance I ever met, and I should much like to introduce them in Melbourne and Sydney, and utilize the larrikins in their shafts. All licensed by the municipal police, there are over 4,000 public ones, the property of a few men, who hire them out to the coolies, who draw them for twenty cents a day. A dollar a month tax is enforced—pretty stiff, under the circumstances. You can hire a jin-ric-sha for fifty cents a day, and for short trips pay five or ten cents; on thirty cents a day the coolie who draws you can live well, and save money. What wonder that, when conveyance i so cheap, everybody rides? Those who are not rich enough, or have conservative notions, or are of an economical turn of mind, take a wheelbarrow. This is of an ancient form, and, to our eyes, uncouth and absurd. A large wheel is in the centre, and on each side of this, just above the axle, are narrow shelves. On these passengers sit—two, three, and sometimes four—their backs supported by the frame which encloses the upper part of the wheel; on these, also, heavy packages are conveyed. The skill with which the pusher balances his load, when only one side is occupied by passengers or merchandise is something astonishing. On mechanical principles this machine may have its advantages; certainly I have seen coolies

push far heavier loads on these than a railway navvy with an English wheelbarrow. I do not sneer now at the possibility of Hans Breitman's one-wheeled velocipede. But all the work here is done by manual labour, and the good condition of the streets of Shanghai may be accounted for by the fact that they are not cut up by heavy traffic. I have only seen one light horse dray here. From the steamers to the warehouses, from thence to the stores, or to the canals, to be sent far into the interior, everything is carried on bamboo poles by coolies. There may be one with his load accurately balanced, two with their cargo suspended between them, twenty supporting several poles, staggering along under a weight which a horse team would be required to move in the colonies. Only for short distances is this done. The river, creeks, and canals afford easy means of carriage within a reasonable distance of every man's warehouse or store. Canals are the railroads of China. It is owing to this, perhaps, that their land conveyances, palankeens, and wheelbarrows are so primitive. In some districts it is said that sails will be attached to the latter when the wind is favourable, with the effect of considerably lightening the labour and improving the "time" made. These people do work hard. When I write "stagger," it is an absolute fact; their knees tremble under them, streams of perspiration pour down their backs, but uncomplainingly they slowly toil on. Certainly, the strength they exert is nothing like that of the European, but they strive to the utmost limit of their powers. You talk about hard work, my colonial friends; come and see the Chinese coolies, and then contrast your own easy case. These have to the fullest extent their portion of our heritage to earn their daily bread by the sweat of their brow. But human life is so abundant and cheap here, and horseflesh is costly. In the French municipality,

where I saw them roadmaking, the heavy roller is dragged by some thirty coolies. In all their avocations they lighten their labour by a sort of chorus. One man or gang will call "Oh, aye!" the others respond, "Ay! ai." And their voices at a distance are not unmusical. I get to like them, and sympathize with, and respect, these hardworking, uncomplaining toilers. From the lowest point of view, that of mere brute beasts of burden, they do their work so well and so patiently that they command my highest respect.

The coolies, the jin-ric-shas, the wheelbarrows—these principally attract my attention on the Bund. The Chinese, in their long garments of different shades of blue, are no new sight. The Europeans one sees are just like all Europeans, except that perchance they are a shade paler. There are few ruddy, sunburnt complexions here; all evidently follow sedentary occupations. It is needless to say that they are unlike "colonials." From a mere physical point of view, the advantage is very much on the side of the latter. But when one turns away from the river frontage into the side roads and streets, there is a strange mixture. For a block or so there will be a row of European offices and dwellings. Space here is not so abundant as in the front Shanghai presents to the world which arrives by the river. Still there are very many fine houses, in the midst of large gardens, enclosed by high walls. The narrow roads and the quiet of these enclosed mansions reminds me of some of the old parts of Paris. The dwelling-houses are all good, elegant, and with an appearance of great solidity. The small flat bricks of China would only be made by a people to whom time and labour were of little object when they set about building. But turn from one of these streets, where comfort, wealth, and luxury reside, and you will find

yourself in a quarter entirely occupied by the Chinese. Rows of wooden houses with a ten-foot frontage, the ground-floor an open shop, slightly built of wood, with much useless though quaint carving. Here the natives follow many of their own, and most European, trades and avocations. Side by side with a carver or worker in cane will be a tailor, a portrait painter, a ship chandler, and *compradore*. These latter affect European stores and European habits, and when I called to interview Chop Dollar or Cheap Jack, offers of cigars and beer were pressed upon me. English signs are freely hung out, although the grammar and orthography are often shaky. But these appeal mostly to the travelling or sea-going visitors. The Chinese storekeepers who cater or provide for their own people are the most numerous. And their shops are curiosities, which, but that such description has been so often given, I could dilate upon at length. But too many books have been written upon China already to afford scope for more than transient sketches.

The number of the cook-shops is astonishing, and the strange dishes excite our curiosity, if not our appetites. Here the Chinese appear to be always eating. At the corners of streets one meets with fine restaurants, whose exteriors are most elaborately carved, and hung with lanterns. Here, upstairs and down, men and women will be seen all day long putting themselves outside their favourite *plats*. One portion of the native world appears to delight in doing everything in public. But another cultivates privacy, and one continually comes across long high blank walls, with entrance by a narrow door, over which are Chinese characters. Inside may be a fashionable hotel, a restaurant, theatre, "hong" of some wealthy trader, native bank, or private house, or collection of dwelling-houses. But it is the outside life—the New Cut, Paddy's Market, free-and-easy existence of

the majority of the small traders which I like to study. In some parts of the French quarter I am continually reminded of Petticoat-lane or the Old Brill. There are hawkers, fortune-tellers, dealers in old clothes, pedlars of fruits, a perpetual bustle of trade, a cry of "Buy! buy! buy!" a chaffering as to prices, disputes, quarrels. Human nature is the same all the world over. Accustomed as I am to the Mongolian features, the people do not strike me as strange. It is the great world of London over again. But in one thing different—words seldom end in blows; peaceful and law-abiding, a personal conflict is rarely seen in the streets, and then it is of the most trifling kind. "*C'est une dispute*," said a French *gendarme* to me calmly as we walked towards an excited crowd of Celestials. By the row I thought blood was about to be shed, but the man of law calmly stood by and did not interfere, and the Chinese mob melted away at the magic of his presence. A wise man this Lyonnais, not troubling himself with native "cases." *En passant* it may be remarked that the French officials dress their Chinese police in a sensible uniform, with the national round head-piece. It may also be noted that the native police are very arbitrary and insolent to their own countrymen. It is human nature, as witness the black troopers of Australia, who delight in "rounding up" or shooting down their own people.

I have travelled for days and weeks about the streets of Shanghai, till I know them all nearly as well as those of Melbourne. A jin-ric-sha will take you several times round the settlements in the course of the day. I have learnt to like these people, hard-working, happy, and contented as they all seem. There are no beggars, no poor, none but who appear to have as many square meals a day as will agree with them. What bad traits these people may have they certainly do not

show to a stranger. Courteous and polite, fond of airing their pigeon-English, and explaining things—that's what I always find them. Their vices are kept in the background. Opium-smoking there is in the public-houses licensed for that purpose, but not to a great extent. On the first night we were here, M. and I had a run round. In the French quarter we found English taverns—"The Crown and Anchor," "The Prince of Wales," &c. Homely names these, calculated to attract Jack ashore. After these we struck some French saloons, where painted Parisians scared us from the premises. Then Pandarus followed us with offers of services indignantly rejected. But a boy, speaking English well, said—"Captains, gentlemans, do you wauchee see Chinee opium-smoker—Chinee men and Chinee women?" This fetched M., who during the last election had orated strongly on the Chinese question, Chinese vices, &c. We followed our guide down several crowded streets, then turned into what seemed an office, with a counter, desks and patient clerks bookkeeping in hieroglyphics. People passed in through this at every minute. Through an archway at the end we turned to the right, and were in a large hall, a sort of bazaar, with a babble of voices saluting our ears. We passed along long alleys, well lighted by brilliant gas lamps, on each side small compartments containing two or more opium couches, with spirit lamp and customary appliances. On these men lounge, all smoking the drug, some singly, some in couples, others in parties. "Look, Chinee woman," said the boy. Well, it is true we did see Chinese women, but not one smoking. They were merely accompanying their husbands, in some cases having their children with them, and partaking of tea and confections, whilst the lord of their bosom soothed his soul with opium. Upstairs we went through long galleries;

hundreds of people, all quiet, respectable, and orderly, were here, but in no single case did we see anyone under the influence of opium. Men came evidently to take a smoke as a refresher, the same as we go into a hotel for a brandy and soda. All stared curiously at what was certainly an impertinent intrusion on our part. M. suggested it would not be pleasant if they should turn aggressive, and carefully noted our bearings from the entrance; but I, secure in the pride of race and the consciousness of possessing a six-shooter, only felt amused that the text for a moral lesson on Chinese depravity, which it was anticipated would have been forthcoming here, should have so lamentably "fizzled out." I had felt a great contempt for our guide, who, I thought, was obtaining money by exposing the failings of his people to strangers; but as he had so evidently sold us, I did not grudge him his *cumshaw*. The opium question as recently brought up in the House of Commons is causing much excitement in the English press in Shanghai. The contention is that opium is not taken to an injurious extent amongst the majority of the people who use it, but that it is a habit which may become a vice like drinking. But when I remember that one of the corner-stones of Shanghai's prosperity is the opium traffic, I carefully salt all this. Still, I am bound to confess that my own experience tends to support this theory. In the opium-smoking line I have found nothing so bad here as is said to exist in Melbourne and Sydney, where I have seen a fair proportion of drunkenness, and much misery caused thereby. In the colonies, in the matter of vices, we strain at a Chinese gnat, but swallow a whole mob of European camels.

CHAPTER VIII.

"JOHN" AT HOME.

By bullying, intrigue, or diplomacy, and expenditure of blood and treasure, some of the ports of China have been opened to European and American traffic. A foreign settlement has been established at Shanghai; a new order of things has commenced in the Celestial Empire. The Indian opium-growers and traders have flourished. London and New York have a sure grip on Chinese commerce. Wealth, which in a commercial point of view is beauty, has here been sleeping for centuries. Awakened at last—rudely, it is true—the reward should be to the merchant princes who caused the slumberers to be disturbed. But what is the result? A few Europeans and Americans have made large fortunes in China, when it was first "opened to the march of progress." Some are still doing so; others living well and luxuriously here. But even as the Chinese in California and Australia are working their way into spheres of business and labour formerly held to be the exclusive right of Anglo-Saxons, so it is here, in their own land, and none can gainsay that they have a perfect and legitimate right to underwork, undersell, use-up, and drive out the "foreign devils" who have settled on these shores against the wishes of the people, and in face of the armed protests of the Government. I never could understand what right one nation has to commit acts of trespass against another, which in no civilized country an individual can commit against a fellow-citizen. If I went to Browne, the squatter, and said, "I mean to open a store on your run, and you and your hands must deal with me," at the same time showing the pistol in my belt, he would

hand me over to the law. The offence would be worse if I insisted by threats on my right to sell rum, which Browne holds unfits his men for work, and the traffic in which he publicly condemns. The fact that privately he does a little sly grog-selling at his own store does not affect the merits of the case. Yet this is exactly what Great Britain has done in forcing her trade on China, and in the matter of the opium traffic, which has always been condemned by edicts of the Imperial Government.

There is nothing original about a Chinaman or China. Everything here is the same as it was thousands of years ago, when our ancestors wore blue woad and the skins of beasts. They do not like change for its own sake, and really in many things I do not blame them. But I question very much if they have that bigoted hatred against innovations with which they are credited. A great deal is made of the fact that the railway from Shanghai to Woosung was pulled up, having been bought by the Chinese Government expressly for that purpose. But that was a swindle on the part of the projectors. They applied for and obtained concession for a tramway only, and then built a regular railway, with engines and rolling stock to match. The Chinese officials felt they had "been had," and were sore about it. The line was bought, the rails taken up, and the engines shipped to Formosa, to be used in the coal mines there. But I am not altogether so sure that this dislike to railways on the part of the authorities may not proceed from the knowledge that in modern warfare they play a conspicuous part. The mandarins do not want their country "opened up" by trunk lines, which may carry armies of the "foreign devils" to desolate their country once more. It is certain, I think, that foreign habits and customs little by little might be instilled

into the people, although no doubt every innovation would be opposed by the mandarins, as is quite natural. But anything new will only come to be adopted because it suits the taste, or is commendable in itself. A slow and sure people this—the tortoise, not the dragon, should be their emblem. They will do nothing in a hurry; they have not that absurd love of change which distinguishes the Japanese. "*Maskee! maskee!*" a business man will say if you endeavour to "rush" him, as it were. This one will hear a hundred times a day. It is equivalent to the *yavosh* of the Turks, the *poco tempo* of the Spanish American, the *malua* of the Fijian. Not that it is meant in the indolent, lazy, oriental, and tropical manner of the other races; it is a sort of "sufficient for the time is the evil thereof" philosophic reply. Until a Chinaman sees advantages in changing his manners and customs he will not do so. But he has been taught that war junks and gongs are no match for ironclads, and so gunboats of the most approved pattern, and vessels of large size, artillery of precision, with crews drilled in English style, now form the material of the Chinese navy. Smart, daring fellows are their tars—good sailors, I am told, and will fight well. This knowledge has been forced on them, as also the advantage of the heavy earthworks, the forts with which Shanghai is guarded. But for ages past one thing in China has been a copy of another; there is just one pattern for joss-houses, earthenware, clothing, houses, manners, and customs. They can copy our ideas, but they cannot invent. What a Chinaman learns he knows well, but it is an arduous task to knock a new idea into him. In the most ordinary things this is perceived. If the boy who waits on me at table sees that I take red pepper, it will always be ready to my hand, and he will often give it me when I want white. If "Pat," as I christened

my Milesian-looking jin-ric-sha boy, is told to go to the Keang-se-road, I will suddenly find that he stops at the *Mercury* office; if to the Hankow-road, at the *Daily News* office; if to the Foochow-road, at the *Courier* office. He knows that I sometimes go to these places, and concludes that my business down these thoroughfares must be there. But in explaining to Pat—strong, sturdy, and stupid—that I wish to go to any new place, I have great difficulty in making him understand. They are not half so smart in this respect as the Fijians.

Next to necessity, the desire of money-getting is one of the greatest incentives in striking out a new career. Now, the Chinese are born merchants, traders, and mechanics. The foreigners settled here to make money out of the natives—the natives make money out of them. There are hundreds—thousands—who out of the foreign settlement and the trade in this port make far better livings than they otherwise would. The European, who finds everything so remarkably cheap, still pays more than the Chinaman. From the mere hewers of wood and drawers of water, the natives have advanced to a higher level. The smaller European storekeepers have all been worked out; the Chinese, too, are getting all the trade as ships' chandlers and compradores—they are tailors, bootmakers, fancy-goods dealers. On everything imported the Chinese storekeepers are fifty to a hundred per cent. cheaper than the Europeans, who really deserve to lose their business by the exorbitant rates they charge. This is almost a free port. There is no tax on European manufactured goods, yet at ——'s store they wish to charge one double the price for singlets which I pay in Melbourne. At a Chinese store I get them for less than colonial prices. The foreign storekeepers here started on an easy basis for profit-making. What would be valued at one

shilling in England they charge a dollar for here. Thus charts, which always have the price marked on them, are charged on this ratio—an extortionate one, as there cannot be any great sum paid for freight of these from England. I must make an exception in favour of the book depôt of Shanghai. At Kelly and Walsh's you get all the newest works very cheap, but then they are the Tauchnitz editions, which pay no fees to the authors. I suppose European ladies will not go to Chinese stores, and the feminine soul must occasionally have relief in shopping, which is the *raison d'être* of the few European stores still existing, where everything is fifty to a hundred per cent. dearer than with the Chinese. But in a lower grade, everywhere English signs are displayed by the natives. Comical names of "the firm or style" many of these take. "Cheap John" is a ship's carpenter, no relation or connection of "Cheap Jack," the ship chandler. "Rory O'More" is a barber, but on what principle of selection this name was adopted it is hard to say. Saloon-keeping is the only thing left to Europeans who are not merchants or employés, and even in these one mostly finds Chinese barmen. In everything relating to shipping the natives are to the front. There are two European Dock Companies, but their estimates for repairs are extravagantly high. I had proof of this, for, the *Woodbine* requiring some repairs, one of the dock companies made a tender which was double that of the Chinese carpenter to whom the work was given; and as M., a practical man, vouched, the native workmen employed performed their tasks as well as our Europeans, and the whole contract was completed in capital style. With blacksmiths it is the same; the natives work better and cheaper than the foreigner. In every department in which skilled labour is required the Chinese are to the fore. What they

learn they may not at once adapt to their own ways, but they have copied European fashions of working to gain dollars.

Come to a higher grade. A few years back Chinese merchants made all their purchases through European agents here. Now they import direct from England and America, and export their goods in the same manner. They charter ships to convey coal from Japan and timber from Puget Sound, and rice to San Francisco. Born merchants and traders, they have learnt our ways of business and money-making, and are slowly but surely pushing the foreigners out of the field. The young Chinese clerks in the native "hongs" speak excellent English, and write beautifully and correctly. These have mostly been trained in Hong Kong or Singapore. The organizing powers of the Chinese are wonderful, as witness the six great companies which controlled the emigration to California and the migration of the living and conveyance of the bones of the dead to their native land. The Chinese business men here have started one of the greatest coasting lines of steamships in the world. "The China Merchants' Steam Navigation Company," founded ten years ago, has, I am told, forty large steamships of the first class trading up and down the coast, bringing all the wealth of the north into Shanghai. From Canton a steamship line is running to San Francisco. Several native insurance companies have also been started, and the number of native banks would make a good-sized street. In the foreign settlements, the number of Chinese residents and landowners is yearly increasing. Fifteen years ago there were comparatively few of the latter, now every bit of land to be sold is generally bought by a native. It must be remembered that the land here is only leasehold. The laws of China, I understand, are like those of Tonga; no land can be alienated to a stranger. But leases from 99 to 999

years gave the first foreign firms a pretty fair interest in the soil, although they are not supposed to own it. Crowded out in every way, as the Europeans thus are, can one wonder if shortly they will be driven almost entirely from the settlements, and that the Chinese merchants, having developed a new and lucrative trade, will in the end establish themselves in colonies in London, New York, Calcutta, and Australia, as some individuals have already done? And these Chinese merchants abroad are, as I know, ever esteemed for their honour and probity.

The whole wealth of Northern China flows into Shanghai, not only because it has become a commercial *entrepôt*, through its foreign connections, but for another reason. When a native has made any money, he sends it to one of the banks here to avoid the process of "squeezing" by the authorities; hundreds come to trade and live here for the same reason. Under the foreign jurisdiction their wealth is safe. "Squeezing" is a term peculiarly Chinese, and runs through all classes. In minor transactions it implies a sort of commission; the compradore who supplies your house or office takes a squeeze, tax, and tithe from all. But in high circles it is the black mail—the "lalla" of the South Seas, which all in authority extort from those below them. The one duty of a mandarin is to squeeze; the one endeavour of a merchant or trader is to conceal his wealth. But, alas for him! that is generally of no avail. Some day the mandarin will send for him, and say, "My friend, you have been dealing in opium against the edict;" or, "You have not paid your full taxes;" or generally an accusation that he has done those things he ought not to have done, and left undone those things which he ought to have done—charges easily made in a country of edicts like China. Then the

mandarin—"I am very sorry for you; you have made 100,000 taels in this unrighteous manner. If I imprison you, and publish it in the *Imperial Gazette*, you know what will be the consequence. How can this be avoided?" Then the unhappy merchant will grovel before the man of the red button, and say, "Give me till to-morrow, your Mighty Sereneness." And the morrow will see 50,000 of those taels in the mandarin's chest. Sometimes the process is not so simple, but commences with the harshest measures, to make the victim disgorge. It is said that the exact sum a man can be squeezed for is always known. He may have been piling up wealth for years, but the mandarin has his eye on him, and one fine morning he is squeezed—none can escape. And so the foreign settlements are crowded with Chinese, who pay most of the taxes, and have no voice in the election of the municipal council, but are content. In time, it seems to me, this council will become a nice little ring, through the lack of electors. The qualification now is a stiff one—to possess or occupy property of the rateable value of 500 taels—£130 a year. Many Europeans are now debarred from voting, and recently there has been a little "muss" over this, an American citizen declining to pay his taxes on the ground that one of the fundamental principles of the constitution—no taxation without representation—was violated!

But Shanghai is also crowded with another class of Chinese. Many old Taepings, the "long-haired rebels," are here; and they love better to be under the foreign flags than stand a chance of their old offences being brought against them if residing under the shadow of the blue dragon. I am compelled to refer to the rebellion and its consequences, as chance brought me into contact with a Taeping gentleman, whose remarks, as

far as my obligation will allow, I quote. The Taepings are a secret society with a number of grades, to the highest of which my Chinese friend belonged. All this country is divided into "Guilds," which have their own laws and regulations, and impose pains and penalties quite irrespective of those inflicted by the State. This is too vast a subject for me to enter into, but it will account for the fact that the Taepings still have an entity of their own. The Taepings are the Saxons of China. In 1644 the old "Ming" dynasty, descended from the sun and moon and stars, was deposed by the Tartar king, who founded the "Manchow" dynasty, which now is also reputed to have inherited the celestial succession and relationship with the heavenly bodies. The Chinese were then a conquered race, ruled by an alien people, and ruled with a rod of iron. Intermarriages took place, it is true, but many of the old race remain as pure in blood and descent as Hebrews. Masonic guilds sprang up amongst them; they maintained their veneration and respect for the old dynasty and old condition of things, although the Manchow emperors have done their best to be in accord with the feelings of the people by glorifying Confucius and his disciples, and changing none of the old customs. Organized discontent broke out at last in the great Taeping rebellion, which culminated twenty years ago, being suppressed by the American General Ward and the English Colonel Gordon. Order since then has reigned in China.

My Taeping friend was the son of a leader amongst the "rebels;" his father being killed, or having killed himself to avoid capture, the son was sent to Hong Kong, and under the British flag learnt English manners and customs, knows our literature and language, and reads and writes it with purity. Ostensibly he is a merchant in Shanghai. In his own house the

Taeping introduced champagne and cigars of the first brands. "If you say you prefer tea I will not believe you," quoth he, as the Bollinger sparkled in the glasses. Then I let him talk. Calm and quiet, lolling easily in a long blue brocaded garment, smoking and drinking like an English swell, using "slang" phrases in a manner which at first astonished me, the Taeping had yet at times a fierce flash in his eyes which spoke of hidden fiery emotions. I had seen the monument "in memory of the officers of the 'Ever Victorious Army' who were killed in action or died of their wounds whilst serving against the Taeping rebels in the province of Keangse, 1862-4." It isn't much of a memorial; but Mr. Margery, whose lamented death all the world knows, has a real elegant monument close by. I had been struck with the fact that amongst the forty-eight deceased European officers, from general to lieutenant, there was such a large proportion of Scotch names, and no Irish, until I remembered that in those years the gallant sons of Erin were in thousands "shouting the battle-cry of Freedom" in the service of the Northern Army, endeavouring to stifle our Southern freedom and the divine right of every man to whop his own nigger. Otherwise, you may be sure some Irishman would have been to the fore in China. "That monument," said the Taeping, "is a perpetual insult to us. 'Ever victorious?' They were whipped often enough. 'Rebels?' We are the true owners of the land. If we were not calm, quiet people—if I were a Pole, an Italian, a Frenchman, or an Irishman, we would destroy that monument erected by your 'Chinese' Gordon, close by the public gardens, which, an added insult, we Chinese are not allowed to walk in, although we pay for it." I suggested that the fact of foreigners being in Shanghai at all, and having jurisdiction there, was an insult sufficient,

and that the fact of Chinese not being allowed in the public gardens was, comparatively, a mere trifle; but I was amused to see, as the conversation went on, how the Taeping, although he denounced the Chinese Government, still always identified himself with the people, ever speaking of them as 'we.' I asked why he appeared to have a special dislike to "Chinese" Gordon. "I will tell you. It was at the end. We were at Soochow. I was sent by my father to Hong Kong. The Taepings were besieged in Soochow by your Gordon and the Government. Our Wongs surrendered. Gordon gave his word all should be treated fairly as prisoners of war. My father trusted the word of an English officer and gentleman whom he thought had power to keep his word. If he had not power, he should not have passed it. The gates were thrown open, and the Government mandarin—the Tartar butcher Li Hung Chang—gave his orders, and all were killed. They say, and I daresay it is true, that your Gordon took his revolver and tried to find Li Hung Chang; that he would have shot him at first in his anger for being thus dishonoured. But the next day his Scotch caution prevailed, or Li Hung Chang was too powerful. But this was the cause of Gordon's leaving the command. This is all true. Ask any European in the settlements." I did make inquiries, and found the Taeping correct. The massacre took place as stated, and Colonel Gordon and Li Hung Chang have to settle the matter between them.

"You ask me if it is all over," continued the Taeping. "You, who have been a revolutionist, and should know the feelings of all people who have fought for the good cause of freedom. Stifled often, did the French Republic die? Is the national agitation in your Ireland dead? And we have a better right. We are the people of China, and the Tartars should be

our helots. Physically there is a difference; we are made different people. Do I look like Chen?" Certainly my host, if his head had not been shaved, and he had abjured his pigtail, would have been a remarkably fine-looking fellow although a trifle effeminate. In him, as I first noticed in my boy Chee See, there was a delicacy of features, which, combined with a fair complexion, made him quite other than the typical Chinaman of the story-books and stage. There are thousands of such around Shanghai, appearing quite a different race to the Chinese one sees in the colonies. The Taeping was decidedly a different man from Chen, the mandarin who presides at the native courts in the foreign settlements, and keeps up, it is said, through his agents, an espionage on the Chinese residents there. "Such traditions as ours," continued my friend, "sink deep into the hearts of the people—they are not obliterated nor forgotten in a day; they go down from generation to generation. The grinding taxes, the squeezing which the people suffer, are inflicted by aliens." I thought, but did not say, that if the Taepings had been successful, they might have taxed the country quite as heavily; but then I know that their followers would never recognize this, any more than my Irish friends, who believe that all the evils they suffer arise from the yoke of the Sassenach, and will never credit that in the good old days the lot of their population, under the sway of the Milesian kings and chiefs of history, was a great deal worse than now. "It will come sooner or later," said my informant, "and we shall be successful. We have money. The buried treasure of the Taeping Wongs has never been discovered, although the soldiers of Li Hung Chang dug up a district of forty square miles in search of it. Some of us know where it is. As merchants here, we are increasing our wealth.

For myself, it would be better if I lived in Hong Kong or Singapore, like so many of my countrymen. But I have the heritage of a great wrong. Do the Government know me? Yes! But here I am safe. I never venture out of the settlements. I have received invitations from the Tao-tai to entertainments in our native city, but they could never catch me inside its walls. Rich men have gone to banquets there, and been imprisoned, perhaps tortured, until they have been squeezed out of large sums. The Government mandarins are all thieves. No! We Taepings do not love the foreigners much, but we love the Government less. The Europeans and Americans in Shanghai were mostly favourable to our cause. We had intimate relations with them, but the consuls and official bodies supported the Government. They prated about law and order and constituted authority. We were branded in European journals as bands of brigands roaming the country. There was violence here, no doubt. Robbers and thieves, the scum of society, which in all revolutions are dangerous, plundered many under the name of Taepings. Lies have thus been written about us. And of course trade was not so brisk, and merchants cried out and said that Shanghai would suffer, and your Chinese Gordon and his officers were sent for, and without them the Government would never have beaten us."

Thus endeth the Taeping's lecture. I believe he has reason and truth on his side. Certainly he has little cause to love "Chinese" Gordon. I do not for one moment insinuate that Colonel Gordon knew, until too late, of the atrocities at Soochow, but I record the fact.

CHAPTER IX.

A CHINESE DINNER.

It is a popular Anglo-Saxon idea that Chinese live on rice and "the smell of an oil-rag," or such cheap luxury. Mr. Hepworth Dixon has perpetuated this in that elegant piece of descriptive writing, but unreliable work, "The White Conquest." He is pathetic over the fact that the "rice-eaters" in California "are pushing the 'beef-eaters' out of the field." If he had said the "whisky drinkers," it would have been more to the purpose. In truth, the Chinaman is one of the greatest gourmands imaginable; eating with him is a fine art, in which he has made considerable advances, whilst in other things remaining as his forefathers, thousands of years ago. In the number and variety of the dishes, in their artistic blending, no country in the world, except France, is equal to China. A native, whether at home, or working hard as an emigrant abroad, can no doubt live on very little. So can the Irishman on potatoes, or the Scotchman on oatmeal porridge. Taking into consideration the relative value of everything, the labourer in China cannot buy his rice cheaper than Pat or Sandy their staple food. But very seldom indeed does the former live entirely on rice, on a diet of which it is said Europeans cannot support life. The Chinese will live economically, not wasting their substance in riotous living, with no excessive proportion of sack to their daily bread. When abroad, they often, no doubt, stint themselves; they save every cent they can towards the accumulation of the modest pile which will suffice to start them as *notables* in their native villages. This has been a great cause of complaint against the Chinese in Australia.

"They live where a white man cannot;" they drink no spirits, and add nothing to the revenue; being, in fact, frugal, sober, and industrious. The Queensland Government evolved the idea of taxing rice so as to get at the pockets of the Chinese diggers on the Palmer, who would not contribute to the revenue by drinking up all their small gains. It seems that it is the virtues, not the vices, of the Chinaman which has made him dangerous, feared, and hated in the colonies. But as Mr. Hepworth Dixon might have seen in the Chinese quarter at San Francisco, the Celestials, when they can afford it, know how to live, and do live well. In Melbourne or Sydney this may be also easily verified; and in Cooktown and on the Palmer, when European miners—"the beef-eaters"—gorged daily masses of tough and indigestible meat, the well-to-do Chinese in their restaurants and eating-houses fared on dainty little dishes of fish and fowl, ducklings and sucking-pig, and many other delicacies not particularly enticing to our eyes, because we know better than to try them, or have not sense enough, according to which way you look at it. I write but what I have seen.

As to the moral and physical qualities evolved by eating rice or beef, I leave that to Mr. Dixon and the late Mr. Thomas Brassey. The eminent contractor, a thorough sturdy Englishman himself, had a decided preference for the big, burly, brutal, beef-eating, and beer-drinking English "navvy." The contractors who made the Panama, Peruvian, and Pacific railroads had, however, to resort to Chinese; these did work on rice which I do not think the English navvy would have got through. In Shanghai, if one-half the population seems to be employed in drawing the other half about, certainly one-third appears to gain a living by feeding the other proportion. The

number of cookshops and restaurants is astonishing. There are establishments to suit all ranks and purses. A square meal can be procured for the most trifling sum. The sixpenny restaurants of Melbourne are extravagantly dear in comparison. I was seized with a desire to have a real Chinese dinner. It is the custom of the young European bloods of Shanghai to treat their friends to such a meal. The spread, however, is laid in their own houses, and the chief attraction, besides the novelty, is that a number of singing girls are always hired, whose hideous notes are scarcely balanced by their attractions. These come in and mingle with the guests, but are always attended by their *amahs*—nurses or duennas. They do not crown the male revellers with flowers as in the good old days of ancient history, and their conduct is perfectly decorous. But to have singing girls at a banquet is the thing, utterly *chic*, imparting a leaven of naughtiness to the whole affair. Well, I didn't want any of this. I was invited to one such dinner, but it was not in my line. Eating was my object, and singing girls don't make up a meal. I had been told that too often the proceedings ended with European wines and drinks. Indeed, it was quoted to me that the Chinese dishes were passed, and cold corned beef and lager beer substituted. Singing girls are bad enough, but think of the absurdity of such an association. A real Chinese meal, at a Chinese restaurant, no disturbing elements—that was what I was bound for; and through the kindness of Mr. D. C. Jansen, of the Astor-house, most courteous of hosts and *ciceroni*, the thing was arranged, a party being formed for the purpose of doing it in style.

At 7 p.m. quite a procession started from the Astor-house. The five jin-ric-shas contained the Messrs. Allen Brothers, of New York and Paris, globetrotters—scattering gold, as becomes

them, wherever they go—M., Jansen, and myself. We rattled along the Bund at a spanking rate, led by the compradore of the hotel. My boy Pat was on his mettle, and forced the pace. This was the cause of Mr. F. Allen nearly coming to grief, his boy falling, and the fare being only saved from a cropper by a display of agility which I envied. The halt of our cavalcade caused by this disaster enabled our guide to get well ahead, and out of sight. We were in the Chinese part of the French town, ignorant of where we were going to, and for ten minutes walked up and down the streets. Then the compradore reappeared, breathless and apologetic, and of course we found that we had passed and re-passed our destination, the "Number One restaurant," as the compradore assured us—the Delmonico's of Shanghai. A high, blank wall, with Chinese characters over the door, was all the outward and visible sign of this place of entertainment. No gaudy lanterns were hung out, no windows displaying the crowds of revellers within opened on to the street, as in establishments of an inferior character. The aristocratic plainness and privacy indicated by the exterior showed that this was a "Number Oner" indeed. Sitting on a wooden bench near the door were some lightly-clad waiters; on one side a counter were clerks amusing themselves with the frames and balls used for calculating, a proceeding which, to the uninitiated, looked as idiotic as Paterfamilias struggling with the fifteen puzzle. We made several turns along stone-paved passages, and then entered a large hall, with galleries all around. Tasselled lamps of gorgeous colours hung from the roof. Every bit of woodwork was elaborately carved and polished, but our civilization was sacrificed to in the matter of gas, which burnt, however, in elegant globes. A rail surrounded the centre part of the hall;

inside this many tables were laid, and in the alcoves screened off from the more public part of the establishment. The floors were stone, the backs of the chairs of marble; these and the tables inlaid and carved in a wonderful manner. Mirrors glistened against the walls; the pillars shone with golden characters—exhortations, I am told, calculated to sharpen the Chinese appetite. Worked silk banners, representing the most impossible of birds, beasts, and fishes, hung around. We ascended the stairs; the galleries were laid with tables, but hidden by silken curtains; a row of private cabinets were eligible for select parties like our own. One of these had been reserved for us, but the atmosphere was close here, with a tendency to get high in time, so we concluded to feast down below, where there was more ventilation. There seemed to be hundreds of Chinese dining here. A chatter of many tongues, cheerful laughs, the click-click of chop-sticks and teeth; a perpetual cry in one tone, echoed in another, caused by the waiters, who, as they hurried from the kitchen with the different dishes, called out the quantity and quality, and their destination. The clerks sitting at the tables in the corner of the galleries echoed these and booked the amount, so that a continual check was kept on the kitchen and waiters, and the "party in No. Four," or the single gentleman at the seventh table, had their accounts figured up to them at once, without the necessity for that painful mental exertion which one finds in European restaurant attendants, generally ending in the demonstration that "two and nine and six, three and nine, thank you, sir!"

The natives here certainly enjoy themselves at feeding time. The laughter, the merriment, the number of dishes with which the tables were crowded, all was French other than Anglo-

Saxon. But the free-and-easy manner in which the diners in the little cabinets took off their upper clothing and went to work with nothing on but their pajamas, was even a thought more democratically simple than anything I have seen in the colonies. We retired to our table on the ground floor, and followed the fashion to the extent of taking off our coats. In an alcove screened off from the large halls we were perfectly private. But one end of the gallery above commanded our position, and here an inquisitive Chinaman placed himself and watched us all during our meal. A young man from the country, no doubt. I was sorry he had not a pair of opera-glasses. We were going in for the real thing, a dinner *completement* of thirty-two dishes. The table was covered with all the delicacies of the Chinese season, cold, just as incentives to appetite and to fill up the time between the hot courses. A pile of burnt filberts, roasted water-melon pips, jelly made from the medusæ (not at all bad), smoked duck eggs, roast pork in slices, roast duck and chicken, sliced bamboo, green sugar-cane, apricots (preserved), pickled shrimps, ham, radishes, water-chestnuts, chilis and tomatoes chopped up. Wine—the celebrated Shao-Shin—in little metal pots, made its appearance; these were placed on hot water stands, for it is drunk warm. Poured out into the foolish little cups, which outside China are looked upon as curiosities, we found this very good, something like a mulled Rhine wine. There is no reason why one should not drink hot wine with meals; it must assimilate with one's food just as well as hot tea. Little bowls of "Soy" and other condiments were amongst the dishes, but salt is an unknown quantity at a Chinese dinner. Fans and chopsticks were handed to us, and we could commence business. Mr. Allen, P.M., went in boldly with the chopsticks, but I soon

cried off, and made attacks on the different dishes with the knives, forks, and spoons brought by our compradore. Life is not long enough to feed with chopsticks, although, as the Chinese hold their little saucers close to their mouths, and just shovel it in—take it in bulk, as it were—they don't lose much time. It is said that the fumes of the food held under the nose in this manner give an added zest, even as the scent of the bower of mint into which you bury your face when imbibing a julep affords a supreme, peaceful joy, a reminiscence of green fields, bushy hedgerows, wild flowers, and the songs of birds, to which the whisky in the glass is but a side show, although, according to the testimony of all experts, absolutely necessary. I trifled with most of the delicacies, finding that the smoked ham best suited my American palate. But shortly entered our waiters with a small soup-bowl, which they placed in the centre of the table, bird's nest, gluten, and strings. The natives can't eat this with chopsticks, but fill the tiny bowls with which they are provided by the aid of toy ladles. Next in order, shark's fins stewed, with dressing of pigeon's eggs. I went for this with avidity. The liquor evidently contains a large amount of isinglass, and would make excellent "stock" for clear soup; but it is not to be compared with the fish soup—the concentrated essence, served in cocoanut bowls—which I partook of at King Cakobau's, at Bau, on my late visit to Fiji. The fin is boiled to a mass of shreds, just fish glue—nourishing, perhaps, but not tasty. My impressions of this dish were that I can eat shark, but "I don't hanker after it," as the Arkansas traveller said when asked his opinion of crows as an article of diet. But I lamented the fins of the thirteen sharks we had killed on the passage, which, if dried in the sun, would have brought many dollars in Shanghai.

What strikes one most in Chinese dishes is the lack of special flavour and of seasoning and spicing. In truth, I believe that all the dainties we partook of have a delicate taste of their own, highly appreciated by the initiated, but which our coarse Anglo-Saxon palates could not detect. We want everything decided—strong meats, strong drinks, and strong cigars. So birds' nests and sharks' fins, which are some of the highest delicacies to a Chinese gourmand, to us appeared as so much glue.

The next centre dish consisted of sucking pig, which must have been born very young. Then ducks' heads split open, the brains being thought "number one." Afterwards *bêche-de-mer* and snails chopped up. Between each course the waiter brought hot steamed napkins to each guest, which, passed over the face and head, we found much more refreshing than cool ones. With the addition of a little toilet vinegar or *eau de cologne* sprinkled over these, they would, I think, be a charming adjunct to an Australian banquet. Paper napkins we had in abundance, and the bill of fare, which was long enough for an Imperial decree or a sermon of Confucius, was written out on an enormous sheet. We whiled away the time between the courses by smoking cigarettes in the Spanish fashion, and the Messrs. Allen speculated on the value of the massive tables and chairs, and coveted the same for the hall of their ancestral home in Fifth Avenue. Certainly the æsthetics of London and New York would be utterly "knocked" by the sight of the furniture of this restaurant. As the night wore on, and dish succeeded dish on our table, the hilarity amongst the other guests increased. Songs and laughter and cheers were heard. The Celestials were agoing it, many of them no doubt being strangers from the country having their fling in Shanghai. The

game of Mora commenced. I can't write the Chinese name for this, but it is identical with the Neapolitan amusement. We could hear the snapping of the fingers, the cries and answering cries, and the clink of the small coin which formed the stakes. I almost began to lose count of the dishes which came in. We had stewed chicken with bamboo shoots, and stewed duck with mushrooms. Then came a grand *pièce de résistance, bêche-de-mer* stewed in oil. These were fine "tit" fish, and, as I am very fond of this dainty, I did well. Jansen called out recklessly for more teapots of wine, and, like the Chinese outside our screen, we went in for enjoying ourselves. After the trepang came a boiled *samli*, king of Chinese fishes, in taste identical with the American shad. Why fish, at this stage of the proceedings, I could not find out; but it was the best, and best cooked, piece of fish which I have ate since I left the States. They do not scrape off the scales, but boil it until the whole outer skin is easily taken off with a knife. The samli was served with pork and wood fungus, a *champignon* which grows on trees, and is tough and tasteless to us. After the fish the sweets commenced with a *pillaw* of rice, almonds, and chestnuts, a most delicious thing for children. By this time we were just surfeited. We ordered more Shao-Shin, and cried "enough." "There's too much eating, and not enough to wash it down," said A. to me. "Now, with such a meal in New York or Paris, we should have got through a bottle a man by this, and not one of us has had altogether a tumbler of this wine. The only objection I have to the Chinese is that they don't understand how to drink. They will never be thoroughly civilized till this is remedied."

Now came our chance of washing down the edibles. We would eat no more, so tea was brought in. The bowls out of

which we had quaffed the hot Shao-Shin were very diminutive—wisely so, perchance, as I believe this wine is very strong—but our tea bowls were a fair size. Placed on saucers, with another on the top to retain the heat, these were handed round. Jansen explained that this was some very famous tea, a pound of which was a gift for a prince. Taking off the top saucer, one found the cup half-full of tea-leaves, and the infusion of a colour which in Australia would be called weak. But the leaves were not of the colour one sees out of China—no dirty-brown or faded yellow, mixed up with lots of broom-bristles. They have a real *tea* colour, a lovely shade of light green, each young leaf distinct by itself, looking as if just plucked by careful hands which had not disturbed the bloom on it. One is supposed to drink off the first infusion at once, and then it is immediately filled up by the waiter with boiling water, and the saucer clapped on the top until it has "drawn" again. This process goes on, I am told, a dozen times. A visitor to a tea-house gets one cup of tea at first, but he can fill it up with hot water as long as he likes. Twice was sufficient for me on this occasion. "Weak and comparatively tasteless," M. grumbled, but I detected a refined, subtle flavour, which, in time, must become very pleasing to the palate. Certainly, on this and many other times I have drunk tea in China, although it might taste little better than hot water, it had an exhilarating, refreshing effect. We had been just three hours at the table, and the restaurant by this time was nearly empty. We had another walk around, and broke the tenth commandment, then adjourned to the kitchen, where about thirty cooks were busy at work around rows of fires, ovens, and boilers. Our patent range-makers might have learnt something here. The long lines of open boilers, in

which various stews were prepared, were all heated by a careful and economical arrangement of flues. Of course it was hot, and we cleared out soon. No spotless white floors, no ostentatious display of cleanliness as in English kitchens, but real cleanliness in all the preparation of the food was here. There was nothing to disgust anyone, either before or after feeding, with what he saw here. I have seen the kitchens of some Sydney hotels, and wish I hadn't. I have seen the kitchens of some of the first families, and I declare the Chinese set them an example in personal cleanliness. So, after a three hours' feeding and enjoyment we pocketed our ivory chopsticks as souvenirs, and took jin-ric-sha for the Astor-house, and a S. and B. This banquet, worthy of Lucullus, cost only two dollars a head, chopsticks included. A few cents for pills and draughts might be added to this.

CHAPTER X.

EUROPEAN LIFE IN CHINA.

THE city fathers have made Shanghai one of the nicest and best kept towns in the world. Its roads and sidewalks are perfection, always in admirable condition. I am afraid the colonies will never see their like; but then the conditions are different. With heavy-wheeled traffic here there would be a change—not for the better. This self-governed community is a veritable empire within an empire. It presents all the features of a commune in theory, but in practice it is an oligarchy—a few Europeans administering the funds of the many Chinese rate-payers. The Municipal Council of Seven, presided over by a

chairman, seems a harmless body in sound, but in fact it exercises as much power as any corporation ruled by a most worshipful mayor. It imposes taxes at will, regulates everything connected with buildings, roads, lighting, traffic, and has its own little army of horse, foot, and artillery, and police and fire departments. I have the idea that the municipal council of Shanghai is a nice little "ring," which every year will get smaller; but judging by their works, its members are honourable gentlemen, who administer the city finances judiciously. But this is only one side of the question; and, however beautiful their city might be made, I don't think 100,000 Australians would submit to be ruled and taxed by seven men, representatives of three hundred of an alien race. Yet that is what the Chinese do here, and I do not think there is much consideration shown for them, as in many instances they are taxed most severely. Results, to a traveller, justify the course pursued. With good roads, well drained, the other sanitary arrangements of Shanghai are fair. Night-soil here is taken away by contractors who pay for the privilege, eager to obtain valuable matter to restore to its right place—the earth. It is used for the soil, not allowed to pollute the river—another lesson for the people of Australia. There are no water mains at Shanghai. Across the river are the Wootung Water-works, a collection of filter beds, supplied by that rude contrivance, a Californian pump, worked by a dozen coolies, their labour, I presume, being cheaper than steam. The shipping, however, only is supplied from here. There is a Filter Water Company whose carts for a small sum supply hongs and offices, but the majority of residents take river water from coolies, use it in their baths and for cooking, and drink it when filtered. There are a few, but not many wells. With the bountiful supply of fresh water at the Astor-

house, I was for a long time ignorant of the fact that it was all supplied from the river, and, after using a considerable amount, externally and internally, I didn't feel any bad effect; although, remembering the large floating population, the idea at first was not a pleasant one.

Shanghai is a healthy place, in spite of the dead level on which it is built. Some people give it a bad name, but there are reasons for this. "Boy, gimmie brandy; this climate will be the death of me," said the American colonel, as he hung on to the bar of the Astor-house. It's the brandy, and not the climate, which kills many people in China and India. People take too many "pegs," and their influence is plainly visible. There are temperate people, of course, but the general tone of life here is fast. It is not only in drinking that young Shanghai is fast. The majority of European residents are young, or in the prime of life. They have no home ties, and have few of those recreations and amusements commonly known as "innocent." I have heard Shanghai described as "a hotbed of immorality." Well, people here live after the manner of their kind, and life is Oriental in some of its phases. But of late years, as fortunes have not accumulated so rapidly, Europeans and Americans have gone home to get married and bring out their wives, settle in elegant bungalows, and set an example of "sober, righteous, and godly lives." Society is thus formed, or forming, and Mrs. Grundy has become a very terrible personage indeed. There are two divisions here, the good married people, and those about to marry, with the "tame cat" hangers-on of the establishment, and the wicked young men who won't marry, and don't want to marry. There are not many European or American ladies in Shanghai, but they have set a standard of luxurious refinement, and, above all,

good taste. There is nothing "shoddy" here. There have been no such sudden jumps as from bush shanties, from rough-and-ready station life, to Darling Point or St. Kilda—from calico dresses, mutton, and damper, to Government-house garden parties, diamonds, and fine linen. Indeed, I may say that there are few diamonds here, but then there are no soiled and slatternly dresses at home. Shanghai ladies dress most elegantly, and with exquisite taste. As one sees them go rolling by in their close broughams on the Bund, or Bubbling Wells road, of an afternoon, not New York, Paris, or London can turn out better-dressed or more refined looking women. Now this is every day, not once a year, as in Melbourne on the Cup Festival, which is the greatest display of well-dressed womanhood I ever saw. In Sydney, ladies have not even that annual event to excite competition, and are generally renowned for dressing badly—with brilliant exceptions, of course.

Of late years more public amusements have been started in Shanghai, and young men are more removed from the effects of brandy and the climate. Billiards, bowls, and racquets keep some in exercise. There is a Rowing Club, and eights, fours, and singles may be seen on the river every night, with outriggers possessing the latest improvements in sliding seats. The Sailing Club is composed of a number of first-class yachts, with half-deck cabins in the centre and bamboo reefs in their sails, arrangements which I would like to try in Sydney harbour. Two or three regattas are held during the course of the year. Then there is a "Paper Hunt" Club—how the name calls up reminiscences of the Wrekin and Haughmond-hill—but both foxes and hounds here go on pony-back. The meets are once a week during the winter months, and I am told that from fifty to a hundred horsemen turn out at each

event. The country is an easy one enough to negotiate, the greatest obstructions being ditches, which can almost be taken in the stride. The Anglo-Saxon love of horses is well brought out here. They ride and drive more even than in Australia. Nine out of every ten men appear to own ponies and buggies. Racing, too, has become very popular, and the two meetings a year are always well patronised by the ladies. There are several very strong "stables," but owners always assume as extraordinary names to cover their turf careers as any Chinese "Cheap Jack" or "Chop Dollar." Of course most people in Shanghai know that "Mr. Rumtifoozle" is the representative of the great opium house of Blank and Co. here; but then it is not placarded in the papers, and the heads of pious firms in England are not shocked with the knowledge that their agents are on the turf, and, according to city notions, *en route* to the devil. I am glad to say that there is no "professional" sporting element, and that racing is what it originally was in England—a sport and contest between gentlemen. More power to the stables of "Mr. Rumtifoozle" and his friends. The racers are all native "ponies," small, compact, strong-looking cobs. Neither the imported English nor Australian horses do well in this climate. It will be seen that a young man can spend a fair sum in ponies and yachts—not but that the cost of keeping these is less than in the colonies, and one-half what it would be in England. For other sport, the country swarms with game—hares, duck, and pheasants and partridges of a dozen kinds. The close season is as strictly preserved as in Great Britain. No country in the world is so rich in *ferœ naturæ* of a feathered kind as China. The Hon. Judge Denny, U.S. Consul-General at Shanghai, is doing a good work in sending consignments of feathered game to

America for acclimatization. It is a treat to visit his aviaries. It is a pity that the representatives of Great Britain cannot do the same for the colonies.

So much for out-door sport. There are occasionally public balls, but the disproportion of the sexes is too great, and the married section rule the roost. There is a theatre, with an amateur dramatic club giving performances at regular intervals. I am happy to say I did not see one of these. The Temperance Hall is a first-class building, with a good reading-room underneath. Wandering artists sometimes turn up in Shanghai, and I was never so much impressed with the smallness of the world as when the first public placard which struck my eye was "The Carandini Concerts." Last time I met these colonial favourites was at Rockhampton, two years ago. Madame is younger than ever, and Miss Marie broke the hearts of a dozen of the best fellows at the club, who were melted to tears and ruined their pearl kids when she sang "Yet I must leave thee," at the last concert. Little they recked that she sings this song the last night at every place she goes to. But Shanghai isn't a good "show town." People dine late; the ladies don't care for turning out to anything but a dance afterwards, and the men care for nothing but billiards. To a stranger, therefore, the evenings are dull. The Chinese have two theatres always going; but when we landed these were closed, in accordance with a late proclamation in the *Pekin Gazette*, which stated—"On the tenth day of the third month of the seventh year of Kuang Su, Her Majesty the late Empress" (whose eight names of seven syllables and two lines each in length I forbear to quote) "ascended in a *fairy car* to the distant regions." In other words, she died, and so for one hundred days it was com-

manded that there should be neither dancing nor music, neither marrying nor giving in marriage, and also "the army officials and people will wear mourning for twenty-seven days. Neither will they shave their heads for one hundred days." This is something like royal mourning. It is an awkward thing for an expectant bride if a great personage should go up in a fairy car on the eve of matrimony. The whole *trousseau* might be spoilt, becoming out of fashion in that one hundred days. As a Chinese play is nothing without its musical accompaniments, this necessitated the closing of the Shanghai theatres. It was true, as I said, that few, not one per cent., paid any attention to the proclamation about not shaving the heads, and in the foreign settlements here all the natives could laugh at the proclamation; but I suppose the managers and actors at the theatres, like professionals all the world over, move about from city to city, so they dare not stand the chance of breaking this proclamation and being hauled up and severely "squeezed" for it in the future in some native town. I have seen Chinese plays before, and have always had too much for my money. A plot which it takes three months to develop is worse than a *London Journal* story. I only hope that the author gets paid in proportion to the efforts he must make to sustain the interest and find exciting "situations" for that length of time.

The Europeans settled in China lead lives more Oriental than English or colonial. There is an Eastern luxuriousness in the mode of doing business entirely opposite to what one sees in America or the colonies. There is also, I am inclined to think, an acquired Eastern indolence and lack of "smartness" in the business men. But then, why should people exert themselves, or be "smart," when they make so much

money without extra exertion? But, as I have shown, the Chinese are working the Europeans out in every department. Only the oldest and best houses can now stand, and they go on in the old-fashioned way, importing opium, and exporting tea and silks. Messrs. Russell and Co., the American firm whose magnificent pile of new offices is the latest glory of Shanghai, have started a silk factory in the settlement, and, with foreign foremen and native workmen, are turning out fabrics which I dare say are often sold as "best Lyons" in the States; otherwise foreigners confine their attention to shipping and brokering. Business houses here are vast mansions. Clerks work in great spacious halls; one has a room in which twenty would be placed in England. They have all luxurious appliances and means to boot. Even Australian "Bank Goslings," future aristocrats of the land—barring the small percentage which secedes to the corporations of Pentridge and Darlinghurst—would be astonished at the appointments of the offices here. Clerks here all smoke; they write lazily *à la Turque*, and when they have nothing to do they can look out of the windows on gardens rich with magnolia trees and beds of geraniums. Chinese attendants are at hand ready to be sent on any message, and to be sworn at when things go wrong. At the gates of the "compounds" leading to a pile of offices, one finds lodges in which are Chinese porters, who generally know nothing but to keep out their own countrymen, whom they despise and look down on. Any European is a prince to the majority of coolies. In each "hong," or office, there is a "compradore," or steward, who looks after the internal arrangements, honours the "chits," and advances cash to improvident clerks, and generally takes a "squeeze" all round. Very little ready money passes in Shanghai. "Chits" (I O U's) are given for everything. There

is one vast system of general credit amongst the respectable classes. One gives a chit for every purchase—at the hotels for lunches or drinks; at stores for whatever you may require. An absolute stranger is trusted in this way. One signs a chit as one would a cheque in the colonies, and after a time it appears to have the same result for the moment as payment. But the day of reckoning comes. The compradore of any tradesman at the end of the month waits on me with my I O U's. He gets his commission on collecting. My compradore pays him, charging me a commission until my quarter's salary is paid. Before it arrives it is often all hypothecated. It is said that half the people in Shanghai are really bankrupt. When a young man can manufacture a money tender like this, the temptation to spend is very great; but still it is an instance of the original honesty of society. The chit system for small sums came into vogue here through the lack of a staple currency, now supplied by the Japanese coins. Just the same as in Fiji in the old days traders gave I O U's for change, and small notes of hand passed as readily as cheques in the colonies. To the honour of the old hands in the islands be it said that these were always faithfully redeemed. Credit is a great thing—the basis of commerce, I believe—and it says a good deal for the community in which it is freely given. When in New Caledonia my I O U's, the bank having failed, circulated like notes. I felt flattered at first, but came at last to the conclusion that it was the people who honoured themselves by trusting me.

Nearly four years ago I started for the Palmer. Inspector Clohesy drove me in a buggy out of Cooktown. Our companion for a short journey was Captain Orr, of the *Chinkiang*. A few miles out we had a pretty considerable spill. The horses bolted down a gully, and over the tops of two or three gum-

trees—at least, that's how it seemed to me. We were all generally smashed up, and Captain Orr's life was only saved by his watch, otherwise the broken bough on to which he was thrown would have staved in his ribs, and ruptured his heart. He was severely injured as it was, and my journey to the Palmer was stopped. Since then, Inspector Clohesy has died, lamented by all, and the palmy days of Cooktown have gone, never to return. The *Chinkiang* and other great steamers, which, in the old times, brought thousands of Chinamen and thousands of tons of rice to feed them, trade there no more. And now I meet Captain Orr here in Shanghai, and exchange reminiscences of the time when we ran a near chance of having our necks broken in company. The spot where we came to grief is a show place to this day; if we had been killed, what an attraction it would have been! The *Chinkiang* now trades regularly to Hong Kong, and may be taken as a type of what the local boats are on the China coast. With the exception of the officers, Chinese are employed. The condition in which she is kept is beautiful; nothing like it is to be seen in Australian waters. At the head of the steerage companion-way is a large brass plate, arabesqued, and engraved with Chinese and old English characters. This sets forth how, two years since, Captain S. M. Orr, with the s.s. *Chinkiang*, rescued the crew and passengers of a crowded junk in a typhoon, and therefore this plate was presented to him by the Chinese merchants of Shanghai, to be set up in his vessel as a memorial, which all men might see, of his gallantry and humanity, and an inducement to others to go and do likewise. One may be sure that the *Chinkiang* is well patronized by Chinese passengers. I moralize, as I read this, on what trifles the world wags. Suppose Captain Orr had left his watch behind when we got

spilt on the Palmer road, he would certainly have been killed; these Chinese would not have been rescued, and Messrs. Siemssen's passenger returns would not have been so profitable. Also, I should not again enjoy "swizzles" and tiffins on board the *Chinkiang*, which I fully appreciate, for on no ships in the world is there a better service or better cooking than on these. Also, Captain Orr would not have driven me in his buggy to "The Farm." For my sailor friend, although he has his house and home in Hong Kong, keeps a buggy and pony here, and another animal to carry him in the paper chases in the winter when his vessel is in port.

The farm is one of the European institutions of Shanghai which the Chinese have not been able to imitate or work out. It is a vast dairy, which, in the manner it is conducted, sets an example not only to the colonies but to the world. One drives down the Nankin-road—next to the Bund, the broadest thoroughfare in Shanghai—and called by the natives "The Horse Road." Every house, however, is a native one, and either a shop or eating-place. Crossing a wooden bridge over a small canal, on one side there is the racecourse, and on the other the premises of the Shanghai Horse Bazaar. The course is a fair one, and well kept, with a good grand stand; but I should imagine it would be heavy going thereon in the winter. During the summer season there are no races. It is supposed to be too hot. To one from New South Wales or Queensland, it seems absurd to hear the people of Shanghai complain of the heat. I have not felt a real hot day since I have been here, but then the residents feel the change from the excessively cold winters. The racecourse also acts as a cricket-ground, a double duty which I am surprised has not been imitated in the colonies. Scores of ponies and cattle are feeding on the

course, and find plenty of good keep. We are now in the Bubbling Wells-road, but a board, inscribed "To the Farm," directs us up a small lane, and 100 yards further we halt before a fine residence, which certainly doesn't look like a farm-house, any more than Mr. Ferguson resembles an English dairyman. All visitors to the farm are hospitably treated to new milk, and to this it is considered necessary to add whisky, as a precaution. The boy who waits on us is surprised that my companion passes this, but his drinking is confined to claret. I follow this good example, and take a tumbler of the cool milk—which I won't say is the best, but is as good as any I have drunk in my life. The dairy-rooms, high and cool, with running water on the floors, keeping the air always sweet, are models of what these should be. I have seen nothing in England or America superior. Chinamen are not such picturesque adjuncts as apple-faced, smooth-armed, foolish English dairymaids, who, since George Eliot immortalized one in "Adam Bede," have been favourite characters of lady novelists; but I believe they are much more useful, and do their work better. I don't think Mr. Ferguson could get on with a dozen English girls here. About one hundred and fifty milking cows are kept at the farm. Many are running out on the racecourse, the only piece of meadow land near Shanghai, but a good deal of stall-feeding has to be done. All the external arrangements are admirable, and the cows are treated as valuable animals—which, indeed, they are, Mr. Ferguson having just paid £24 each for a dozen Australian cows which the captain of the *Norfolk* brought from Sydney as a private speculation. All the milk cows have had to be imported, as till within the last few years none but buffalo cattle were known here. Besides the dairy and stalls, Mr. Ferguson has

in his garden a fine collection of geraniums and camellias. "The Farm" at Shanghai is a pleasant spot in which to live.

Returning to town, we stopped at the Horse Bazaar to inspect my friend's pony. The building is quite in the orthodox style, with high roof and stalls on each side; but loose boxes have been run up, forming courts at the front and rear. A series of coachhouses accommodate all sorts of wheeled vehicles. I am told that there are five hundred ponies at livery here, which will give some idea as to the extent the European residents indulge in horse-flesh. Men examining their steeds, having them trotted around, lovingly criticising every detail—this was quite English or colonial; the strangeness was to see the grooms and helpers—*mafoos*, as they are called here, the equivalent of the Indian *syce*, with shaven heads and pigtails. Yet in these men there was something horsey and familiar. They appeared to be shaved closer, their tails tied tighter, their clothes seemed more rakish; and when one chewing a straw hissed and clucked in true British fashion, I expected every minute to hear him call out the well-known "Now, then, coom over." Then there rode along the yard, talking to an English gentleman, one whom in any part of the world you would have said was a horsedealer. Put him in breeches and boots, give him close-cropped hair instead of a shaven skull, crown him with a white hat, and turn him out in Yorkshire, Birmingham, Islington, or Kirk's Bazaar, and every one would recognize his vocation, and that he was a man it was no use trying tricks on. He was the smartest-looking Chinaman I have ever seen. Nothing "childlike and bland;" quite other than so: his keen eyes darted round, watching everywhere for a point. When he saw an inquiring,

curious look in mine, I could see he booked me as a possible customer. Everything about him was horsey and tight, from his screwed-up pigtail to his trousers, over which his socks were drawn—a very good imitation of gaiters. The fiery Tartar pony he rode was decorated with a collar of bells. In the Mexican-shaped saddle, and with short stirrups, the man sat like a Centaur. Every detail, from snaffle to the heavy whip in his hand, was "workmanlike." This was the chief of a band of horsedealers, one of many who travel from far-off Tartary and Mongolia, and bring "mobs" of ponies—sometimes a thousand in number—to dispose of in this district. In Shanghai they find their best market. A "griffin" can, however, be bought for twenty-five to thirty dollars. In a bamboo-stake corral adjoining the bazaar some fifty ponies were confined. We passed into this; the animals huddled in one corner. The dealer pointed out a particular pony to his men. Armed with a long bamboo, with a noose at the end of it, this was lassoed, and, after a little resistance, bridled and trotted around. Others were treated in the same manner. At last one griffin, when snared, reared up and fought, and broke the bamboo pole, and, with half of it clattering at his heels and flying about, rushed round the corral, causing a stampede amongst the frightened animals from which we were glad to escape. The calm manner in which the horsedealer managed his own pony then was worthy of the ring. It was certainly more exciting than anything seen in a circus. As we walked to the road the dealer overtook us. "Good day, gentlemen. You wanchee buy pony?" "By-and-bye, another day," said I. A very smart man, this; but not smart enough to know the small amount of taels in my pocket. A hobby is the only thing I can afford to ride of my own.

CHAPTER XI.

A NATIVE CITY.

One of the first things a visitor to Shanghai must do is to pay a visit to the native city. The entrance to this is from the French settlement. One emerges from a narrow street on to the side of a canal, which also acts as a moat. This runs round the city wall. A narrow strip of ground, twenty or thirty yards in width, is between these. This is utilized by traders crowded out of the city or the settlements. Here are potters who display for sale enormous jars in which Morgiana might have hidden the Forty Thieves before giving them the supreme unction of boiling oil. There are furniture shops, carpenters' yards—every inch of land is occupied. The old grey wall, made of small bricks, is not so high, and does not appear so strong, as those of European fortified cities. One drives for a mile along the moat, and sees absolutely nothing inside the walls. To a stranger it appears as if the wall protected the settlements; that, passing through it, one would be outside, not inside, a populous city. Everything is so still and quiet beyond. Grass is on the walls, the tops of trees can be occasionally seen, bastions are at certain distances, and in one place a house is built on the top. But there is no sign of life. This might be the great wall of China, with the desert outside. On the settlement side of the moat one is in a Chinese Petticoat-lane or Paddy's market. Booths are plentiful. All sorts of new and old slop clothes are sold here. Spread on the ground are the most ancient of boots and dilapidated garments. Old utensils, pieces of iron and brass, all the rakings of a *chiffonier* are exposed for sale, and, I presume,

find buyers. The *cash* currency, 1,200 to a dollar, enables a value to be fixed on what would be worthless in other parts of the world where there are no coins sufficiently small to fix such a minimum standard. After a time we come to a narrow bridge, and here we have to alight from our jin-ric-shas. The sides are crowded with hawkers, who impede the passage, and it is with difficulty we force our way through the hundreds of Celestials who swarm backwards and forwards. This bridge is approached on each side by steps, to make the entrance to the city as uncomfortable as possible. In the wall before us is a bastion, but no apparent gate; but, turning the corner, we find a door in the wall. It is not so large as the entrance to many public buildings in Australia. Here we are bailed up by a Chinaman who, like Cassius, has a lean and hungry look. He is on the prowl for victims in the shape of foreign visitors, and offers to guide us through the city and to the show places, the tea-garden, joss-houses, and prison. There are no apparent guards at the gates, which are of wood, and do not appear very strong. We enter into a narrow, paved passage with two-storied buildings on each side. This is the main entrance and the main street of the native city of Shanghai, and one Chinese town resembles another as two peas. There is an engraved tablet at the gate, which looks like the Tables of the Law. It may enunciate the words of wisdom of Confucius, or pains and penalties to which all who enter here are liable.

Now we are in the midst of a seething throng of people, pushing backwards and forwards. The lanes are only ten feet wide; some are pretty considerably crowded in our progression. We notice a difference between the people here and those in the settlements—the former, with few exceptions, having their heads unshaved in compliance with the edict on

the Empress's death. Coolies carrying great weights on bamboos stagger past us, giving their monotonous but not unmusical cry of "Ay-Ai" as a warning to clear the track. Louder cries are heard, and palankeens are borne by at a trot. These are the high officials, or wealthy residents, whose relative importance is to be judged by the noise their bearers make and the speed at which they are carried. The shops on each side are the same as the Chinese shops in the settlements, but all of a reduced size. Everything here is in miniature. As we get farther away from the entrance, the throng decreases. The lanes cross each other at right angles, diagonally, every-way; it is a regular Chinese puzzle, and in a few minutes we have quite lost our bearings. No European could find his way about this city; hence our guide, Cassius, and his tribe make honest livings. They are really necessary, which professional guides and *ciceroni* in many parts of the world are not.

The open spaces are very few. We cross a canal which runs under the walls, guarded by water-gates; further on a bridge spans a sluggish stream, which appears to be the *Cloaca Maxima* of the place. M. objects to smells; occasionally we come across some that are not savoury, and in very hot weather would possibly be high, but as a truthful historian I do not, in this native town, meet with anything half so bad as I have experienced on the banks of the Yarra, or in the streets of Sydney. Closely confined as these lanes are, I am surprised at the purity of the air. The great thing which strikes a stranger is the silence and quietude. People in the streets move about noiselessly, they chatter less, and the absence of wheeled vehicles is a great cause of the prevailing stillness. All the houses are of wood; stone is only used for paving the streets, and the public buildings are of brick. One is not

surprised to hear of thousands of houses being destroyed here in a single fire. Hanging from the shop fronts are numberless banners, signs and emblems of the trades carried on. These are very poetic and touching to those who understand them. We find for a time enjoyment enough in watching the mechanics at their work—the skilful carver, the pipemaker, the gold lace weaver, the embroiderer, and the coffinmaker. There are scores of shops devoted to the latter business. Solid, massive affairs are these last receptacles, carved and polished like first-class furniture of mortality. If there is one thing a Chinaman takes a pride in, it is his coffin. The working coolie saves up money for this. When purchased he keeps it in his house, and has an affection for it as something which belongs to him personally—one of his household gods, which, when he goes to the "fairy regions," cannot be converted to other uses. We, who pride ourselves on our civilization, banish all emblems of death, and avoid an undertaker's shop and the society of its proprietor. In China the coffinmaker is an important citizen, and his shop is always surrounded by an admiring crowd, who point out to each other the style they like best and mean to indulge in when their means allow them. A funeral with them, except it is a "court" one, is not a season of mourning but of feasting. We shortly meet one, and have to stand aside to let it pass in Indian file. All the mourners are dressed in white, and, but for the coffin borne aloft under a catafalque, one would imagine it to be a wedding. Just after this comes a procession in honour of some joss. The image is carried in an open palankeen, and a file of worshippers bearing banners, cooked meats, and beating gongs follow. Everywhere that we stop the workers are most polite and courteous in allowing us to satisfy our curiosity. They will show us the articles they

are making, and their mode of working; and this not from any desire to sell, for we are never asked to purchase, but from natural kindness of heart. The workroom and shop combined has the front entirely open to the street; the sleeping places are in a loft above. At night-time, I suppose, the place is closed up with shutters. In winter it must be very cold in these draughty wooden houses, where fireplaces are unknown, and coal and charcoal is sold by the half-pound. The Chinese are deficient in one thing. As a race they do not know how to warm themselves, their idea in this direction not advancing beyond a handful of charcoal in a box.

What strikes us most is the fact that so very few women are to be seen in the streets. Those that there are toddle about painfully on their small feet. Some have great strings of *cash* over their shoulders, with which they are going shopping; but this feminine amusement, and the general process of "gadding about"—which I am told is one of the attributes of lovely woman—is necessarily curtailed by the difficulty of locomotion. Inside any Chinese city it would be impossible for the jin-ric-sha, or wheelbarrow, to ply; and none but the highest classes possess palankeens. I wonder if the practice of torturing the female feet was first invented by jealous husbands to keep their wives at home. It has that effect, anyhow. We pass a number of gambling-places, where fantan and dominoes are played for very small stakes. Eating and tea houses there are in plenty, but we see no opium shops. There is an edict against these—although, no doubt, there are many secret ones, the proprietors of which are periodically "squeezed" by the mandarin. At street corners are story-tellers and fortune-tellers. At these latter one pays a few *cash* for the privilege of drawing at random a roll of paper from a heap, from which

the proprietor reads your good or bad destiny. Here are apothecaries in toy-shops, surrounded by strange drugs, looking like alchemists of the Middle Ages.

After sight-seeing in the streets, our guide takes us to the first show. It is a large enclosed yard with high walls. Here are a number of large earthen bowls filled with water. These contain gold and silver fish of all ages, some of which I understand are for sale; but we don't require any of these pets, and Cassius loses his *cumshaw*, which, of course, he gets on every transaction we make. Not but what these fish are very curious. Their large eyes project out of the sides of their heads in a manner grotesquely comical. They are the counterparts of those ugly and, as I always imagined, impossible fishes which are seen depicted on porcelain and paintings in this country. This opens up a series of ideas. The Chinese are the oldest known nation; their records are the most ancient; they have changed in nothing for thousands of years, but have gone on in everything perpetuating the same forms. Many of these, which we hold to be absurd and ridiculous, are perhaps only extinct. Then these fishes are preserved evidently as great curiosities. But why may not other monstrosities have existed? Why should there not have been an actual foundation for the adoption of the dragon as the national emblem of China? I think it is very possible, for this is not an imaginative people, and there must have been some substratum of fact for the perpetuation of the dragon in heraldry and artistic fiction. If such beasts were, the Chinese are certainly the only race who would preserve a record of their existence.

From this strange fish farm we are taken to what is the largest open space in the native city. In the midst is a large

pond, on whose green scum ducks feed with gusto. Bridges paved with stone cross this, and in the centre is a turreted structure. Beforetime this was a tea-house, and a popular resort. Now it appears to be a sort of "Joss" house, as it contains a life-size figure, in black gown and beard, of some sainted Buddhist priest or follower of Confucius. Crossing the little lake, we pass restaurants, where men are eating and drinking of the best; pass barbers' shops where, in defiance of the proclamation, men are having their heads shaved. Figaro will be squeezed for this by-and-bye.

Then Cassius knocks at a little wicket in a high blank wall, and we are admitted into the celebrated tea-garden, which, from its outer appearance, might be a prison instead of a place of amusement. Here I realize the China of my youth, as impressed on an imaginative mind by Albert Smith's lectures, and, earlier still, by those pleasant fictitious works of the different missionary societies. A young girl admits us. After the crowded, narrow alleys, we are in a sort of fairy land. The place cannot be of very great extent, but it is most cunningly laid out. There are winding walks, kiosks, bridges over the artificial waters, flowering shrubs, peach trees in blossom, tea plants. Birds, with merry song, fly from tree to tree. Bees flit from flower to flower. Not a sound can be heard from outside. Everything is peaceful and arcadian. One might be a thousand miles in the country, instead of in the centre of a city of 175,000 inhabitants. If such a place as this could be transplanted into the midst of a European capital, the proprietor would make a fortune in showing it. There are large houses, elegantly furnished in the Chinese style, for tea drinking. We want none of this, and leave them in possession of a few bearded melancholy old men. All

the old men in China look sad, as if they had been very Solomons in their day, and found out the vanity of all earthly pleasures. Cassius shows us round. The first thing he draws our attention to is a cairn of rocks. These, when struck, ring like metal. Near these are the trunks of some petrified trees —not only rare in themselves, but causing much curiosity as to how they got here. We stroll round about through cool grottoes and gullies. All the paths are paved. The greatest care and labour has been expended on this place. The walls are adorned with plaster basso-relievoes, preserved by glass cases. From a Chinese point of view, these are great works of art. An abundant number of dragons are represented; these form the great stock-in-trade of the Chinese artist. When in doubt, or to fill up a space, he throws in a dragon. A few more or less don't count, and they always excite admiration. Down by the artificial stream which winds round the grounds are other dragons, carved out of the rock, and which appear as if issuing from the water. This is a quaint conceit, which Cassius admires very much, and wishes us to share in his admiration. We are taken round to an alcove, covered with European names—French and English. It seems that the white plaster walls have been provided on purpose to satisfy this caddishness of our civilization, and prevent the other buildings being defaced. When I see the name of a "variety singer" from the colonies scrawled here, a good deal of the charm which has hung around the place vanishes. This tea-garden, which is one of the strangest, quaintest places I have seen in China, is not much frequented by Europeans, and few people from the settlements come here.

Next we are taken to a joss-house, from the lane passing into a wide court. If it belongs to the temple, there are

money-changers, and buyers and sellers here as in old time in Judæa. There is also a book and newspaper stall here. Periodical literature, with thrilling tales "to be continued in our next," are very popular amongst the natives. The sheets cost two or five *cash* each. It is evident that these are eligible situations for business. One extraordinary thing we notice is that, with the exception of the jealously walled-in tea-garden, every public place appears to be open, and to connect with some other place. There is no line of demarcation. Old and ugly carvings are over the second gate; age and neglect are visible on all sides. We enter the temple. It is dark and grimy. Many people are about. We pass behind a screen, invited thither by a *bonz* in grey robe. Here is great Joss seated—gigantic, stern, cruel—with black beard and moustache, dingy and dirty—a thorough Tartar idol: we don't think much of him. He has four attendant figures ugly as himself. An iron screen is in front of the altar, on which red wax candles are placed by acolytes, who have no distinguishing garments. We are told that we must "*Chin-chin*" to Joss, namely, bow and salute, but as the priest holds out his hand at the same time, twenty cents settles that question. For myself, if I ever chin-chined I shouldn't draw the line fine, but M., being a strict Wesleyan, would scorn to follow the example of Naaman. As a show this temple isn't of much account, but we are interested in a little soothsaying operation which goes on. A worshipper comes behind the screen with a round wooden case in his hand. containing a sheaf of long slips of wood, each endorsed with letters or numbers. He shakes these round and round, takes one out at random, and lays it down on the altar before Joss. Then the priest hands him two pieces of wood shaped liked a short cow-horn, split in half.

The man drops these three times. I am told that if both flat sides, or both round sides, come up the augury is unfavourable, but if odd sides come up the prayer will most likely be answered. This appears to me to be the origin of the game of "props." Then the petitioner took his slip of wood to a priest at the door, who turned up a code and told the fortune corresponding with the number. I refuse to encourage such mummery by testing the augury of Joss in this way, or purchasing, as I am strongly advised to, a string of the oil tablets in silver paper which are hung before the altar, and are reputed to be specially lucky if burnt on board ship.

When one visits temples and public places in China, venerable with age, and the centre of ancient traditions, it is astonishing the little interest one can evolve in them. We are ignorant of all the events which have happened here during these ages, the knowledge of which lends such a charm to European travel, or places in the Eastern and Western worlds of which we possess records. Chinese cities and temples interest us not; they are not beautiful in themselves (for the Celestials are not architects), and the legends connected with them are to us as *caviare* to the million. It is more interesting to study the manners and customs of the people themselves in their street life. After a time, however, the long row of streets gets monotonous. Nothing but shops for miles. One wonders who can buy all the stores here. There is apparently very little custom, for, wherever we enter, we are the only purchasers. Porcelain ware, curios, embroideries, everything is priced about half what it would be in the settlements. If I had that cheque which is so long coming, how I would invest some £200 for friends in the colonies. At one store, where we buy two silk scarfs, which

are weighed before being priced to us, Cassius informs us that this is the "One-price Shop." "Only the right price charged here, for has not the proprietor published that he will forfeit 1,000 taels to anyone who can prove that he sells a thing for more than it is worth?" I have heard claptrap announcements like this in colonial towns. We can evidently teach the Chinese nothing new in business matters. The scarfs are cheap enough, and I am not going to claim the 1,000 taels; but in changing the English sovereign the "spirited proprietor" only allowed five dollars ten cents, whereas in the settlement we get twenty cents premium. However, as he first weighed and tested the sovereign, it was perhaps its full value.

Tired of examining merchandise, we ask to be taken to the prison. Near this we pass a guard. Two tents are pitched in an open ten-feet space on each side of the street. Outside these some old pikes are displayed, and one disreputable looking old soldier, in a baggy blue uniform, stands sentry, armed with a muzzle-loading rifle and a bayonet. There may be civic guardians about, but this man is the only outward and visible sign of authority we have seen. The prison slopes over into the street. In a slight wooden cage outside four men are confined, who are shortly to be executed for murders committed. They are heavily ironed on arms and legs, and chained to long heavy bars, which, when they stand up, they have to hold like halberds. They look tolerably easy these *morituri*, not much affected by their approaching end, and, with an eye to the present, proceed to beg *cash*. I gave each twenty *cash*, about a penny, but then I like to be generous in such cases. I remember the last time I had interviewed one about to die. It was in the convict prison of Ile Nou, in New Caledonia. Four men had attempted to escape, two were shot

dead, and another lay dying in the hospital with a bullet through his lungs, nursed as tenderly as a prince by the good sisters of St. Joseph. The fourth was confined in the condemned cell, sentenced to be guillotined on the morrow. "Certainly, Monsieur could see him if he wished." The door was unlocked, and a youth of about nineteen was discovered reading a pamphlet. "Yes! he knew he was to die on the morrow. It was not amusing, but what would you? It was his bad fortune." Examining the tract, I found that, in good French, the Abbé Segur propounded on the outside the conundrum, "What is Hell?" and inside proceeded to answer it to his own satisfaction. I suggested that this also was not amusing, and that a smoke would do him more good. His eyes brightened at this. Giving him, therefore, two cigars, I placed one in his mouth and struck a match, with which he lighted it. The *surveillants* who accompanied me made no objection; was I not armed with the passport of *Monsieur le Gouverneur* to see and do what I liked? A great scoundrel he might have been, but condemned to die for an attempt to escape seemed a hard lot, and I thought tobacco might be an antidote to the tract left by the priest. Besides, we are not told that the cup of water should be given only to good children.

One pockmarked ruffian in this cage before us, who seems a sort of Chinese Ned Kelly, refuses the *cash* I offer him, and, as Cassius says, demands ten cents. One cannot encourage such conduct, even in a man who is about to be beheaded, so he gets nothing, but gives me his curse, which I bear lightly. The *cash* the prisoners exchange for fruit and cakes, at a stall just outside their cage. A small crowd of children and idlers follows us into a court, where, through the bars, we see a small,

close room, but matted and comfortable from a Chinese point of view. Here are a number of well-dressed men, high-class criminals, commercial swindlers and such, who can afford to pay for being thus well treated. On into another dingy court, where everything seems tumbling to pieces. Here we are shown a cage in which criminals are suspended by a board closing round their necks, with their toes just touching the ground, and, with arms secured behind them, are thus left to die of hunger and thirst. But the ordinary Chinese mode of execution is decapitation. Their local Gatelys are very neat at this, I believe. M., who, being a colonial, is of a blood-thirsty disposition, wanted an execution at once, but Cassius could not arrange the show. Through other bars and gates we see prisoners walking, and in a hall great tables piled with grain and rice, where the customs or octroi dues are paid in kind. The crowd which follows us is courteous. As customary, no doubt, they designate us "foreign devils," but I take that as a mark of respect. The people chatter amongst themselves, and no doubt are as amused with us as we are with them. When M. empties his pockets in giving coin to the babies they are highly pleased, and when one little larrikin makes a remark which, I presume, is impudent, he is corrected by a smart box on the ears and the indignant protests of his elders, and slinks away discomfited. Where in Great Britain or the colonies would two Chinese meet with such treatment? The more I see of these people the more I admire them.

I don't particularly wish it, but Cassius insists on showing us one of the mission-houses. There are three—English, French, and American. This was the former—Presbyterian, I should say. It is the airiest and most spacious building in the city, but it is the most uncomfortable-looking. It is of the

type of thousands of Calvinistic temples in Great Britain. With stiff whitewashed walls, large glass windows, hard seats, and orthodox pulpit, it is entirely out of place here. Native ministers officiate, I am told, who are well paid by the societies. Tired now with a four hours' walk, we insist on Cassius taking us to the gate. Possibly the only Europeans—at least, we have seen none other—amongst this population of 175,000 aliens, we have met with nothing but courtesy. All seem happy, well fed, and contented. The shopboys and apprentices are particularly fat, and the babies well looked after. All are working; but the only debasing work is that of the coolies, who carry everything needed in the city—water, building materials, refuse, bags of merchandise, whole carcases of pigs and calves—on bamboos slung across their shoulders. In the settlements it is the custom to speak of the "filth and squalor" of the native city, and strangers often penetrate but a short distance through the gates, just to say they have been there; whereas, as a sample of native life, it well repays some hours' exploration. I should much like to see all these streets at night lit up by lanterns, one vast bazaar; but at eight o'clock the gates are closed, and no Europeans ever stop inside. Then, when the door is well tyled and all strangers are excluded, the city seems to wake up and the people to enjoy themselves. Fireworks are let off, rockets spangle the sky, crackers unite with the sound of the drum and the pipe to make night hideous. Far into the small hours this disturbance is often kept up, and mariners in the harbour awake with the idea that there is a native revolution. It is well that these hardworking people should sometimes adjourn from their labours to the childish refreshments which satisfy their souls.

CHAPTER XII.

"JOSS" BUDDHA.

AFTER the Bund, the pride and glory of Shanghai, is the Bubbling Wells road. Here are the residences of the first families. It is the Fifth Avenue, the Mayfair, St. Kilda, and Darling Point of the foreign settlement. Not that in Australia one finds so much luxury and refinement as there is here. One drives past bungalows in large compounds enclosed with low walls and thick hedges. The buildings are all spacious and handsome. In some of the newer ones a fancy hybrid and striking style of architecture is being attempted; but in the East one thinks more of internal conveniences and comforts than outward display. Ample provision is made for the votaries of lawn tennis. A mile from the racecourse and we reach a bridge, the boundary of the municipality, but the road and villas extend on into the country. A short distance farther, and thirsty travellers halt at a sign which bears the legend of "Oliver's Bungalow." *En passant*, I may remark that in this climate, at this season, one is always righteously thirsty. Oliver is not, and when in the flesh would have scorned to be identified with the retail refreshment business, having been a heavy Government swell; but his memory is immortalized thus in true English fashion. In this pleasant villa, very unlike a colonial roadside pub., we find the proprietress, a pretty widow from the colonies, who has an army of pet dogs *en garde*, and we drink gin and soda in a verandah, in the midst of ferns and creepers and fanciful refinements, and sigh that such things are not to be met with in Australia, where, if anything should make the inhabitants Good Templars,

it would be the uncomfortable and lowering surrounding in which they have to take their liquor. Further on the road is bordered on one side by open country, on the other by a stream in which tethered water-buffaloes wallow. The villas still extend along its banks, the inhabitants paying ground-rent to the Taotai, the local mandarin. The land at first is divided into patches bearing garden produce to supply the settlement. Then come fields of grain and of paddy. These are all open as on the continent, the different possessions being divided by narrow paths. Hundreds of peasants are at work, hoeing slowly and carefully. Every inch of land is tended as scrupulously by these as the beds of a flower garden. Others are harvesting the wheat crop. All the workers are, for their station, well dressed; all have shoes, and broad hats to shade them from the sun. Many women are hoeing, but, as in Fiji, they appear to work in gangs away from the men. All appear well fed, contented, and happy. They evidently do not fare hard; there is no misery here, as in Ireland and on the Continent. I can well believe what I am told, that in this northern district of China the peasantry are as prosperous as anywhere in the world. They toil for their daily bread, it is true, but they work slowly and carefully —patience is the secret of the great results they achieve. The heavy weights of country produce which pass us on wheelbarrows are wheeled by coolies, who progress at a creeping pace. But this race is slow but sure in everything. The tortoise, not the dragon, should be the emblem of China.

In the fields one sees mounds of graves and piles of fertilizer. In the distance native country-houses are visible, all walled outside, forming a square, to which one gate alone affords entry. This good road, with a path at the side, extends for

two miles outside the municipal boundary, to the Bubbling Wells. The residents in this outer camp have no taxes, no licences to pay, except a trifling yearly fee to the Taotai. They reap the benefit of the road made by municipal funds; and the Shanghai police and postmen also come down here—for the First Families must be looked after. From five to seven o'clock in the summer evenings this road is really one of the sights of the world. Hundreds of vehicles pass up and down. Broughams, barouches, phaetons, dog-carts, buggies, children in miniature pony carriages—reminding one of the Bois—other children taking their first lessons in equitation, men riding in the orthodox English fashion. But the majority are driving, and there are no ladies on horseback. Lawn tennis is almost too much exertion in the East for the fair sex. They prefer at five o'clock to put on their war-paint—figuratively speaking, of course—and loll back in a brougham and pair, admired, also, of course, by all, and all especial objects of interest to the Chinese women, who are taking their evening drive on the road. Numbers of open carriages are filled with singing girls and their *amahs*—female servants who act as duennas. These girls, of whom one hears so much, are painted and enamelled, their hair plastered down, and every endeavour apparently exerted to give their faces a flat and expressionless appearance. And I must confess that, from our point of view, their efforts are rewarded with success. But this is a Chinaman's type of beauty, the flat-faced woman familiar to us on porcelain-ware and pictures. The more inane-looking these girls (some of whom would otherwise be really pretty) make themselves appear, the greater their beauty. Their dress seems simple enough. A Chinaman with only two visible garments, always of the same sack-like pattern, has not much chance of putting

on style, but their uncovered heads are often adorned with strings of pearls of great price. The young Chinese who come to spend their money in Shanghai as a regular Paris of amusement and dissipation, go mad about these girls, and lavish as vast sums on them as the golden youth of the French capital did on Nana and her friends of the theatres. So a singing girl often accumulates a large fortune, and ends her days in the odour of respectability and sanctity. But to achieve this she must be absurdly ugly, and have a voice like a screech-owl. There are many other Chinese women driving about, often family groups, and in these the children have an eager, inquiring look which it is delightful to see, as an evidence of a joint human nature with these strange people.

But amongst the Celestials "stag parties" are the most numerous. The young Chinese bucks, with their long, embroidered silk garments, their carriages decorated with bouquets of flowers, beautiful to behold, would, I am sure, be an object of great astonishment to the larrikins of Melbourne and Sydney. Some of the New South Wales agitators, who are great on "moon-eyed lepers," would never recover the sight. But young China is also very fond of driving in the foreign style, and he mostly affects a dog-cart. I have an idea that this is because the *mafoo* behind can jump down and run to the horse's head if it should turn restless. It may be, however, that a dog-cart, being thoroughly English, is considered penultimate *chic*. It is a strange sight to see a Shanghai Celestial, with flowing pigtail, handling the ribbons in orthodox style, and, with a man-about-town air, showing the lions to a young friend from the country. It is a still stranger sight when the Jehu, as is often the case, is adorned with a pair of round tortoise-shell goggles, three inches in diameter. Mixed up

with these will be some sober-looking Parsees in a basket carriage, and some Hebrews in the most showy vehicles, for is not the name of Sassoon mighty in the land? First of opium smugglers in the old days, one of the firm in England has been knighted for his success in so acquiring wealth. Altogether, the drive on the Bubbling Wells road is a thing unique. Every day there are more vehicles to be seen here than at any time in the colonies, except at Flemington or Randwick.

Hearing so much of the road, and seeing the wonderful number of "turn-outs," imagination leads one to think that there will be something very striking in the Bubbling Well itself. But this is a fraud, from a show point of view. It is a simple, ordinary spring, bubbling up from the ground, similar to hundreds in Europe and America. No angel troubles the waters; no cures are effected here. It is walled round, and a Chinese inscription is carved on the stone, but what it is all about I cannot discover. I cannot find out from our European *cicerone* that there is any legend connected with this; but then, beyond their business and pleasure relations residents are, as a rule, very deficient in knowledge of things Chinese. One has to do a great deal of interviewing to obtain any required information. The *raison d'être* of the Bubbling Well appears to be in the hotel and joss-house opposite. There is a small tea-house and peach garden frequented by the natives, but as the well draws strangers to see nothing, they are drawn to the hotel adjacent, kept by a Scotchman, to console themselves. This is a popular hostelry, frequented by bachelors as the outward terminus of their evening's ride. Crowds of vehicles are outside; up stairs and down the verandahs are thronged with guests. This is the real well. Here in the billiard-room I find a number of Chinese swells playing the French game. They are good per-

formers with the cue, and drink champagne with gusto. Their politeness and courtesy to each other is most pleasing to witness. High-toned gentlemen, evidently, whose mauve and lilac brocaded silk robes I should like to have for some friends in the colonies. It is a pleasant, easy, and cool costume, much more graceful than the coats, &c., of our civilization. You see I am getting to admire the Chinese costume; but the more I see of these people at home, the more I like them. After seeing the gardens and imbibing zoedone, we proceed to the joss-house, the most celebrated round Shanghai, which brings out many Chinese, mostly women. It has an ordinary, mean outside. At the dingy entrance is a gigantic painted red and gold figure, with threatening sword. Guardian of the temple, this is meant to look fierce, but to our eyes is only comical, and it doesn't seem to scare anyone. Through a side door we enter the first temple. Here, on a high pedestal, is a life-size gilt figure of jolly "Joss," who is depicted laughing-visaged, "with fair round belly," around which his hands are complacently folded. A sort of iron grill is before the altar, on which, by the droppings of wax around, votive tapers have been burnt. The surroundings are all mean, the walls dingy. We pass through a court into another building. Here are two more *bizarre* figures which would do well outside a London tobacconist's door, far eclipsing in attraction the smoking Indian or snuff-taking Highlander. Here is another gilt joss, a little more reverent-looking. Here, too, is a very large and beautifully engraved bell, said to be chiefly composed of silver. It has a most musical sound. In old days I am told there was a golden joss here, but he has long since been melted down. Through a back door we pass into a well-kept court. In front is the entrance of the great temple. It is really very fine and

interesting to a stranger, and the gigantic gilt figure of Buddha, which faces us as we enter, attracts us so much that we forget the disappointment caused by the Bubbling Well, and stand in admiration of this emblem of power and wisdom.

No longer a jolly larking appearance, no longer displaying ordinary human passions, this figure is Buddha as he is personified in the Eastern World, the "Light of Asia," whose followers surpass those of any other form of creed, numbering, it is said, 470 millions. It is the same face that one sees in temples of this faith everywhere. The same cross-legged figure is represented from Dai Boodsa, in Japan, to furthest Ind. The calm, passionless features strike one with the same sense of sedate power which one recognizes in many Egyptian monuments. And there is more; a supreme unconsciousness —a wisdom far removed from the things of this world; there is "perfect purity and tenderness;" the eternity of *nirvana*, at which the believers in this religion hope that they will some day arrive. Whoever first made an image of Buddha, which has served as the type for the thousands in the East, was certainly an inspired artist. The many mysteries added to the simple Buddhist creed, the absurd ritualism which has been grafted on this, as on other faiths, I cannot attempt to deal with; but to those who have read in a broad spirit Mr. Edwin Arnold's work, this personification of the princely founder of Buddhism, styled "the Saviour of the World," comes as a material revelation. Artists whose genius has never been surpassed have left behind them enough sacred Christian subjects, but none have given us anything like the ideal figure of Buddha. It personifies the spirit as the Venus de Medici does the flesh. Raised on a high altar, this herculean idol (as my missionary friends would call it) has by its side a standing female figure

of life-size, also gilt, which, with clasped hands, appears to be appealing for that mercy of which she is the goddess. On a raised platform round the temple are twenty other gilt figures, life-size and life-like. They are all sitting, but otherwise in all sorts of postures. Some are reading, some in meditation, some in argument, some expounding, some threatening with up-lifted fist, some enjoying a *dolce far niente*, one with a crozier would pass for a Catholic priest; one has a crook, another nurses some impossible animal, and one is decorated with a fine black beard. The expressions of all are very good. These, I am told, are some of the sacred followers of Buddha, canonized not for their own good deeds, *but for those of their posterity.* We could not find out what materials these were made of, and my companion, who wanted to buy one, could not come to terms. The priests, or "bonzes," in the temple have no sacerdotal garments, and are only to be recognized by their close-cropped heads and absence of pigtail, which they sacrifice when they take up their presumed sacred profession. Many women and children are in this temple. On what would have been their feet, if Nature had had its way, they slowly toddled over the pavement. There is very little reverence amongst them. One woman sat down on a bench and bound up her little girl's tiny feet with the most perfect unconcern. In front of Buddha is a place to kneel on, a large tribute box, a stand for tapers, a pan where "joss-sticks" and written prayers are burnt, and hanging in front of the altar a number of small oil or paste cakes, made up in silver paper, like confections. These are reputed to be blessed, and are burnt in sick rooms or on board ships as omens of good fortune. All this to the stranger is very interesting and romantic, but shortly we are

aroused to the practical by our attention being drawn to the printed announcement, *in English*, that "subscriptions are received here to defray the cost of building this temple." I didn't bow down in this house of Rimmon; worse, I gave my dollar. I am told that this new temple has been entirely built out of the gifts of foreigners! How sad in this land of missionaries! The societies should look to it.

The only other good road around Shanghai is towards Woosung; but it is not fashionable, like the Bubbling Wells. Driving through the American quarter—the Hong Kew of the natives, the Broadway of the Europeans—the Sailors' Home is the only public building we pass. This is a very busy part of the settlement, most of the wharves being here. Farther along, the road widens, and we pass very many pleasant houses, all built of wood, and with verandahs, in the American style—looking as if they might have been bodily transferred from a summer resort on the banks of the Hudson. The road is lined all along with young trees, and follows the river bank. Some four miles out we come to old earthworks, where there was an encampment of Gordon's soldiers in the Taeping war. Previous to reaching this, one can refresh at a good hotel. Besides the drive, and the view of the country, a stranger coming here will find an interesting place in a rural joss-house. At least we did. Before crossing the bridge, one must turn along a lane, and follow the path through the fields. A jin-ric-sha can easily travel this. The natives are rather astonished to see strangers here, and the children who run out from the cottages are at first fearsome to accept the proffered *cash*. About a mile in the centre of the paddy fields stands this country temple, painted red, but with no other particular sign. It is all closed up; but we drive into a court-

yard at the back, where a priest, with close-shaven head, greets us.

Through my boy, "Pat," we explain that we wish to see the temple, and we are obsequiously ushered in through the back-doors, which are thrown open to admit the light, as windows there are none. Here we find the same jolly figure of Joss as at the Bubbling Well, but the gilt is more dingy. Then into the front temple, where, the doors being opened, we see the triple Buddhas, of gigantic size. It is strange to see these calm, grave figures looking through the wide doors on to the peaceful fields. The temple stands entirely apart, and the view before us is so civilized—smiling cultivation greeting the eye, everything toned down by distance—that for a moment I could fancy myself in Europe; but behind us is our connection with the past—not dead, but living in the present. At the sides of the temple are two boxes, with lattice-work screen in front, pasted over with paper. Through round holes one sees Buddha again. What the special attributes of these two images are I cannot discover; but they appear to be popular, by the amount of ashy piles—residuum of burnt paper prayers—on the stone basins before them. There is not much sign of many wax tapers being consumed here. This is a rustic shrine, and coolies' wages don't run to more than paper when they pay their devotions; but for a country temple this is very respectable. But now we are taken to see the side show, to which the temple was said to be as nothing. We had paid a special visit here, having been told that we should see models of the ancient instruments of torture used by the Chinese. It is astonishing to think that amongst these mild people there has been cruelty as great as in Dahomey, as the massacres committed by the Ever-

Victorious Army, twenty years ago, attest. But I imagine the cruelty is not so much latent in the Chinese people proper as engendered by their Tartar rulers, and the exercise of absolute tyrannical power by the governing classes. Given such power amongst any people, and you have cruelty—as witness Europe in the Dark Ages, and the horrors perpetrated by the Inquisition.

We had been told that in the native city there were as curious implements of torture as the "Scavenger's Daughter," in the Tower of London. My Taeping friend had affirmed that even now one might be literally "squeezed" there by the Taotai in his attempts to extort gold; but we had seen none of these things, and Cassius, our guide, had denied all knowledge of them. It is confidently affirmed that the guilds which rule China are most barbarous in punishing any breach of their laws. Every entered apprentice to a guild takes an obligation, and binds himself to incur penalties, which, unlike those of masonry, are real and enforced. There is a horrible tale current of an offending brother, who was asked by the worshipful master to a lodge dinner of one hundred free and accepted. When he arrived at the sacred hall, and the roll was called over, one hundred and one were found to be present, and apparently nothing was provided to eat. Then the fiat went forth. The erring brother had broken his obligation, and was doomed to furnish a meal to the one hundred. Each bit a piece out of him. Under such circumstances, one would wish to have the first bite. I do not say I altogether believe this, although it was given on the best authority, and not for publication. It is possible, and not so absurd as the story told by Mons. Henri Rochefort in his new book, "Noumea to Europe." He gravely recounts that, when *en route* from Sydney to San

Francisco, the steamer halted at Kandavu; he spent a day with a Fijian chief, who had just returned from a banquet where one hundred young girls had been served whole. Further, he states that it was the custom for Fijian mothers to sell their female children to supply the chief's table for a whale's tooth each. This, mind, was not seven years ago, when cannibalism was a thing tabooed through all the isles of Viti. Travellers are always liable to be imposed upon by tales which are neither true nor well-founded. But I know, as a fact, that the Chinese guilds in San Francisco have enforced the death penalty. Whether they have done so in Australia, I cannot say, although they certainly exercise authority over their countrymen there. And why should they not? It is far better for Chinamen to govern themselves than to call in the aid of our tribunals. They don't understand our laws, and we don't understand them, and valuable time is wasted in our metropolitan courts by long conversations between the interpreters and the witnesses, the result being—"He say he no *sabe* the man." In nine cases out of ten a Chinese case is bound to be dismissed. Well, here, in two small rooms attached to this temple, are horrible examples—enough, if carried out, to satisfy the vengeance of any secret society. Some fifty figures are on a shelf. They are each about six inches high, painted like toys, modelled out of rough clay. Some might pass as dolls, but the majority are horrible, ugly, and grotesque, yet life-like. Nearly all are engaged, active or passive, in some barbarous deed of torture. In one place, a man, tied to a stake, is having his tongue cut out. The agony depicted on his face, and the hideous grin of the operators, are most striking. Another set shows one being pounded to death in a mortar by a great beam. Another is thrown into a fiery

furnace, where he has not the luck of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego. Another, fixed in an upright frame, head downwards, is being sawn in twain. Here is a serpent, which, in proportion to the figures, would be one hundred feet long; he is devouring scores of victims. Some are being disembowelled; others having their heads cut off. Others are being hewn in pieces, like Agag. The *Dei ex machina* are a number of blue figures, whom the priest explains "all Joss." Some figures of men standing erect, clothed in the skins of various wild beasts, are very curious. My jin-ric-sha boy, Pat, says, "All bad men Joss does so." In fact, this is an allegorical warning—a sort of Buddha purgatory.

Whether these are copied from tortures anciently used by the Chinese, or only evolved from priestly brains to frighten country bumpkins, I cannot say. Certainly both the bonz and Pat pay very little attention to, or reverence, the show. It is hard to think that this exhibition has anything to do with the mild teachings of Buddha; it belongs more properly to Siva, the Avenger. It may be said that it is a sign of the innate savagery of a people who could imagine such things. Missionaries may tell me it is heathen blindness. I will answer the first by referring to "Foxe's Book of Martyrs," the illustrations in the first edition of which afforded me many a Sunday afternoon's thrill of horror in my childish days. I don't say that they depict the truth, but they are as horrible as anything here. And the missionaries who preach the creed of everlasting torments cannot certainly say that this Buddhist Gehenna is worse than theirs. Here, after the act of retribution, the bodies are depicted as dead. The erring ones have paid the penalty of their misdeeds, and there is an end of it. One thing is evident; this allegorical representation

does not affect the peasants much now-a-days. There are a few ashes about, where paper prayers have been offered up to these avenging Josses, and some coffins with strips of linen charms nailed on them are here waiting their tenants; but from what Pat tells me, in his pigeon-English, this is chiefly regarded as an interesting show, and in that light also I classify it, and not as having anything to do with the religion of Buddha, which a missionary recently admitted was "the purest system of morals ever taught by mere human lips."

CHAPTER XIII.

CHINESE JURISPRUDENCE.

AT the lower part of the Nankin-road any day before noon, the stranger will see a crowd collected, and generally during the day-time idlers will be observed watching some object of apparent interest. Here is the entrance to the "Mixed Court," where Chen, a mandarin of a class not very exalted, dispenses justice to his fellow-countrymen in the English and American settlements, and decides any complaints foreigners may have to make against natives. The article called justice which he deals out is of the Chinese type, such as is understood by those whom he has to punish. Here the British flag is supposed to be supreme, yet Chinese laws are administered; and, from what I see and hear, the system answers well, being far better adapted to offenders than the British code. It is to be understood that the police here are all under the control of the municipal authorities. Foreign offenders are dealt with by their several consuls, but Chen alone holds the scales where

his countrymen are concerned. As lately in the English Parliament and press there have been considerable strictures passed on the "Mixed Court," I was anxious to examine its workings. There is nothing to draw one's attention to the fact that here is a fountain of justice, except two wooden pens on each side of a dirty passage. In these four or five prisoners are squatted on the ground, some eating rice, others smoking, all with a general philosophic don't-care appearance. It is not amusing to be cooped up thus like fowls, and their uncomfortable situation is heightened by the broad square wooden collars which they have round their necks. On these, slips of paper, with large written Chinese characters thereon, are pasted—the account of the offences they have committed. The autograph of the Mandarin Chen is on each, not to be broken without his authority. This is the Chinese method of exposing minor offenders to public obloquy, the equivalent of the English stocks—the first things I can remember as striking my youthful imagination in Great Britain. These collars, *cangues*, which appear to have aroused the virtuous indignation of Exeter-hall, do not hurt much; those applied here are light, although in Chinese cities they are often very heavy and torturing when kept on for any length of time. Decidedly, if they were martyrs these men could not take the situation more coolly. They seem quite at their ease, and as I watch them one commences to perform a friendly office for another by plaiting his pigtail.

Leaving this show, I enter a court-yard, the surroundings of which are dirty and dingy, as are those of all public buildings in China, and of police courts all over the world. There are open offices on each side, where the clerks of petty sessions make out summonses and receive fines. To the left is the

court-house. The front is entirely open to a small yard, where *oi polloi*, the curious criminal sympathizers one sees in such places in every country, are allowed to congregate. It is literally a free and open court, and the mandarin gives his judgment before all the world. Thronged near the barrier of separation are native police, plaintiffs, witnesses; and a number of prisoners are crowded in a corner of the yard, amongst whom I get mixed before finding out my mistake. They are tied together by their pigtails, and each robber is compelled to carry the article he may have stolen. Underneath the roof there is a canopy in the centre, covering a slightly-raised platform, with chairs thereon, and a small table in front of these. One side of the court-room proper is occupied by the police and privileged natives, and the other appears to be reserved for European plaintiffs and witnesses, and the prosecuting police inspector, Mr. Stripling, who looks remarkably cool in an undress patrol suit of white flannel.

There is nothing judicial-looking in the surroundings, and the young English gentleman seated on one of the chairs on the bench presents the appearance of one who would be more at home at a lawn tennis party; yet he represents here the might and majesty of Great Britain. He is the "assessor," or European associate of the Chinese magistrate, being an *attaché* of the British Consulate. On alternate days English and American officials sit here. Chen is paid by the Chinese Government a certain yearly sum, out of which he has to defray all the expenses of the court. He delivers all judgments; and the assessors, although they interfere when European interests are concerned, have no power in native cases. They can listen and make notes, and it is a good lesson for them in Chinese if they are acquainted with the language,

as all English consular officials are. But the interpreter from the British Consulate is also present, as, owing to the different dialects of North and South China, his services may often be required. I have just obtained a seat, when there is a bustle in the court, and from his *yamen* at the back, enter his worship, Chen. He is very plainly dressed, in a white jacket, with a common-looking round hat on his head. In silk robes, and with the peacock's feather in his mandarin's hat, he would, I dare say, be much more imposing; but he is now in mourning for the death of the Empress, anent which he now proceeds to issue a further proclamation, as follows :—

" On the first day of the fifth moon (28th April) I received a despatch from the Intendant of the Susung-tai circuit, stating that he had received from the Governor of the Province of Kiangsu the following communication :—

" ' On the 28th of the 4th moon of the 7th year of Kiangsu (28th May) I received a despatch from the Governor-General of the Two Kiang provinces to the effect that he had been honoured by the receipt of the Sacred Will of the late Empress Dowager Tzû-An-Twan-Yü-K'ang-Ching-Chao-Ho-Chang-Ching, on the 24th day of the 4th moon of the 7th year of Kiangsu (22nd May), and that the Imperial manifesto was to be published and circulated for general information and guidance. I, the Governor, on the same day led all the officials, civil and military, out of the city gates, where we, on our knees, reverently received the Sacred Will; we repaired to a Kung-so, where we carefully opened and read the sacred document; we wept and performed other mourning ceremonies. All the officials of the province must from the 28th day commence to wear plain white mourning garments for the period of twenty-seven days, when other mourning dress will

be allowed. Soldiers, and the people in general, must not use red silken hat fringes, but must wear the style used in mourning for twenty-seven days. Officials must not conclude or arrange marriage for the period of one hundred days; must not assist for one year at musical entertainments; soldiers and the public must not conclude or arrange marriages for the period of one month; must not assist at musical festivities for the period of one hundred days. Officials, soldiers, and the people in general must not shave the head for the period of one hundred days, commencing from the day of the demise of the late Empress Dowager. The official despatches must be stamped with the blue seal, and the endorsements must be made in blue ink for the period of twenty-seven days. Besides issuing the necessary proclamations, I have transmitted the Governor-General's instructions to the intendants of circuit in my province for further publication.

"The Taotai has transmitted the Sacred Will with the necessary instructions to me, and I, the magistrate, now obediently issue this proclamation for the information of the gentry and the public in general in the settlements.

"Let everybody obey!

"A special proclamation!

"Annexed is the text of the Sacred Will.

"Kwang-sü, 7th year, 5th moon, 2nd day."

The "Sacred Will" says:—"On the tenth day of the third moon of the seventh year of Kwang sü, the Empress Dowager Tzû-An-Twan-Yü-K'ang-Ching-Chao-Ho-Chang-Ching sayeth—I, who possess little merit, reverently received the official command of the Wên-Tsung-Hsion Hwang-Ti (Hsien-Tung) to become his Empress. When the inheritance devolved upon the Mu-Tsung-Yi-Hwang-Ti (Tung Chih), his filial affection

was most true, and I was grateful to him for his attention, which was most devoted and sincere. When the present Emperor entered upon the great succession, he was careful as to the viands supplied to me—made inquiries as to my health, and was by nature of a very filial disposition. Moreover, since he came to the throne, he has diligently devoted himself to his studies, and his respect and virtue have thereby increased. My heart has been delighted and comforted beyond measure on this account. Although, at the present time, affairs are numerous and difficult, and although I have early and late occupied myself with affairs of state, yet my health has hitherto been robust, and I might have expected to live to a ripe old age, and beyond the ordinary span of life. On the 7th of April I was suddenly indisposed. The Emperor was with me when I took medicine, inquired after my health, and prayed that I might speedily recover. Unexpectedly, however, on the following day my illness quickly assumed a serious aspect, and between 7 p.m. and 9 p.m. I was unconscious, and could no longer remain. I am forty-five years of age, and for twenty years I have been a mother to the empire. Frequently I have shared in our country's joys, and titles have from time to time been bestowed upon me. What disappointment should I feel? My only thought is for the Emperor, who will have to experience a parent's death, which must cause him great grief. But the person of the Emperor is connected with the whole empire, so that he must all the more avoid grieving, and, looking upon the affairs of the empire as of moment, comfort the motherly head of the surviving Empress. The civil and military authorities throughout the empire will each sedulously perform the duties of this office, and thereby perfect the government of the empire. Thus will my spirit and the

surviving Empress sincerely rejoice. With regard to mourning, the Emperor will, in accordance with the former records, wear mourning for twenty-seven days only. The great sacrifices must not be omitted, nor must the minor ceremonies be discarded. Again, I was of all others in the palace the most economical and the least careful as to my dress. The mourning ceremonies are laid down in the Imperial records, and cannot, therefore, be omitted; but as regards the adornments of the dead, such articles may be diminished in number, and they will not be wasted. This will be in harmony with my former habit. For these reasons, therefore, I now issue these instructions, which should be obeyed."

To the above extraordinary announcement, Chen added the following :—

"During the one hundred days of the national mourning you, soldiers and people in general, are herewith strictly prohibited to shave the head. Anyone disobeying this prescript shall be severely punished, and the barber-shops shall be closed. Let everybody take note! An important special proclamation!"

These decrees were translated and sent to the different consuls, and by order of the municipal authorities posted up in the English and American settlements. But alas! for all this sound and fury, and the vague punishments threatened, the barbers' shops are still open, and 95 per cent. of the people still have their heads shaved. "The Sacred Will" is one of the most extraordinary public documents I remember. How is this transmitted from "the fairy regions," where her late Majesty is supposed to be located? What an awful thing that last dying commands can be issued from beyond the grave! If a departed parent can thus bear posthumous witness to the

virtues of a son, and boast of her own virtues, besides describing her last illness and the mourning to be worn, where is it to end? Can she send any postscripts in true feminine fashion? This Will opens up a vast range of possibilities. Have mothers-in-law the like privileges? If so, many men would remain bachelors. Spiritualists have never evolved anything from the "unseen world" half so extraordinary as this State document of China, which I commend to their earnest attention. Unless they can "go one better," the Imperial Chinese authorities are for ever ahead of them.

But Chen himself sets a good example. He has no need to refrain from visiting the barber, for when he removes his hat it is perceptible that he is quite bald, with the exception of a weak pigtail. He has a Tartar face, not by any means intellectual, but animal-looking; and the few straggling grey hairs on his chin are not an ornament. Chen, I am told, was a storekeeper or suttler during the Taeping war. He supplied and made himself useful to the Imperial officers, and was rewarded with this post, which, owing to the *surveillance* of the assessors, is not considered of much account, offering few opportunities for lucrative "squeezing." To display some outward and visible sign of authority Chen lights a cigar. He offers one to the nice young gentleman, his associate, but does not pass them any further. The Bench alone has the privilege of smoking here. Now two Chinese, with little paper books in their hands, take up their position by the side of the mandarin. These are the reporters of the two daily native papers. The press is not respected here as it should be, as they have to stand all the time. The P.C. at the table is, I am told, an inveterate opium smoker. He looks very seedy. I rather imagine Chen does something in that line himself. After the

reading of the proclamation, the first case is called on. A prisoner brought in by his pigtail kneels on the floor in front of the magistrate with a doorscraper in his hand, which he is accused of having purloined. A native P.C. gives evidence. There is no oath administered, no form of obligation to tell the truth, the whole truth, and nothing but the truth. He is committed. Then comes an umbrella-stealing case. One can understand a Chinaman annexing an umbrella, but what use could a doorscraper be to him? The nice young gentleman sleepily takes notes whilst these minor cases are being dealt with. In one instance a policeman from Canton has to act as an interpreter to the mandarin, who is himself ignorant of the dialect used by the witnesses who belong to that province. It is strange that the written language of China is one used and understood all over the empire, whereas the many dialects are entirely different. Chen, who appeared rather sluggish at first, now warms to his work. He questions the prisoners in the French style, enters into long arguments with them, upbraids, and, as it seems to a stranger, squabbles in an undignified manner. Smiles and laughter amongst the audience often reward his sallies. I expect every minute to hear that well-known cry "Ordher in the chort." One case was really amusing. Chen argued, the prisoner argued; Chen abused, the prisoner appealed; Chen got excited, worked himself into a passion; the prisoner bowed down his head awaiting his sentence. All seemed to think that it was at least a six months' job. Suddenly, with a laugh and a chuckle, his worship said, "Case dismissed," or Chinese to that effect. The crowd, P.C.'s and all, burst into a roar of laughter at the prisoner's astonishment, and Chen, as he leant back in his chair, appeared to hugely enjoy the joke.

Now comes a case in which there is an English complainant, and the nice young gentleman rouses himself for action. A native is charged with obstructing the roadway, and so causing a carriage accident. As the unfortunate appears to have been injured and taken to the hospital, the question arises as to whether this prosecution is not instituted to avoid a counter-charge for damages. It does seem hard that if one is negligent and gets run over, legal punishment should also follow. Mr. Stripling and the English assessor now put the questions, which are translated to Chen. I am rather amused at the English witness's answer to the question, "Was the boy driving slow?" "Yes! I had *stopped him several times*, and told him to drive slow." A smart lawyer would have made a good deal of this as an admission that there had been fast driving. I don't know the merits of this case, but the *mafoos*, the native coachmen, drive most recklessly, and have not the slightest consideration for the limbs and lives of their countrymen. Of course they should be prosecuted, but belonging to the households of the first families, who through the Municipal Council rule the settlements, the P.C.'s, servants of the municipality, close their eyes, and should any be brought to the bar of justice here, Chen knows that he can acquire favour and satisfy his natural sympathy with his countrymen by dismissing the cases. Otherwise I am told he is thoroughly impartial. Where Europeans are concerned he always gives the case in their favour, and so amongst foreigners he bears the character of an upright judge. Those who should know, tell me that the Chinese system of jurisprudence, as administered here, is far the best for the natives, and most efficacious in its results.

From the court I go to the central police station. Here the superintendent, Mr. Penfold, courteously showed me what

there is to be seen. This was originally an old hong, or tea warehouse, and was purchased by the municipality for police head-quarters. The cells are built in the yard, all opening into a broad verandah, which is enclosed by a heavy grating of iron bars. This cage idea seems very sensible. In the hot weather prisoners can thus have air, and one warder can exercise supervision over the lot. Here there is a great earthen jar of tea, holding some gallons, from which prisoners drink when they like. To a Chinaman, tea seems as necessary as air itself. The great tea hongs give away a certain quantity of the herb, which thus supplies the prisoners and many public drinking stalls in the city. Often Pat stops my jin-ric-sha at a small canvas-covered stand which shields an earthen jar—a bowl, heated by a brazier underneath. He helps himself to tea with a dipper : it is free to all passers-by. Charitable Chinese tea merchants establish these, and pay a coolie to attend thereto, and see that there is a regular supply of hot water, a gallon of which can be bought for one farthing. I like this idea better than the drinking-fountain of our civilization. The Celestial does good in this manner unostentatiously ; no man knows to whom he is indebted. But when we graciously afford means for the thirsty one to procure a cup of cold water, we erect a gorgeous structure, with an inscription which glorifies the donor. A filter to purify the Yan Yèan or Botany water would be much more to the purpose.

There are only very few prisoners in the station now ; the rest are out working on the roads, which is the only hard labour they can be put to. Except those who are immediately dealt with on the premises by the *cangue*, the cage, and stripes, all natives are, after conviction by the mandarin Chen, imprisoned in the police stations. Capital cases are, however,

sent to the native city to be dealt with by the Taotai. In a corner I notice a quantity of *cangues;* all prisoners arrive with these round their necks, endorsed and sealed by Chen, but the English officers pay no regard to this, and immediately take them off. The cells are large, affording sleeping accommodation for ten prisoners in each, and are well ventilated. Here, too, is the fire alarm bell, which is struck by electric communication from different places in the city, connection being established with the fire-stations, hotels, clubs, principal hongs, &c., so that the police and firemen can know at once in what quarter the conflagration is, the lofty look-out in the yard affording another guide. I am shown a number of *extincteurs*, which I am told are of the greatest possible service, two-thirds of the fires which break out being arrested by them. The fire-stations are in different parts of the settlements ; and, closely packed, and built of wood, as the native houses are, the efficiency of the department is vouched for by the low rate of insurance—half per cent. Mr. Penfold takes me to the volunteer drill ground and armoury close by. Here, too, is a fireproof magazine ; all the property, be it remembered, of this veritable commune of Shanghai. The artillery consists of two Gatling guns, a Blakely gun, two twelve-pound brass howitzers, and three old ships' guns. Of firearms, old and new, there are about six hundred. The Gatling gun standing at the open door of the armoury reminds me of *presidios* in South America, in front of which a *mitrailleuse* would always be trained, to correct the too effervescent spirits of the sovereign people. Very effective, indeed, in street warfare, but of little use on a large scale. Mr. Penfold admits that the settlements could be shelled and destroyed from the walls of the native city. "But we have our volunteers to rely on," says he. I make inquiries,

and find that the army of Shanghai, commanded by a major, numbers—Horse, "The Rangers," twenty-two; foot, two companies, one hundred and forty-two; and artillery, forty-two —according to the latest official return, two hundred and six, all told, with a mere handful of white police, as in any case of emergency the native officers could not be reckoned on. I think it is indeed well that foreign men-of-war should always be kept in the river, to afford refuge for women and children in case of need. It must be understood the volunteer corps here is one in fact as well as name, and the members are thoroughly efficient.

Mr. Penfold tells me that if I will visit the new police station in Hong Kew I shall find it interesting, and that the chief inspector, Mr. Stripling, will give me every information in his power. This is a new building, in the American quarter of the municipality. It is a very fine erection, built with those small, flat, red bricks which the Chinese so cunningly make, and which would only be found in a country where labour is so cheap as it is here. In front are the officers' quarters and barracks for the men. There is a spacious yard between these and the gaol part. Mr. Stripling first shows me the ornaments of the sergeant's room. The wall is adorned with some fifty old muzzle-loading, brass-bound pistols, which would carry balls of two ounces weight. These were seized here on board native junks as they were being taken up the river for supposed piratical purposes. I had thought piracy was dead on the China coasts, but Mr. Stripling tells me it is scotched, not killed, though it is very seldom that a European vessel is attacked. All arms found in the foreign settlements of Shanghai are confiscated by the police. On the walls are also some small brass weapons, sword-shaped, but blunt. These are the "fighting-irons" of the Cantonese. One in

each hand, a pirate thus armed goes for his opponent; but they would be of little use against anyone cunning of fence. Here is a short heavy sword, one edge keen, the other half an inch thick. It is a regular razor, which would cleave a man to the chine. Here are clubs and spears as primitive in make as any in the Solomon Islands.

There is more accommodation, but the cells are the same as at the central police station. All day long the prisoners are on the caged-in verandah, when not at work on the roads. They have six hours' work a day at this, which cannot be considered excessive. Forty-three in all are imprisoned here, under sentences varying from one week to three years. The gates of the cage are unlocked, and entering, some twenty men are mustered for my inspection. I examine these Chinese criminals closely. I do not see any really bad types; none half so evil as one sees in Pentridge and in the streets of Sydney, and even in the Legislature, where descendants of the early Convict Fathers denounce the "immorality of the Mongolian lepers." Perhaps, however, this is the heathen one's extra cunningness. In each large cell eight to ten persons sleep. These cells are palaces to the dens in which white people are confined in Sydney police stations; and compared to what they are accustomed to at their own homes, the accommodation given these Chinese evildoers must be considered magnificently luxurious. All seem in good case; their "chow" of rice is plentiful. I am told that, when opium-smokers are brought here, they are supplied with the drug in moderation, to keep them in good health. But few have committed any very grave offences, the majority being jin-ric-sha boys, who have transgressed some of the local regulations, or offended against the majesty of a native policeman. On all sides I hear

the testimony that the average of crime here is very slight; far different to what it is in Hong Kong, where, under the rule of Sir John Pope Hennessey, and strictly English code of jurisprudence, violent crimes are daily increasing, and it will soon be the Alsatia of China.

After inspecting another larger fire-bell, sounded by electricity, and which would arouse the whole neighbourhood, and more fire *extincteurs*, of which Mr. Stripling has everything good to say, and the deep waterwells in the yard by which the engines are filled, I interview the Chief Inspector as to the powers of the mandarin Chen, and the value of his manifestoes. On his own idea, or prompted by the municipal authorities, Chen issues a number of proclamations in which severe punishments are always threatened, and people are commanded "to obey with trembling, as no mercy will be shown." Thus, all lotteries are forbidden by him in a long decree, yet these are openly advertised in the English newspapers, and native shops are placarded with the announcements, "Lottery tickets sold here." One cannot help thinking that his worship must take a "squeeze" from the proprietors. Sometimes the Taotai comes into the field with the weight of his superior mandarinship, as when six months back he issued a proclamation against "young females being employed as waiting maids in tea and opium shops, a thing improper in the highest degree, and if not severely repressed, where would be the possibility of keeping the mind of the population straight, or holding out to them an example of morality?" This is a conundrum which I cannot answer. In the matter of edicts and proclamations on paper, Chinese mandarins are the most virtuous in the world. Unfortunately, they only openly denounce vice to secretly profit by its continuance. But as

the native officials can, in theory, only post proclamations by permission of the municipal authorities, and have no power to interfere on their own account with any native in the settlements, their thunder falls very harmless. The police appear wisely to leave the Chinese as much as possible to settle between themselves all matters of public morality which the mandarins would settle by edicts and "squeezes." The poor jin-ric-sha men, who have no money, are the only ones who suffer, not but they are all pretty well off in the Hong Kew prison.

Before leaving, I ask Mr. Stripling the same question I put to the superintendent, "Have you ever seen men suffering from the effects of opium to the extent sensationally narrated?" I get the same reply—"*Never!* Chinese habitually go into the opium shops, have a pipe, as we would a soda and brandy, or the English labourer a glass of beer. Some take more, have a quiet sleep, and go home happy. There are those who take to excess, but the effects on them are not so bad as from liquor. They suffer most when they are deprived of it. I should certainly say that drink causes more misery, crime, and unhappiness than opium. It is a vice, no doubt, but the natives are not debauched by it to the extent popularly supposed." One fact I wish to recall. The English gentlemen who command the police force here have nothing but a good word for the people whom, by the exigencies of their profession, they see the worst side of. Here, in Shangai, they tell me the same as the late Inspector Clohesy, of Cooktown. The Chinese, as a people, are law-abiding, peaceable, hard-working—in many of the avocations of life not to be surpassed. Where does the cunning heathen conceal all those bad qualities with which he is endowed by American and colonial agitators, when even police officials fail to discover them?

M. and I afterwards visit the *poste de police* in Frenchtown. This is a new and handsome building, everthing being kept in the strictest order and cleanliness, equal to kindred institutions in *la belle France*. The grey-haired sergeant, who speaks not one word of English, on production of my card kindly shows us around. The prison cells are of much the same size, and arranged similarly to those in the English settlements. The old *gendarme*, like all his countrymen, is most courteous. With pride he shows the *pompe à vapeur* which is kept here, but the garden is the joy of his heart. This is a small patch fenced off from the yard, with very miniature walks and flower-beds. In this little touch of sentiment, the endeavour to bring a tinge of the light and sweetness of Nature even into the walls of a police station, there is the true Gallic spirit. I remember the boxes and pots of flowers which adorned the windows looking into the inner court of the *prefecture* in Paris, what time I was a political *détenu* there. I do not tell our guide of this, or he might survey me with suspicion, but I recount to him stories of New Caledonia, and the massacres there. This wins his heart, and he is doubly polite, taking us through the building, showing the dormitories and the *salles à manger* of the different grades of officers. The tables for dinner are neatly laid out, with napkins twisted round the necks of the wine bottles, as in Parisian *pensions*. Wherever he goes, the Frenchman will have his *serviette* and claret; that is the reason he doesn't like Australia. This old sergeant, whilst he regretted his beloved France, to which he hoped soon to return, still stated that he had been happy in his exile. The people were *très docile*, and he liked them; they had a proper respect for authority, which the Parisian *ouvrier* nowadays sadly lacks.

CHAPTER XIV.

FRATERNIZING WITH THE MILITARY.

I HAD been enabled to find out very little concerning the present state of the Chinese army. In the settlements it was generally derided as of no account, and one gentleman gravely informed me that the municipal volunteer force of two hundred and six rank and file would be able to dispose of any army the empire could send against them. It is this daring, confident, Anglo-Saxon self-reliance which has done such great things in the world, but, on the other hand, what disasters it has caused. In the city, armed soldiers appear to be sedulously kept out of sight. Mr. Stripling, however, told me of two fortified camps in the country, to which Europeans are not admitted. One was reputed to contain two thousand men, the other four thousand. He gave me directions how to reach these, so one afternoon M. and I start as a committee of inspection. We leave the Bund at the French quarters; pass down the Rue du Consulat; pass houses of many stories high, reminding one of the Boulevard Hausmann—a striking contrast to the two-storied buildings in the English and American quarters of Shanghai; pass a number of drinking places with English signs; pass shops with English names, and notices of English goods. This is French-town, but there are very few Gallic establishments. Anglo-Saxon supremacy is established even here. That good hostelry, the Hotel des Colonies, is an exception, but the proprietor of this is a Swiss. There are the usual number of Chinese stores and workshops *en route* until we reach the Hotel de Ville, a very fine building. The walls of the native city are visible through all the side streets until we come to a creek which

bounds the settlements, about a mile and a half from the Bund. The traveller must not fail to inspect the Ningpo Joss-house, close by here. It is a sort of "Scots' Church" of the settlements. Here the special saint of that port, under the auspices of Buddha, watches over the worship of his followers. The great curiosity is the number of coffins piled up, containing the bodies of departed Ningpoans, waiting until sufficient accumulate to make up a full cargo to the natal place of the defunct ones. The Parisian who gushes about his beloved France, means Paris; the provincial, the *pays* to which he belongs. So with the Celestial. He not only loves his country as a whole, but that particular portion of it in which he first saw the light.

But we have not time to linger here. M., staunch Wesleyan, is getting "full" of joss-houses, and rebukes my enthusiasm in the cause of Buddha; and coffins we have seen in plenty. Turning to the left, along the road by the side of the creek, we come to a crowd of natives surrounding two canvas gunyahs, made of very old cloth. Patched and torn, these still afford some protection from the rays of the sun. A noise of cymbals and of voices raised in declamation attracts us. We cry "Manman!" ("Stop!") An old Celestial is in the centre of the largest throng. His properties are a bench, a table, a fan, and a pair of cymbals. It may be dramatic poetry or some humorous tale which he is reciting. With raised voice he orates, turning round to each side of his audience, taking short steps backwards and forwards, and clanging the cymbals after each period. Perhaps this "business" is his chief stock-in-trade. Simple and foolish as it looks, it is not more so than that which often procures the success of some favourite comedian. In the other tent the story-teller is a younger man. He is quietly sitting

down. He has no properties; but his gestures are animated and his delivery good. I should say that he was a fluent, and even graceful speaker. I have seen no honourable member in the colonies whose outward manner and tones of voice are so good as this ragged storyteller's. This is the largest gathering I have yet seen. Evidently these men are popular performers, who "pitch" in this open space, where there is room for a large audience, and they can attract the country people coming in and out of the settlements. They may be partners or rivals. For a time, I take great pleasure in watching the audience. All ages, from grey-haired men to mere children, are present. The greatest attention is paid, and, studying their features, I see the different emotions excited by the orator. Surprise, however, and amusement are plainly visible. Vicariously, I enjoy this performance. These people, at home, are indeed "child-like"—very different from the impassive Arabs, who, twenty years ago, I mingled with in the coffee divans around the Esbekieh, listening to the wonderful legends of old Egypt.

We drive on down this suburban road, where the deep ruts soon show that we are outside the municipality. The French authorities do not, like the English and American, spend much, if anything, in providing good drives outside their territory. To the left are the city walls, which here look particularly old and worn, as if the concussion of a discharge of artillery would blow them down, even as those of Jericho fell before the row raised by the military bands of Joshua. Towers are erected at intervals, pierced for artillery, but if any very heavy piece was mounted on these, I certainly think the recoil would bring down the place. I think one would, at a fair distance, be safer before than beside the guns. The extraordinary thing is

that no one is ever seen in these towers—that there is no sign of life on the walls, which might belong to a ruined and deserted city. Also, there is no sign of defence, still less of offence; but I had read in the morning's paper that the Taotai had sent by yesterday's mail £40,000 to Europe to buy ammunition of war for this district. Inquiring as to what would be done with this, Europeans had told me it possibly was for the gunboats, or to fire off in salutes, or for powder to make fireworks of. People here know and care little for the strength and resources of the Chinese army; they are as ignorant as of the Russian fortifications at Petropaulovski and Vladiffstock, from which, some day, troops in fast steamers may sail to lay waste the shipping and commerce of Australia, and occupy its chief cities. The moat outside the wall is here filled up with reeds and rushes; the straggling suburbs are dingy and dirty. We pass many tea-houses of a cheap class, a distillery of samshu, and more joss-houses. By the number of these, one would think the Chinese to be the most religious people in the world; but then they don't cost much to keep up. Away over the fields are clusters of mud houses, surrounded by diminutive hayricks, and paddocks containing horses and cattle. The buffalo humps of these latter arouse my companion's ire, but to me they seem in accordance with the *entourage*. In the distance the red roof of the Catholic mission peeps through the trees. We cross a creek, over an ordinary flat bridge, in the American style. But, side by side, is an old state arch, as useless apparently for ordinary purposes as those we built models of with wooden bricks in our youth. Certainly, no provision was made for wheeled vehicles on most of the native roads. The bridges are first approached by two or three steps, and, without these, the curve is so great that our

wheels would come to grief over the unprotected sides. But the real roads of the empire in this region are canals, and country paths and bridges were meant only for humble foot-passengers and the palankeens of the wealthy. Now an open country road is before us, lined with trees. On each side are vegetable gardens; paths lead through these into the fields in all directions. This seems to be the greatest highway around the settlement; it is the old road to and from the native city. Numbers of natives are passing backwards and forwards, and wheelbarrows are plentiful. Three or four beggar-women sit by the roadside. They mostly have children, but all are fat and well-fed, as their nude limbs testify. The babies arouse my companion's admiration. Nothing is more unfortunate to a bachelor than to be afflicted with the society of a married man fond of babies. The way they gush about their own is disgusting, as they are such secondary parties in the whole affair. M. empties his pockets of *cash*, and has to fall back upon five-cent pieces. The news seems to fly around that a foreign devil millionaire is on the road, for we are followed by an army of children, who run after us with outstretched hands and Chinese appeals of "Give." M. explains that he has no more small money—that his pockets are quite empty; but as this is all English to them, they persist. Then I turn round, and chill their childish faces with horror by one of my terrible contortions.

Just after this, however, we meet with a strange customer, who fetches me to the extent of five cents. With a wayworn, haggard look, staring straight before him, unconscious of surrounding things, he comes down the road and passes us, apparently oblivious of our presence. Then I call a halt, and right wheel our jin-ric-shas go round and bail up the live

curiosity. His dress is of that yellow tinge affected by the priests; there is nothing particular in this, but one's attention is struck by the large copper dagger thrust through his cheeks and between his jaws. On each side this is secured by large rings which fall below the mouth. Many bangles of jade are on his arms, a sort of rosary hangs from his sash, and in front at his waist is a jade bowl, with a "Joss" head carved over the mouth. It is either a money-box or where he keeps his fine-cut. It looks suspiciously emblematical of "the smallest offerings thankfully received." A holy man this, performing some vow or penance like unto that of the vegetarian Nebuchadnezzar, for his finger-nails are four inches long. They must be greatly in the way when he tries to wash himself, which is the reason perhaps that he appears never to perform that operation. I ask him what is his "pigeon"—little game, business, lay. He opens his mouth, shows a good tongue and a fine set of grinders, and shakes his head. Pat says he is under a vow not to speak. Then he shows us that the copper dagger is movable, and can be taken out. Any Solomon Islander knows that to make a hole through the cheek is not a very painful operation, and perhaps this pious fraud takes the dagger out at night and eats and drinks freely, otherwise he must live chiefly by suction. His actions are far more intelligible to me than the best-spoken Chinese. He clasps his nails, bends his knees, and makes me squirm with such a look that I waste five cents as aforesaid. He is worth it as a show, but also to get rid of him. Two *cash* would have done this, for five cents is too much to give any Chinese loafer. It inspires them with a desire for more. We drive away rejoicing, when suddenly this fakeer appears, like a ghost, running at my elbow, appealing with the same look. It won't

work twice, and he is repulsed. Again and again he turns up between our jin-ric-shas, and interrupts my conversation. At last I raise my umbrella threateningly, and call on the gods to rid me of this nuisance. Frightened, the fakeer subsides on his knees in the dust, and again clasping his nails, I believe solemnly curses me in the name of Confucius, Buddha, and all the Holy, Pious, and Wise Ones.

M. begins to get impatient, and suggests that I have lost the way. I have the plan of the country, as described by Inspector Stripling, photographed in my brain, but one country path is very much like another. Shortly we come to a European house, built in the French style. Some native servants are at the gate, and I try to obtain some information. To my inquiries in English, "pigeon" dialect, and French, they reply, "No sabe," and as I don't sabe their Chinese, I have to trust to my own judgment, and direct the procession over a wooden bridge across a creek and along a narrow path between the paddy fields. The city walls are just seen in the distance. Enclosed native country houses stand in the fields, surrounded by clumps of trees. The path is paved in places, and we pass many wheelbarrows carrying Chinese women going home. This leads somewhere, so I disregard the intimation that there is nothing new in all this, that it is no use going further, and cry, "*En avant.*" Shortly the high walls of a large mansion are seen; round their blank sides we skirt. Like the ancient kingdom, a Chinese country gentleman shuts himself out from all the world. Behind the strong gates here might be the palace of the Sleeping Beauty. The inscription upon these may give the owner's name, or be of the *salve* or *cave canem* type. Now I see that I am right. In the midst of all the vegetation and cultivation, partly concealed by accident

or design, are a number of low breastworks, serving as admirable defences for batteries or skirmishers. A little further, and behind thickly-planted trees, we see the high earthen walls of a fort. The design to hide these is evident, as at a short distance one can only see a copse of trees. It may be that the Taotai, or viceroy of the province, thought that in its nakedness this would be an ugly sight in the midst of peaceful cultivation, or that it was intended to imitate the Bois outside Paris; but here, evidently, is real strength, to which the old brick walls of the native city are feeble. As we approach a broad moat is seen. Some huts, occupied by camp followers, are on one side of the road, and opposite the gate of the fort is a mob of idlers gathered around a linen screen, painted blue, with many strange figures thereon, which would be very attractive outside a booth in an English fair. A man in an orange blouse, ornamented with hieroglyphics, is passing through the gates. "Come on," I cry; and jumping out of our jin-ric-shas, with an air of authority we pass the sentry, who seems too much astonished to stop us.

We are fairly inside, and walking along a broad stone pathway, when a soldier cleaning a Snider tells us to stop. At least, that is what I suppose he means, as, when we refuse to take any notice, he and two or three others come after us, and, shaking their heads, oppose our further progress. Thanks to my coolness—unkind people call it by another name—we had advanced into the main street of the fort or camp. One man explained by signs that we could not pass without an order from the Taotai. Then I produce a card with my name written thereon. "Chit," I say, pointing around in a lofty manner, as of one who would intimate that this bit of pasteboard placed them and the fort entirely at our

disposal. This staggered them. They closely examine the card, consult together, and then agree that we must go to the Mandarin, which is the only word I can make out. A few paces further, and the sergeant ushers us into a small cottage of two rooms, the outer containing a hideous picture of some ancient warrior, and a plain table and chairs. The inner one is well furnished in the Chinese manner, and on a couch there a young man is sleeping. He jumps up at once on being aroused, but appears very seedy, and on two or three others entering the room subsides to sleep again, leaving us in their hands. A crowd is round us now, and an immense chattering goes on. They evidently don't know as to whether we should be beheaded at once or kicked out. Then a nice-featured young man, of higher rank evidently, pushes his way through. The card is handed to him. He politely "chin-chins" us, and motions us to be seated. Then we shake hands all round, and the conversation commences. I try our new friend, whom I christen "the Major," in a variety of tongues—English, French, German, Spanish, Welsh, and Fijian. He replies to everything in what I am willing to suppose is the purest Mandarin Chinese. I point to the pasteboard, and intimate by sign language—to which we at last resort—that, empowered by this, we must see the fort. He looks at it, and seems puzzled. M., meanwhile, is endeavouring to explain that we come from the colonies, and produces a recent number of the *Australasian Sketcher* to show where we belong to. This fetches them! The officers crowd around to look at the cuts of the Melbourne Exhibition, and the Major gives way. He intimates that he will show us round, and politely leads me on to the ramparts, followed by M., in the midst of the captains,

lieutenants, and ensigns, all trying to find out somewhat respecting the illustrations of the *Sketcher*. We mount the walls by steps. There is a broad path at the top; the ramparts are a man's height. M., who, as a practical man, is a judge of these things, tells me that the walls are eighteen feet high and fifty feet thick at their base. The work is excellently well done, and of a character which arouses his admiration. Sentry-boxes of bamboos and mud are passed at intervals. Formed in a square, the ramparts are, in the corners, pierced for artillery. Over the walls the surrounding country is dimly seen beyond the trees and moat. Outside are some higher earthworks for great guns, *à la* Mount Valerien. We walk all around the enclosure, which M. tells me is twenty acres in extent. All the way the Major and myself converse pleasantly and amicably, not knowing one word of what each other says. I hope he is interested. He knows, however, the English and French words of command, and, shouldering my umbrella, I go through the exercises at his orders, greatly to the admiration of his men below, who laugh and applaud.

The centre of the fort is occupied by a number of low mud houses with thatched roofs; each contains a certain number of men. A few are cleaning their Sniders, belts, and cartridge-pouches, but the majority appear to be asleep inside. Some we see polishing light steel spades, which by a strap are carried over their backs—most useful additions to a soldier's accoutrements here. In this country a company of men could in a short time easily throw up a temporary breastwork. What strikes us first as the most extraordinary thing is that there are no uniforms, no military pomp and display. The major, the captains, and the lieutenants are all in ordinary white linen blouses.

Then I remember that this is mourning for the Empress's death. The soldiers have a sort of undress blue blouse, with figures—their regimental numbers, probably—thereon. Some seem to have decorations; and soldierly neatness, order, and cleanliness is in each visible, although I admit that in their "continuations" they rather resemble some of the armies of Spanish-American republics. The quarters of the privates are all around, just inside the walls. In the centre of these are larger buildings, court-yards for parade, and even gardens. Some wells have been sunk; and with fireproof casements, which could be easily constructed, one could stand a long siege here. Having made the circuit, we descend. I look into some of the huts; they are much more comfortable and less crowded than ordinary Chinese residences. The guard which has followed us, marching underneath the wall, is dismissed. The Major "chin-chins" us along the main path or street. We notice now the great neatness and cleanliness here. Gathered on each side there is not a sign of dirt. It is said that Colonel Gordon taught the Chinese the value of earth-works, and he also taught them, no doubt, the necessity of cleanliness in their camps. The scavenger is at work here daily. The cottages in the main street, which would be a wide road in a native city, are evidently officers' quarters. It leads to a high arched gateway, surmounted by a flag-pole, which is to-day without a banner. In the arch are a drum, some old battle-axes, spears, and scythes, or *machetes*, mounted on staves. There are many inscriptions on the walls—head-quarters, evidently. The court-yard into which we pass is paved with stones. The building in front has glass doors and windows. The Major escorts us inside, and we are introduced to a throng of colonels and generals, who "chin-chin" and shake hands.

This is the state reception-room of the camp. On a divan are two elaborate carved chairs, to which we are ushered—the only two raised seats in the room. We would decline the honour, but our host insists. A large room this; the woodwork highly polished, with allegorical personages in fighting costume displayed on the walls, a divan where one might sleep off the effects of opium, and behind us some high bronze statues, antique and valuable—an effective background, if our own artist had been on the spot to sketch us sitting in our glory. Now the caucus commences. The captains and lieutenants have been left in the outer court, and the colonels and generals have their innings. A brisk conversation takes place on the same terms as before, and my Fijian appears to be much admired. All present are in mourning or mufti. Shortly, tea and cigars are brought, the latter very good indeed, and we refresh ourselves. One old colonel, a rough-looking veteran of many campaigns, keeps a watchful eye on me. I think he imagines that I am a spy. I fancy he looks like one who has risen from the ranks. He has more of a Tartar type of face than the mild fair features of the Major.

Two nice children are brought in to see the "foreign devils;" they are brother and sister. The pretty little girl is half scared at being brought to the front to shake hands with us, but is satisfied when given the *Sketcher*. This has gone the round inside, and there appears to be a general idea that there is a connection between M. and that journal, which insures him much favour. He wants to give the little girl half a dollar, but the action is at once stopped by the Major, who explains that she is "Mandarin." It will be seen that the little ladies and gentlemen of China are as well brought up as our own. These children are evidently the pets of the

officers. With the generals I become very friendly, and the Major specially attaches himself to me. Their politeness cannot be surpassed. I unintentionally wave my handkerchief, fanning myself on account of the closeness. A word, and all range to left and right, leaving a clear space before us. We sit like two mandarins, with the colonels, generals, and majors on each side of us, with a view through the window across the court to the gateway. M. says if they were all in uniform the effect would be complete. We may be an object of curiosity to them, but their courtesy, after our impertinent intrusion, could not be exceeded by members of the most civilized nation. I question if, under the same circumstances, we should anywhere else but in China have met with such treatment. At last we think it time to depart. We shake hands and "chin-chin" all round. The Major escorts us across the court-yard. Through the open doors on each side of this I notice simple furniture and appointments, such as become a soldier. I do not suppose Chinese officers are very rich, even if they get their pay regularly. We part from the Major with effusion at the first gateway, he handing us over to one of the captains, who takes us to the outer gate. The crowd outside seem surprised that we should be allowed to escape thus, and I notice a considerable extra degree of respect in Pat's demeanour. I shall be very glad to meet the Major, and all the other mandarins, again. If they are as brave as they are polite, no better men will ever take the field.

And we should acknowledge the bravery of this race, and not stigmatize its members as cowardly because, individually, their courage is not of the rude, boisterous Anglo-Saxon type. When the first Chinese war, in 1842, crowned Great Britain

with such a number of cheap victories, it was not because their opponents were cowards. But how could gongs and gingals compete with our western arms and discipline? The historian of "Our Own Times" says:—"Their women or their children might just as well have attempted to encounter our soldiers. With all the bravery which the Chinese often displayed, there was something pitiful, pathetic, ludicrous in the simple and childlike attempts which they made to carry on the war." Eighteen years later, when the English and French gunboats attempted to force the passage of the Pei-ho, and were at first repulsed with great loss, the Chinese did not show themselves cowards. Since then they have learned much—the teachings of Ward, Gordon, and the American and English officers have not been lost. In their contempt for death, in the philosophy with which they will bear defeat, they are not surpassed. The soldiers I see here are all men of good physique; their officers are gentlemen and intelligent. This is only the smallest of the two fortified camps. They are both new. What does their presence signify? I ask friends in the settlement, and they say—"It is a menace to us, and ought not to be allowed." But how is it to be stopped? And should war break out, of what avail would any force of men or guns from the ships of war in harbour be against these earth forts? I sadly think of the possibilities, and regret that the treaty powers have not any further defence for their subjects established here than consulate flags, stray gunboats, and the Shanghai volunteer army of two hundred and six. Events have shown that this mild people will sometimes rise to a pitch of ungovernable fury and cruelty, which their rulers cannot always check. It is but little more than ten years since the massacres of the French priests and sisters at Tien-Tsin. France had affairs on

hand at home then, and it passed over without any international complication arising. But when I am told by residents of that city of the outrages committed on those Christians who fell martyrs, I feel, like the American captain who sailed into the fight at the Taku Forts, that "blood is thicker than water." I cannot help thinking that all this wealth in the foreign settlements at Shanghai, with all the luxury and beauty of the Bubbling Wells road, is an unstable thing. There is money-making and feasting on the edge of a volcano. The fires are latent. Let us hope they may remain so; that the yellow flag may never be raised in a war waged against the "foreign devils." Of course, at present, the end would be the same as before, but I would not like any dear to me to be in this municipality of Shanghai if war broke out.

CHAPTER XV.

COUNTRY LIFE IN CHINA.

FROM the top of the bell-tower at the Hong Kew Police Station I had a view of more of China than I am ever likely to see again at one *coup d'œil*. It is not often that I ascend one hundred feet above the level of the earth to which I belong. No inducement could ever persuade me to mount to a ship's royals. But when Mr. Stripling asked me if I would like to view the country, and offered to accompany me in the ascent, admitting that he had only been up once before himself, I was very pleased to accept the offer. And I was amply repaid for the exertion. The city of Shanghai at one's feet, the winding river, marked by steam and sail, the ancient walls of the native

town, the forests of masts belonging to the junks at anchor. In the environs, the chimney-stacks of the jealously-closed silk factory of Messrs. Russell. Then, all around the settlements, a glorious, green, fertile plain, flatter than the prairies, to the horizon one even mass of verdure. This is the greatest alluvial plain in the world, thousands of miles in extent. I have never seen the like in my life. Nothing breaks the line to the horizon except in the south, where, thirty miles away, rise the heights of the Feng-Wang-Shan Mountains, the only ground higher than an ant-hill on this vast plain. Through the glasses one sees nothing but evidences of industry and wealth of agriculture. In some parts of France and Germany this might be equalled, but not surpassed. Canals wind everywhere, their lines marked by junk-masts. Villages and farm-houses are seen in the midst of clumps of trees. Near the settlements there are a few hedged fields, but beyond it is nearly all open, all green, all cultivated. Let a stranger mount this bell-tower, and he will obtain such an impression of China as he will never forget, which will not be dissipated by a nearer and more particular inspection.

It is best to leave the roads sacred to Europeans, and with jin-ric-sha, or on pony, boldly plunge into the country lanes and paths between the fields. There is little danger of losing one's self; the country is so level that landmarks can be easily followed. A few days in the country are well spent. As I drive around, peasants sometimes look at me as if they wonder what the deuce is my "pigeon;" children may follow curiously, as country children will follow a stranger in any part of the world. Fearsome are these younger ones, and although they salute me at a distance with joyous shouts and waving of hands, yet they have evidently heard gruesome tales of the

cannibal propensities of my race, and when I offer *cash*, it is with fear and trembling, and a pushing of each other forward, that they approach to take the small coins. Then, when the brass does not burn their fingers, nor change into dried leaves, but proves to be good honest *cash* of the empire, their joy is great, and they crowd around in numbers; but one can be generous on so very little in China. The older peasants look on and smile and laugh, and the mothers are particularly pleased. The way to their hearts is through their children. It is the same all over the world. Tell any lady that her ugly young ducklings are cygnets of high promise, and yours will always be the warm reception, and your praises will be sung evermore. Intimate that they are but ducks, and your doom is sealed for ever. Lamentable fact that, through her misled affections, a woman, *except from her own sex*, hardly ever hears the truth concerning any of the affairs of her life. But in China, amongst the people, I believe, there is a real love of children generally. One night I was loafing in my jin-ric-sha in the back slums of Shanghai, when I came to what seemed a general grocery and candy store. Piles of sweets and "goodies," confections of all sorts, were on the open counter, and some Chinese street boys and girls stood wistfully watching them. These were evidently of the very poorest class. There was the same expression on their faces which I have seen in Whitechapel and St. Giles's, outside cookshop windows, on faces glued to the panes with eyes gloating on the pudding. Childish nature is the same all the world over. So I stopped Pat, and, alighting with ten cents in my hand, approached the round-faced lady who kept the store. I pointed to the lollies; there was an excitement amongst the youngsters. A "foreign devil" was about to lay in a winter supply; but when I took

out a handful and gave to a little girl, and by signs intimated that all were to be served alike, I think they could scarcely believe it. The motherly storekeeper seemed particularly pleased, and, I believe, distributed the full value of my money. She chattered so that she brought quite a crowd around us, each one of whom smiled and laughed, and seemed to intimate that I had done him personally a particularly good turn, for which he thanked me. And for this paltry expenditure I received quite an ovation when I drove off; and Pat, on the strength of this, demanded an extra ten cents for his work, which he didn't get. So I am inclined to think that these villagers are not exclusively selfish in their signs of amity.

The old proverb is literally true in this country—Death is all around. Children play and enjoy their happy young life in the midst of all their uninterred relations. All China is covered with mounds, which contain the coffins of the departed ancestors. The reason, I am told, is that, through some edict or tradition, none are to be buried whilst the existing dynasty occupies the throne. This would be a good plea for a revolution, as it would throw open a quantity of valuable land to cultivation. As it is, coffins are now deposited in brick vaults built over the banks of rivers, which often get washed away by floods; or, covered with matting, they are staked down in the back garden, or at the corner of the home paddock. A mould accumulates by degrees, and verdure grows over the corpse. Another coffin may be planted thereon, and a considerable mound so raised; but, of course, it is only a question of time as to when nothing but the bones of the departed ones are left, which can be sorted out and deposited in an urn. As it now is, children are perfectly familiar with the outward forms of death. "Go and play round your aunt. If you get climbing

on the top of your grandpa, he'll cave in. And don't you stop out late for your chow, or you shall only go as far as your little brother another day." That's what a Chinese country housewife says to her children. The paddy-fields are known by the names of those planted on them. In some places, they tell me, the coffin-mounds are used to measure distances. I haven't seen a country funeral in China, but obsequies in a city are a great sight. A wedding is our great social show, when we put, so to speak, all the goods in the shop windows, and display around us everything which will enhance our importance. In China, a funeral is the event of a man's life. A Shanghai merchant lately thus honoured his departed parent to the extent of twenty thousand dollars We must admit that is a liberal sum. He called for the undertakers, and planked £4,000. "There," said he, "do the thing well. He was a good father, and I wish to show my appreciation of his worth. Put the old man through in style." The orders were efficiently carried out. The house, at the corner of the Keang-se road, to which I was directed by Mr. Stripling, was hung from top to bottom with silk and tapestried banners, coloured lanterns, flowers, and plants, the latter cut into curious devices, and having a most charming effect. All the rooms seemed open to the public, and I was received and shown over the place by some mourners, clothed in white. A sort of altar was erected in one room. A joss was enthroned here, before which sticks and candles were burning, and a number of priests were singing and praying. These priests and the mourners keep at it night and day, taking alternate watches, and, as at an Irish wake, they eat and drink of the best. My visit seemed to be taken as an especial compliment, and I was regaled with tea and sweetmeats. This house contained some of the most

beautiful vases, statues, and groups in porcelain and bronze which I have ever seen. These were loaned by friends, or from some of the great stores in the city, to give effect to the show. It was a most charming and interesting exhibition, and a sensible way of doing honour to the old gentleman, who lay embalmed for a fortnight, whilst everyone *comme il faut* gathered there and chatted of his virtues. Let it also be recounted that each day a number of poor people were relieved.

In the immediate neighbourhood of Shanghai I come on the country houses of the Chinese notables. Pleasant enough places these seem, some surrounded by shady gardens and bamboo fences, but the residences themselves only showing blank whitewashed walls, with perhaps two narrow doors therein to communicate with the outer world. Some of these buildings cover a vast extent of ground, and it is said that inside there is every luxury. However beautiful or however mean the exterior country is, it is all shut out. A Chinaman does not care for surrounding objects in his home. The beauties of nature to him are as nothing to the artificialities of a tea-garden. Further on are little villages—clusters of cottages made of bamboo and mud walls, with thatched roofs. These are surrounded by gardens and fruit trees, and there are more ducks, geese, fowls, and pigs than one sees in an English village. The neighourhood of a great city enables the housewife to rear these with profit; but when a goose is sold in Shanghai for a shilling, that profit cannot be a very large one. The average wages of a country coolie, I am told, are fourpence a day. A labourer in the town may earn one shilling, a skilled mechanic one to two shillings. Labour, then, in its first stage —that of husbandry—is very cheap, and so it can be applied

to any extent in the process of cultivation. So the land receives the most careful attention, and the reward is a thousandfold. With the wonderful crops raised here, the food-staple is cheap. Artisans and mechanics, therefore, can afford to work for a low wage, and the product of their labour is cheap also. Commencing with a low standard of wages, the purchasing power of money is raised all around, and I dare say the carpenter in Shanghai, earning two shillings a day, is better off than the Australian mechanic with ten shillings. There are questions to be worked out from this text. One thing is certain—the peasantry, mostly leaseholders, seem happy and contented, and compare most favourably with the rural population of England; and, in comparison, the Irish peasants are nowhere. Women are working in the fields, it is true; but they all seem comfortably dressed. The children are assisting them; their work is not hard. There is no squalor anywhere. They all seem well fed. In their cottages, there is always plenty of rice in the pot. The men enjoy their tobacco, smoked in their absurd pipes with brass mouthpiece and bowl, only containing enough of the weed for half-a-dozen whiffs. Their clothes of blue cotton and dungaree are clean and sufficient. They have not much furniture, certainly, and they sleep in a loft under the eaves, lying on mats and covered with cotton quilts. In winter it is cold enough, and not much warmth can be got out of their miserable charcoal fires; but then they clothe themselves from head to foot in thick padded garments, which, in the summer, both rich and poor send to the pawnshops. It is no disgrace to anyone to pawn his clothes in China; it is the custom, even amongst well-to-do people, "to spout" their winter things. I don't say all the merchants do this, but many follow this practice. Suits of

sable and precious furs, richly-quilted silks, and more humble "padded" dungaree, all go to *la tante* at springtime as to a storehouse. The pawnshops are great magazines, where, laid up in camphor and pungent herbs, moth doth not corrupt the rich garments. The sum lent, and for which a small interest is charged, is used in business or pleasure during the summer months. It does not lie idle in the wardrobe. Winter at hand, the poor man has sold his crops, and can afford "to take out" his garments. The rich man does the same, unless he should be struck with a fancy for new apparel, when he will let his pledges be forfeited, to be sold to the highest bidder.

The larger farm-houses are all walled in. Their quaint tiled roofs, peeping through the surrounding trees, have a most picturesque effect. Some are surrounded with gardens and hedges. Around these ancient buildings and gnarled old trees, one can imagine, hang many traditions, and that in winter time in these old granges many a tale is told of the glories of the Ming dynasty in the days before the Tartars ruled China. One may be sure that it is in such places that the Taeping spirit is kept alive, and venerable people, as all over the world, lament the "good old days." In China, they haven't much real ground for that lament, as, in fact, everything in the country is the same as it was one thousand years ago. Evidences of wealth are to be seen in extensive farm buildings of brick and mud. In the stalls are ponies and cattle, and the granaries are well stored. I watch some threshing going on. The flail is not wielded with the strength of the European; it does not descend so many times in the minute, but I am not sure that it does not fall as many times in the day as if in English hands. John, who is working here, halts little, and does not waste any time in swallowing beer. Oh! ye

missionaries, when ye tell us of the perverseness of this people, why not say, to their credit, that they are sober? After the horrid monotony of Australian scenery, the shiftlessness of the small farmers there, and the barrenness of the soil, it is indeed delightful to see, in this country of "moon-eyed lepers," such evidences of well-applied industry. In spite of a certain flatness and deadness of colour, the beautiful verdure being all of one tint, not the grand variegated luxuriance of the tropics, the dresses of the people being all of one blue shade, and their hair being always black, nature everywhere seeming toned down, it is not monotonous. True, it is of the school of Claude, not of Turner. Highly cultivated as the land is, it is not denuded of all foliage. The farm-houses and villages are sheltered by clumps of trees, and it seems as well wooded as many an English county. Often, peeping through the trees, the red walls of a joss-house give a gleam of colour to the landscape. The high sluice-gates which we meet with show that we are amongst a people who, of all others, understand the art of irrigation. That rude but effective contrivance known as a Californian pump, but in use here when the Golden State was a wilderness, is often seen by the side of the path. From the streams water is drawn by the aid of a pole swinging on a pivot, exactly as one may see on the banks of the Nile—the first principle of mechanics, the lever, being called into play. A pagoda is dimly outlined against the horizon. Black cattle and goats browse lazily in the paths and on the banks which divide the paddy fields, eating up the grass which flourishes around the graves. These are mostly tethered, confined to an allotted space, but they are in charge of very juvenile cowherds, whom, when their feeding-ground is shifted, they follow as docilely as pet lambs. On the river

banks other boys may be seen in charge of an aquatic poultry farm of hundreds of ducks and geese, and fishing boats with nets spread out to dry. Land and water alike show evidences of the greatest industry. Never, amongst people claiming the highest civilization, have I seen country life more calm, peaceful, and prosperous. Village life in Northern China appears as happy as anywhere in the world, and as it thus is I have never yet seen it described by any of the chroniclers of the past and present of the Celestial Empire.

CHAPTER XVI.

THE POOR MISSIONARY.

In the popular accounts of China the missionary element comes a great deal to the fore. Many very good people in Great Britain derive all their ideas of foreign lands from the platform of Exeter-hall, and country tea-meetings, where evangelist lions from the four quarters of the globe give interesting accounts of the perils they have undergone, and the number of souls they have snatched from "error's chain." Children would be apt to form contemptuous notions of the doings of the Apostles after listening to the modest records of these good men. The missionaries have had their fair share in the literature descriptive of the Celestial empire, and have been able to recount the good their particular societies have effected, and the vileness of the Chinese nature in its unregenerate state. There are many English and American Protestant, and French Roman Catholic missions in China. In Australia there are thousands of Chinese—in Hong

Kong and the Straits settlements many more thousands. On the Pacific slope they are met with in every city. It has struck me that the societies might commence at home, and Christianize those ready to their hands. Then, when these returned to their homes, they would carry the propaganda of the true faith. It would be easier work, and might tend to improve our Chinese brother, who is always with us, in many of the social customs which we at present object to. When twenty thousand Chinese were on the Palmer, it would have been a good opportunity to commence the work of Christianity. But none took any heed of them. Indeed, the souls of the northern gold-diggers were left pretty much to the influence of bad whisky until Bishop Quin went through Hell's Gate, and "rounded up" to their duties the members of his Church. But as one of the old miners on Charters Towers said to me:—"Those were happy days then; we'd neither priest, nor parson, nor church, nor chapel. Nobody asked what his mate believed in; to be a white man was enough. Now we've half-a-dozen chapels and churches, and there's been nothing but disturbance and quarrelling since they were built and the black coats came in." From what I saw of the conflicting interests of Roman Catholicism and Orangeism in the north, and the envy, hatred, and malice engendered under the guise of religion, I think there was a good deal of truth in that remark. But, amongst all the squabbles of the sects, the Chinaman was never considered. It is the old story of Lancelot and the Holy Grail. Riding out on the quest, he passes an old beggar on the road by Caerleon on Usk. He fruitlessly travels many lands. Returning in the bitter winter, the old man still was sitting in the same place. Lancelot is struck with compassion; he shares his last crust with him, and breaks the ice on the river to give him

drink. Lo! the beggar changes into the Christ, and the cup in his hand into the Holy Grail! I think this is a more beautiful and truer legend than any Tennyson has incorporated in his Arthurian lays. We neglect the duties which lie at our hands to ostentatiously set forth on a quest; we neglect, not only the Chinaman who is with us, but our own heathen, to subscribe funds to convert the Celestial at home. The whole of Protestant missionary enterprise is kept alive by the Pharisaical idea that we are very much better than other people; and so, out of our goodness, we subscribe dollars to help to enlighten them. We not only compound for our pet social sins, dear to our inclinations, by damning those indulged in by the Heathen Chinee, but we put our hands in our pockets to pay missionaries to tell him how good we are, and that, if he does as he is told, he also will be good. And the result is —— ?

The element of romance in the tales of renowned missionaries largely contributes to support the various societies. Women and children are particularly attracted by these. The missionary, carrying his life in his hand, penetrating into unknown countries, is looked upon by good people as a valued knight errant would have been by demoiselles in the age of chivalry. It becomes an article of faith, strongly impressed on every juvenile, that he must save his pocket-money to give to the missionary fund. The self-righteousness with which I clothed myself when I put half-a-dollar in the box was terrible. Although only aged eight, I felt myself entitled to a half-share in the soul of some youthful Kanaka, the benighted condition of whose race the preacher had been dilating on. I believe I rather envied him his condition and nudity, and the unlimited supply of cocoanuts he could indulge in, and the glories of the

tropical regions in which he lived. Missionaries are always very great at description. Nature with them is everywhere lovely. "Only man is vile," and they are rectifying that. I remember, also, the agonies of mind I suffered when, aged ten, tempted by the enchantress, aged nine, I spent in apples and candy the money saved up to purchase a lien on another half-soul. For a week we feasted, and I was rewarded by sticky kisses. The money pile was exhausted, and I was deserted for a big boy just from school. He hadn't any missionary store, but was cunning in carving things out of wood and in making garlands of flowers. Blighted in my affections, conscience-stricken by the thought that we had that day eaten up half a human soul, my only excuse was that of Adam—"the woman tempted me." The only atonement I could think of was to devote my own life to the cause. I myself would be a missionary when I grew up, and live in the tropics, and save many souls, and, of course, have a first-class seat reserved for me in heaven. Luckily for others, this programme was not carried out; but I have seen cocoanuts, and coral reefs, and Kanakas enough, and the missionary in many lands is known unto me. All the ideals of our youth fade away, and the missionary doesn't by any means come up to my youthful expectations. He is an agent of civilization, to a certain extent; but this a secondary consideration. The first is to add numbers to his fold; and so the Marist Brothers, in the Pacific, baptize the adult Canaques wholesale, and whole tribes in Fiji in one day *lotu'd* by the command of their chiefs, and bowed out their old gods in great form. "We are very sorry, oh gods!" said they "that we have to get rid of you. Don't be angry with us. We have no complaint to make against you; but, you see, there is the new white man's God

come over the sea, and our chief thinks it best to follow him, and so, old gods, good-bye." Christians, nominally, are all these men from thenceforth, but it is scarcely to be wondered at that their old heathen traditions and superstitions in many places are still in full force.

But in Fiji the Wesleyan Mission is well organized, and it has done a good work, although not what Exeter-hall claims for it. A great deal of damage is done to the missionary cause by the absurd praises lavished on "the work;" praises which have come to be claimed as a right by the societies. Travellers meet with ignorant savages, who nominally belong to some sect, and at once class the natives as all alike. Thus, in Noumea, when I met two natives of the Loyalty Islands, one had a little brass cross round his neck. He "sabed Jesus Christ," and how to make the sign, and that was all. The other said he, too, was a Christian, but his one article of creed was that he "belonged all same Missa Jones," the representative of the London Missionary Society at Lifu. "What a farce," the globe-trotter might say? But yet even in this there was a beginning. As the Catholic Bishop of New Caledonia said to me—"The fathers and mothers are received into the Church—they are baptized. You may tell me they are still ignorant savages; but the change is in their spirit. We cannot expect great things outwardly from them. It would be impossible. But we take their children away from their savage associations; we bring them up; we teach them to wear decent clothes; to read and write; the girls to sew, the boys to work at useful arts, so when they marry they will lead a more decent life, and their children, whom we will also take and bring up, are likely to be thoroughly civilized and Christian, even from your worldly point of view. It is only a question of time—that is the policy

of our society everywhere. Work and faith, and obedience to the laws of the Church, as instilled through God's vicar here on earth;" and the rev. father pointed to a quill which, mounted in a carved frame, was announced to have been once used by Pius IX. He made out a good case for his society, and was, I think, perfectly justified in his deductions. The Rev. Lorimer Fison, of Navalua, had also good ground to claim for the Wesleyan missionaries the fact that polygamy and cannibalism had been abolished through their influence; that mission schools had been established by them, and many of the natives taught to read and write, and that the best result would be seen in the rising generation. Still, in all the western Pacific Isles one sees that the savages are still savages, and that Christianity, as yet, hasn't civilized them.

It should not be a very hard task, after all, to impress these ignorant savages. The chief secured, his tribe will follow him, and then the white missionary, speaking with all the authority of his race and calling, expounds his creed, and the things tabooed, the acts of omission and commission which will lead either to eternal happiness or eternal torture. They had no faith to oppose this; the gods whom they had swept out of their houses were powerless. Always taught to obey, when chiefs and missionaries went hand-in hand, what wonder that the people should become good believers, with as blind, unreasoning a faith as that of the Irish peasant? Few, indeed, would have the reflecting powers of that Fijian chief, who, in the mission-house at Levuka, on being told that paraffin was cheaper than cocoanut-oil, and gave a better light, asked—"Why doesn't Jesus Christ burn paraffin?" The tributes of the faithful were then paid in oil, which they had a vague idea was actually burnt by the Supreme Power, and the Wesleyans were thence

termed *Wai-wai* men. Let me say at once that, as far as Fiji is concerned, the scandals uttered against the missionaries of trading and making gain are totally false. The *voluntary* contributions they receive, in some districts very considerable, are totally inadequate to pay the expenses of the society in the islands. But here, in China, everything is different. The civilization of the West is brought in opposition to the older one of the East—the religion and moral laws of Christianity are fronted by the older creed and morality, as complete, preached by Buddha. Instead of ignorance and barbarism, the missionary meets a higher and more general standard of education than in most parts of Europe. He is confronted by keen, subtle, cultured intelligences. In this country, "which had its system of logic before the time of Aristotle, and its code of morals before that of Socrates," no religious war nor persecutions will take place. Whatever war may be made against foreigners will be one of race, not creed. Amongst the Chinese philosophers there will be found none like Philip of Spain, or Charles of France, to believe that God would be pleased by the death or torment of the heretic.

Missionaries have suffered here—women devoted to God's service have been brutally murdered; but their outbursts of popular fury have been against "the foreign devils," not the Christians. Followers of Confucius and Buddha have no *odium theologicum*; but the hatred of foreign nations—the outer barbarians—has been instilled into every Chinese infant for countless ages. It is not persecution, it is contempt the missionary has to fear here. This is a nation of Gallios—of Gallios who, too, can criticise, and ask unpleasant questions of the paraffin-oil order. At once let it be admitted that Occidental creeds, as far as English and American missionaries

are concerned, are here a failure before Oriental philosophy and apathy. The preachers have done their best, no doubt, but neither themselves nor their systems have been equal to the occasion. They have not even the respect of their co-religionists; and it is from Protestants in China that the most damaging charges are made against the missionaries. Many causes act against them here, as everywhere. Self-mortification of body and spirit is of little avail. A *fakir* is not a nice object, and does no more good than a mendicant friar. A holy hermit is of less use in this life than many a cricket-playing, "rinking" country parson, well-bred, well-fed, and well-kept, whose hardest work is to compile a sermon, but is often a good friend to his poor parishioners. But it must be remembered that the Founder of Christianity had a hard time of it Himself. He had not where to lay His head. Often He was a-hungered and a-thirst. Body as well as soul was given for His fellow-men. Those who would follow in His footsteps must imitate Him. Protestant missionaries nowhere undergo the hardships which Catholics do. From a worldly point of view, a Wesleyan missionary in the Islands has not too enviable a post, but the Rev. Lorimer Fison once said to me—"If ever men lead self-sacrificing, devoted lives, subsisting on the merest pittance, deprived of all the comforts of life, void of all light and sweetness in their hard, toiling career, they are the Marist Brothers." This admission is as honourable to Mr. Fison as it is a wonderful testimony to the priests of a conflicting creed. Protestant missionaries are nearly all married; it is, I believe, a rule of most of the societies that they shall be married. Now, a married man cannot endure such hardships and dangers as a single man. The missionary's wife must require comforts, luxuries and refinements to a

certain extent. No man will expose his wife to great danger. The *res angusta domi* oppress his soul. Children come and complete the discord. With all these home cares and home loves, can such a man compete as a missionary with the single, self-reliant, bold disciple of Francis Xavier? In this respect alone the Protestant stands no chance, even if he is equal in others, which is generally doubted.

Rome is everywhere well served, and her instruments well chosen. The genial Irish priest for Australian goldfields—a great factor at elections. The refined Englishman for the metropolis. The meek Marist Brothers, who require little culture and knowledge of the world, of which in the coral lands they are generally very ignorant, for savages in the Pacific. How well I remember that the good *père* at the Rewa, in Fiji, refused to talk of anything but his beloved France and the doings of Gambetta and the Commune, of which he imagined the ex-Dictator to be a leader. In China, the members of the Society of Jesus are the chosen weapons. Highly educated, scientists, with keen, subtle, cultured wits—gentlemen above all—they are fitted to cope with the philosophic followers of Confucius, and the believers in the transcendental virtues of Buddha, and to meet argument by argument, and not take refuge in an unmeaning shibboleth of religious phrases, which form nearly the whole arsenal of Protestant holy controversy. Allied to them are the Lazarists and Sisters of Mercy; these show the doctrine of good works, display the universal charity, the human side of Christianity. Even the Protestants admit the superior learning of the Jesuits. They have an observatory near Shanghai, and a printing-press at one of their establishments. A learned brother of the order has recently published in English and Chinese a valuable

work on typhoons and storms in the China and Japan seas. Rome's system is always the same—to acquire influence in the present generation, to mould the future to its creed. The Sisters take all orphan children, and deserted children, and bring them up in the true faith. The cry against them and the Fathers is that children have been stolen or bought; this was the ostensible cause of the massacres at Tien-Tsin. There may be some truth in this. The servants of Rome have always shown an eagerness to run in any stray lamb and brand it as their own. There is no doubt that the Jesuits work hardest, that their schools are the most flourishing, that the Catholic ceremonial appeals to the native mind, much resembling, as it does, the ritualism in Chinese temples. All things to all men, the Jesuits in China have assumed the national costume and pigtail—the latter artificial, of course. This was assumed at first to enable them to travel through the country without being molested; and even now it is very useful, as they avoid by this means any crowding or unpleasant attentions to which European costume might subject the wearer.

It seems very strange to see a bearded French gentleman, in Chinese costume, with a pigtail hanging down his back, teaching a number of young Celestials. One imagines at first that he is a renegade. All do not so adorn themselves. On the Bund, in Frenchtown, in the cool of the evening, the bishop, in violet vest, with attendant priests in long black *soutaines* and shovel hats, tall, manly, bearded, may be seen taking the air. They have a complexion of authority behind their gentlemanly mien. Their duties are at the Cathedral of St. Joseph, an ordinary-sized building, of no especial merit, but with altar decorations and images of saints rather more florid than usual. To "go one better" than the temples, I suppose.

But I am told that the Fathers are all-powerful in the French settlements, possess influence over the officials, and control the municipal elections through the votes they can cast for properties held in the names of different of their members, and the very limited number of ratepayers who possess the franchise. Mons. Francisque Sarcey, in late numbers of the *Neuvième Siècle*, attacks the French consular system in a series of very able articles. He states that, in the French settlements in China, whole streets are the property of the Jesuits and Lazarists. If it is mentioned to them, they say—"Ah! they are held for the support of our poor brethren in La Plata." Go to La Plata, and one finds blocks of houses belonging to the Fathers there. They say—"These are for the support of our poor brethren in Shanghai." *Si non e vero e ben trovato.* I must chronicle, however, that, besides the property which was pointed out to me as belonging to the Jesuits, in the English settlement half a street was shown, the property, it was alleged, of one of the "poor missionaries" of Exeter-hall; and my informant was a man who knew what he was talking about. The custom initiated by the Fathers of assuming the native dress has been followed by all the Protestant missionaries, and their wives even adopt the blouse and trousers of the Chinese women. But Chinamen express to me a great contempt for European women who thus abjure their national habits. The pigtail is said to be especially popular with youthful missionaries, and a strict Protestant lady vouches for the fact that a young Anglican missionary sported a pigtail of a fashionable golden colour, which matched strangely with his flaming red hair! These little details are omitted when a returned lion holds forth at Exeter-hall.

So it happens that the Jesuits and the Catholic Church are a power in China, and Protestantism is comparatively nowhere.

There is a beautiful cathedral in Shanghai, designed by Gilbert Scott, where the Bubbling Wells-road can go and examine its bonnets on a Sunday; but the choral part of the service is not of much account. I have never yet, outside the institutions, met a Christian native,—with the exception of one man who spoke, read, and wrote French fluently. It is a strange thing that Chinese can master French better than they can English. It may be because the Gauls did not encourage any "pigeon" corruption of their language; but, anyhow, it is the fact. This man had a bumboat; he was one of the many hundreds who had boarded the *Woodbine*. He had been brought up by the Fathers, and had been sent to France for a time, and was a good Catholic, of course. Protestant people tell me they don't want "converted" natives in their service; they are always the biggest rogues; which proves only that the missionaries are unfortunate, and get no real converts. Ask an ordinary native about Christianity, and he doesn't "sabe." Englishmen may have a joss; very good for them, no doubt, but of no concern to the Chinaman. I tried the effect of a tract once; a quantity had been left on board by some lay reader, who came to look after the sailors' spiritual welfare. For a long time I had been pondering that it would be almost as impossible to knock a new idea into a Chinaman as it is proverbially to make a Scotchman see a joke, and that missionary enterprise amongst adults must be a failure here. The foreman of the carpenters at work on the *Woodbine* was a most intelligent man. He spoke English fairly, and read it a little. I gave him one of the simplest tracts, concerning the miracle of the loaves and fishes, and asked him to read it, as containing an account of the Englishman's "joss." He was interested, and said he knew someone who could read English very well, and he would

have it all explained to him. On Monday he appeared before me scornful. "Why you give me foolish book?—talk all the same as fool. You think no sabe? All foolish talk that. Chinaman's joss no foolish. You think we believe about two fishes feed everybody? If true, why Joss want us catch so many fish feed Shanghai? Why let people die when got no rice?" He surveyed me with such contempt that I abandoned all idea of controversy with him. If I had been a missionary, what more could I have done?

CHAPTER XVII.

A LAST LOOK AT CHINA.

I FORGET, if I ever knew exactly, how many of the subjects of China live entirely on the water. They number a few millions I believe—sufficient to make a very fair-sized empire in another part of the world. Daily, with the ebb and flow of the tide, hundreds of junks, small and large, pass up and down the Hwangpo River, in front of the foreign settlements of Shanghai, going to and from their anchorage opposite the wall of the native city. None are allowed to lie in the stream before the European quarters. It is quite right that foreign vessels should have plenty of space allotted to them in exchange for the heavy port dues they pay, collected by the English harbour-master in the service of His Imperial Majesty. European vessels coming here have a double tax. Harbour and customs dues go to the Chinese authorities, and then the different consular fees have to be paid. The shipping laws, as in use in England and the Crown colonies, are enforced by the British

Consul on vessels under the English flag. Shipmasters from the Australian colonies are very much astonished at being visited by the Crown surveyor, who politely informs them that they must paint "the Plimsoll line" on their vessels' sides, get new side-lights, have various parts of the tackle renewed and renovated, and do, in fact, everything which English law has decided is necessary for a ship's safety, but which, in the colonies, was totally disregarded. In New South Wales, especially, this freedom of action was notorious. "I will load my vessels to the scuppers if I like, and nobody can stop me," I heard a Sydney shipowner once boast. If everything is *en regle*, that fine old sailor, Captain Barton, will wish you a pleasant passage, and you will see his face on your decks no more. But, as he tells me, if anything is not correct, he gives his orders to have it rectified, allows sufficient time to elapse for the alterations to be made, and then will pay visit after visit till he sees everything as it should be. "Who pays for all this, Captain?" I ask. "I am appointed by the English Government as surveyor," he replies; "but an obstinate shipmaster finds himself debited with five dollars a visit on the consular books, and he doesn't get a clearance till my orders are carried out." I come to the conclusion that it is best not to be obstinate with courteous Captain Barton, representative of law and right.

One day M. and I had a pleasant sail for some miles up the Hwangpo, intent on studying river life. The sail of our sampan was rigged, and, although against the strong current, we made good time. We hugged the eastern shore going up, the native city, with its forest of junk-masts, abreast of us. Then further on into the country, past villages on the banks, haystacks, and farmyards, fishing-boats, and sampans. Nets

are spread from stakes in the deep water, and men throw casting-nets in the shallows. It seems that a fish hardly gets fair play; once he ventures up here, he hasn't a show for his existence. The different landing-places are all marked by piles, and a lantern on a high pole shows their whereabouts at night. We passed many long rafts of timber; one, fully five hundred feet in length, reminded me in a small way of scenes on the St. Lawrence, and revived recollections of Wisconsin and Michigan. On the banks are some old boats, made into houses, more picturesque but not so watertight as the cabin of Peggotty. Junks and small boats are everywhere—to right, to left, and in front of us. Some of the small boats are sculled by women, others by boys. One youngster amused me much; he had a miniature boat, with all sails set, towing astern. He took such interest in the progress of his toy that he nearly got foul of us.

We stopped to inspect the dry dock and workshop of the China Merchants' Company, situated some distance up the river. This is a larger and more powerful corporation than the A.S.N. Company, but the works are not equal to those at Pyrmont. A steamer was being repaired in the dock, which has a stone wall and iron caisson gates on the river frontage, but is otherwise of wood. Here at work we saw Chinese fitters, blacksmiths, turners, rivetters, and engine-drivers. There is an English superintendent here, and the chief engineers on the steamers are European, but all the rest are Chinese. We watched their work in the shops for a long time. They were slower, but the result seemed just as good as that from European labour. That is the characteristic of these people. M., who ought to know, says that the ship carpenters at work on his vessel cannot work so quick—do as much in a given

time—as colonial mechanics; but, being more persistent in their efforts, wasting less time, they get through quite as much in the course of the day, and their wages are two shillings, as against twelve shillings per diem in the colonies. No wonder shipowners send their vessels to China to be renovated. The mechanics employed in the fitting-shops get an average, I am told, of seventy-five cents a day. They work well and steadily ten hours a day, seven days in the week, all the year round, except during the festivities of the Chinese new year. I have not heard that Chinese mechanics have yet initiated trade unions, to which their guilds do not correspond; but a strike in domestic service recently took place here. One of the "boys" was stupid or negligent, and his mistress discharged him, on which the whole household struck work till he was reinstated. I don't think this has ever been equalled in Australia. Not only have all white mechanics in China been worked out by the native race, but, in spite of all official conservatism, the lessons the latter thus learn must, in time, considerably leaven the old-fashioned ideas of this great empire. Already this is visible in the building of ordinary junks. The old lines are only slightly modified. There are the three masts, with square sails and useful bamboo reefs, but the deck and stowage accommodation are being all altered, and the latter much increased. Away up the river we passed the naval arsenal, off which Chinese gunboats were flying the blue dragon on yellow field. On into the country. The river winds and turns. Junk masts are to be seen everywhere. Far in the fields these are distinguished. Canals, mere ditches some of them, run through the paddy-land on each side. Nor Holland, nor Venice, has a more complete system of waterways than Northern China. We passed long sheaves of bamboo poles

moored in the stream, brought down from the hills in the south. Women came to the river banks and washed their baskets of rice, dipping these into the river, and letting the water drain out. Junks floated up with the tide, assisted by sweeps of long bamboo, sometimes towed by men in boats, the rowers singing a part song, a "shanty," which, at a distance, is melodious. "Ah! oh! ay! lay!" That's what it sounds like. This doesn't look much in European characters, but in Chinese would be effective.

We returned by the other bank of the river. On the foreshore, outside the city walls, we saw a wonderful collection of hovels, not enticing at a distance, but seemingly swarming with inhabitants of the very poorest and nomadic class. Apparently it is a free quarter; anyone can "pitch" here who likes. Then we enter a water boulevard of junks and boats, quite two miles long. There are thousands of these, and the floating population here would make a large city if on land. Some junks out in the stream have just anchored, after a voyage up the coast. The crowing of the sacrificial cocks on board, defying each other, shows that they have had fair passages, otherwise these would have been offered up to the vengeance of wrathful Neptune. "When in a difficulty, kill a cock," is the old motto of Chinese coasting skippers. To their credit, be it said, that after this they will do all that their seamanship knows. Their minds are eased by the blood of the departed rooster, and, after all, the results may not be so bad as if they poured nobblers of rum down their throats, like some colonial master-mariners. Other boats here are those of itinerant dealers, traffickers on the rivers and canals up-country; but thousands have their stationary and permanent home here on the water. In streets, rows, lanes, and terraces, the junks are lashed together. We are

sculled in, and are amongst the highways and byeways of this floating city. Through the open cabin doors and windows we perforce see every detail of domestic life. Homely and comfortable all the inhabitants seem. Many live in each boat. Man, wife, children, and father and mother-in-law reside together, with often the addition of a few boarders to their family circle. Human beings are born, reared, married, and die here. One extraordinary thing noticeable is that there are a great many more babies visible than on shore. Perfectly at home in their surroundings, and half naked, these young barbarians toddle about at play amongst themselves, and seem as happy and as well-fed as any young colonists. I suppose they fall overboard now and then, but thousands of hands are ready to pluck them out again, and pass them along to their mother's arms and a spanking. The family wash is hanging out to dry from many a boat, and the neighbours can criticize the quality of each others' calico and dungaree. Tethered ducks swim underneath the sterns of many habitations, and the domestic air is kept up by the numbers of sparrows which fly around. These should be English by their looks, but the Chinese, who knew everything so long ago, of course had sparrows of their own. There is a great variety in the external appearance of these floating residences. In one thing alone are they alike. Each has painted eyes in the bows.

There is evidently an aristocracy in this floating life on the waters, as strongly defined as on shore. The first families of the river have rails around their decks, balconies, glass windows to the cabins, lettered inscriptions around the sides, pennants of gay colours. Some even have porcelain tiles let into the sides like a mosaic, which has a very pretty effect. When one possesses these advantages it is natural to put on

airs. They give just the extra social status which the Englishman gets when he moves into a residence possessing a French balcony and a greenhouse. There is very little noise, considering the vast numbers and the class of people one is supposed to be amongst. And here let me bear testimony to the honour of the water population amongst each other. The sampan men never attempt to jump each other's claim. A stranger going down to one of the landing-places will be saluted by the boatmen with as many cries as from the negro hack-drivers outside the railroad depôt at Richmond, Va. You are always addressed as "captain," and prayed to observe that each man's boat is the only "Number one." But if it is known that you have retained a boat, or are in the habit of specially engaging one man, no one attempts to force himself on you. Your man may be sleeping, may be playing cards, or eating his chow, yet he will be advised and hailed at once by the others. Certainly, without the friendly and honourable aid thus tendered, I should often have missed Sam, our special gondolier, when he would have his sampan hitched up under the shade of some junk or steamer. But if Sam should be away with some other passenger, the boatmen *en masse* had, according to their code, a free right to squabble for my body and the chance fare. The same with the jin-ric-sha boys. The second day in Shanghai Pat hailed me, "You belonga me." He claimed me as his possession from the first drive, and all the others recognized the claim. When I came out of the Astor House they would pass the word down the ranks to him, and no other boy would attempt to solicit me when Pat was on the stand.

As we are sculled round we encounter many curious glances, and exchange many salutations, but nothing uncourteous in word or look greets us. We are stared at, certainly, but

amongst a like population in England or Australia I think we should very probably meet with a deal of rough horse-play. One baby, who waves its hand amicably at M., and gets rewarded with cash, starts a whole fleet-load of babies hand-waving. Along the line the signal ran, and our pockets are soon emptied. The cleanliness exhibited even in junks of a battered and dingy outside is most surprising. The mop seems always in demand. Each marine residence possesses a dingy; many of these are rowed by women—wives and daughters. Very brown-complexioned, by constant exposure, are these river nymphs, but remarkably strong and healthy, a clear red showing underneath their tan, and as their faces are as nature made them, and not "made up" like those of their sisters in the towns, they are better-looking in our eyes. This floating city on the top of the swift-running tide of the Hwangpo is the strangest imaginable sight. All the boats are arranged with wonderful order and regularity. In many places there is only just sufficient room for our sampan to pass; anon a broad passage is left towards the wharves on the river banks underneath the walls of the native city. Here one sees great yards fenced round with bamboo. This is a suburb always met with outside the gates of a Chinese town. Inns and restaurants are first started to supply travellers who arrive after closing time. These form the nucleus of a considerable population. As in the old days, native travellers generally came hither in junks, and were landed here, a suburb sprang up on the foreshore under the walls, and that is again flanked by this great floating suburb. One great convenience in having a river residence is that when the tax-collector comes round one could just cut the moorings and drift into another parish. When families live so close together, one can imagine that the women-folk must

quarrel occasionally, or their lives would be too uneventful. We see one little affray of this kind. Two ladies in adjacent boats in a fashionable terrace appear to have words, and drag, as is usual, their husbands into the fray. All the surrounding neighbours take sides, and a lively interest is excited in the parish. Boys and men skim up the masts, but words, mere words, soon get exhausted. I hope no fatal feud will be the result. Imagine the dire revenge an angry woman might take in just reaching over and boring a hole below water-line in her neighbour's residence. In this river town there is a fluctuating population of twenty thousand to thirty thousand. In the municipality of Shanghai, employed in the shipping and boats on the canals, the police return a floating population of six thousand.

In this river life, as in the life in the streets, one sees the extraordinary sociability of the lower classes of the Chinese. Everywhere they live together in groups, eat in groups, at tea-houses regale in groups, in the streets talk politics or scandal in groups. Their whole life is social and public. It is so in their bath-houses, much frequented; for the Chinaman pays more attention to personal cleanliness than the average European, although he, like all Orientals, loves hot water and not cold. There are bath-houses, like restaurants, to suit all grades; and here let us remark that dress is no criterion of social standing in China. The coolies, labouring classes, all wear garments of butcher blue, but above them the richest merchant may dress in common dungaree or plain white linen blouse or robe, and his clerk be gorgeous in violet silk. As a rule, the natives of position here dress very plainly; it is only the young bloods from Pekin and the great cities of the north who are special "swells." But to these Shanghai is Paris, and

they consider it the thing to waste their substance on singing girls and the attendants at the Japanese tea-houses; these latter being regarded in much the same light as a young Englishman would a foreign actress. Inspector Stripling escorted me to one of the bath-houses in Hong Kew. The outside was dingy enough. Pushing open the swinging door we found ourselves in the midst of a throng of natives, some putting on their clothes, others just stripping. A line of lockers contained their garments. Following a fat individual who was reduced to his buff, we pushed open another door into the bathroom proper. The heat, steam, and effluvia were suffocating. The great bath of water seemed kept at almost boiling pitch. It is always at the same degree, I am told, the heat being maintained by fires underneath the brick floors. Planks are spread across, and on these most of the bathers were seated, some undergoing a preparatory steaming, others partly immersed. None rashly plunge in at once. A few seconds' sight of this is sufficient. I don't feel tempted to join the throng. It would be worse than the experience of my celebrated *confrère*, Mr. James Greenwood, in the Lambeth workhouse, and would serve no useful purpose, except to remove layers of cuticle which I imagine I am just as well possessed of. There is a cooling-room, the same as in Turkish baths. Here the bathers cool down over a cup of tea and a pipe of tobacco. In another compartment a light meal can be procured, and there is the couch for any confirmed opium-smoker. There are public bath-houses like this in all quarters of Shanghai.

There are no "lions" in Shanghai, and no public buildings of much account. The American consulate is plain, simple, and commodious, as becomes the great Republic, of which

Judge Denny, the consul, is a worthy representative. The French official residence is many-storied and stately, like some old Parisian hotel, or prefecture in the provinces. The English consulate occupies one of the best and most valuable sites in the settlements. It is enclosed in a large compound with high brick walls. Inside are large lawns, extensive enough for a cricket ground, but remaining unused in their grassy greenness, serving no purpose but to show England's power. All the foreigners in Shanghai might picnic here; perhaps it is meant as a rallying-ground for them in the event of any disturbance. The official buildings comprise shipping and police offices, and the room allotted to the "Supreme Court of China and Japan." I never saw Great Britain's representative; to ordinary mortals he is as invisible as the Mikado. At the shipping office "Jack" is always loafing around, and the Registrar's life and temper are embittered by the *lâches* of colonial master-mariners. The Chinese attendants at the consulate have round hats with official red streamers. Everything here is cold, stern, and severe. "V.R." is on all the chairs. The notices on the walls, "Take off your hats," would only be posted in an English public building for the benefit of the uncouth tar. Everything here is of Great Britain—British.

The hospital, by Soochow Creek, forms three sides of a quadrangle. The position is bad, and there is not enough ventilation around, crowded as it is by native houses on each side. This should be in the consulate compound. The Sailors' Home, down Hong Kew, is far different; it was one of the earliest buildings erected in the settlements. Spacious, cool, airy, clean, with separate accommodation for officers, in the midst of gardens shaded by trees, Jack ashore has a good time of it here. He finds every comfort, under the able and

kind superintendence of Mr. Huey. This is really a home for the sailor, and not a mere boarding-house. When a man has spent his money and is unable to get a ship, he will be kept here six months, or until he can sign articles. But, like so many kindred institutions in the colonies, this appears to be controlled by a "ring" of trustees responsible to no one.

The most unassuming, but the most useful, institution in Shanghai is the Public Library and Museum. A modest building in a back street, it is seldom visited by strangers. In the free reading-room are all the best magazines and periodicals of the day, and the bookshelves contain a large and good selection. But, to a student, the adjoining room will be the most interesting. This is the head-quarters of the North China branch of the Asiatic Society. It is a lecture and reading room and library combined. In the glass cases are copies of every work written about China and its dependencies, in every European language. Very ancient some of these works, with rare plates, but, as Mr. Jansen points out to me, they are strangely faithful to the minutest details, and many of them might be republished as works of travel of to-day, the manners and customs of the people having altered so little. The museum upstairs is small, but it is the nucleus of greater things. Under the fostering care of Mr. Jansen, additions are being actively procured from all parts of China. Specimens of feathered fauna, in which this country is so rich, are plentiful, and these and many other interesting objects would be gladly exchanged for Australian birds and beasts. There is one melancholy stuffed emu here, but Mr. Jansen longs for marsupials. His laudable desire is to make this not only a Chinese museum, but a general museum of the world's natural

objects, and by such means educate the native mind to the idea that there is something beyond China. Anyone wishing to further this missionary work can send preserved skins of birds and beasts to Mr. Jansen, Shanghai; carriage paid in all cases. It is a pleasing thought that the contemplation of a stuffed old-man kangaroo or a monster Queensland snake would tend to improve the minds of our Chinese brothers. The larger the snakes the more he would be impressed, and the study of these might act as an inducement to him to stop at home, and not venture his life amongst such fearsome reptiles.

It is a month since we sailed up the Yangtze Kiang. Now bound to Japan, the *Woodbine* again ploughs its muddy yellow waters, and I write these lines with my eyes on the last of China which I may ever see. And during that month my ideas have altered much. I now, as a white Anglo-Saxon, speaking on behalf of my own race, say, "Exclude them from our shores, tear up the treaties, let their ports be closed against us, return to the *status quo* of fifty years back. Let China be for the Chinese, and America and Australia for our own race." The first event you may be sure will come to pass. In Shanghai, where the old and new civilizations of the Orient and the Occident have been brought face to face, the Orient has conquered. The Chinese have adopted our ways of commerce and money-making; little by little, from the sailor to the merchant, they have ousted the European out of many corners, and the process is fast going on. Half a generation, and the foreign residents in the "settlements" at Shanghai will be counted by tens instead of hundreds. The process thus commenced on their own soil will, if the present system of things continues, be carried abroad. Chinese merchants in London,

New York, San Francisco, and Calcutta will control the trade with their own country, and the "merchant princes" of Great Britain, for whose commerce the ports were "opened," will be left out in the cold. What this race have done here they can do in Australia and America; they are dangerous from their very virtues, not their vices. Sober, frugal, industrious as he is, I would employ a Chinaman in my individual and selfish capacity, but as a member of a community in which I had part or lot, in which I wished to see a fair show of a happy and prosperous future, with my own race always at the fore, I say, "Banish the Chinese from our midst." I join in no parrot cry against them; it is because I respect their virtues, because in many things I think them so infinitely superior to my own people, that I write this. Individually, a Chinaman is not dangerous, the few thousands now in the colonies are not dangerous, but this is but the thin end of the wedge, the beginning of what may be a disastrous end. "All this is not possible," will be the answer. "England's commerce must be protected; treaties cannot be abrogated." But England's commerce with China will, in the end, fall into Chinese hands; and, as regards the treaties, the time is slowly but surely approaching when that question will be again opened.

The comparatively powerful navy of China, the unknown power and vast multitude of her soldiers, the strong camps and forts which guard her rivers, mean offence as well as defence. Should trouble arise in Shanghai, *par exemple*, what could the few men-of-war in the river do but carry the European fugitives to safety, even if they could run the gauntlet of the Chinese frigates and gunboats, and the fire of the guns from the port at Woosung. Such an event I believe is possible. The governing class does not forget the humilia-

tions Great Britain forced upon China; they long for the *revanche;* they hate the foreign jurisdiction which enables wealth to be hoarded in Shanghai and other treaty ports where it cannot be "squeezed." And when the Chinese are strong enough, I think they will this time take the initiative. *Of course,* they will be punished in the end; but when the bloodshed is over, I think it would be well if England's statesmen considered if the game was worth the candle, and what real advantage is in the future to be gained by forcing an entrance upon a people who do not want us, who have no sympathy with us and our ways, and from whom ultimately we shall gain nothing; whilst at present in California and Australia we suffer somewhat, and shall shortly suffer much more, by Chinese competition. Better far to pull up all our stakes and depart from the Celestial Empire, at the same time setting every native Chinaman on our shores with his face homeward!

What a cry will greet this. "Blessings of civilization and Christianity! British commerce trammelled! Abandon such a field!" My friends, I don't think your civilization has done the Chinese any good; what they have learnt is to underwork and undersell you everywhere. British commerce is being rapidly "played out;" and, as for Christianity, the results of the missionaries' teachings are very slight indeed. Good-bye, China! I love you well! I love your people well! But I love my own race more, and so say, "Sleeping beauty amongst nations, return to your rest."

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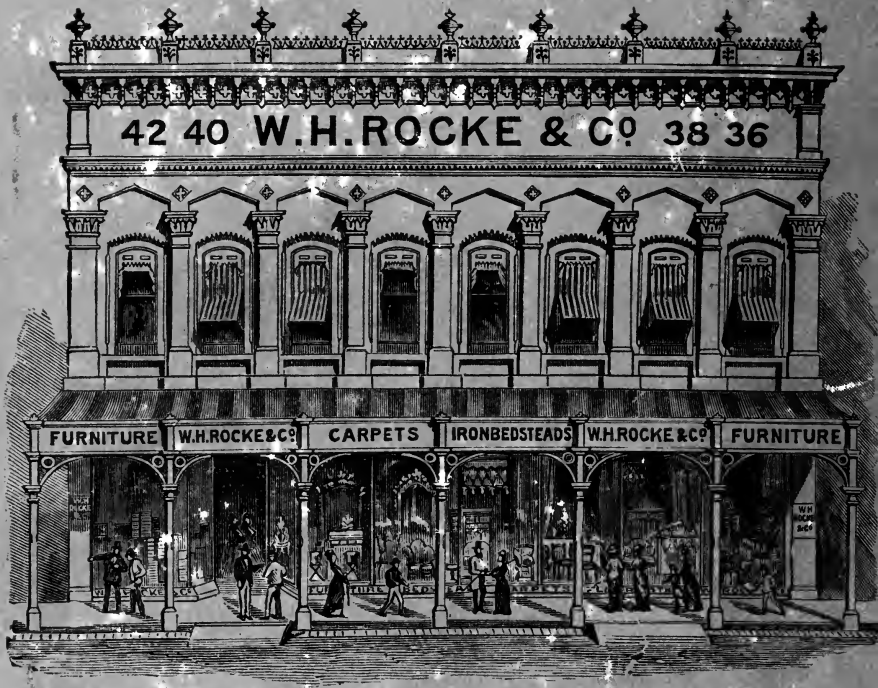

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